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THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

FOR 1806.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

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VOL. V.

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No. 28. JANUARY, 1806. Vol. V.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

STATE OF THE NEGROES AT HOME.

From the French of Golberry, a late Traveller.

WE may compute the population of Africa, without extravagance, at 160,000,000. The climate and nature of Africa tend to render its *black* inhabitants singularly happy.

All the wants of the negro are satisfied, and all his pleasures attained, without the least trouble either of mind or body: his soul scarcely ever quits its peaceable indolence. Violent passions are almost unknown to him; in consequence of his fatalism, he neither hopes for nor fears any event, and submits to every thing without a murmur; in short, his life passes in calmness and voluptuous carelessness, which constitute his supreme happiness: hence the negroes may be reckoned the favourites of nature.

Like children, the blacks of a mature age devote their attention, for whole days together, to trifles. Conversations, which to us would appear only gossiping, are with them inexhaustible. These people incessantly amuse themselves in vague talk, with a confidence and gaiety of which European societies scarcely afford an example.

In all the negro countries occur those assemblies called palavers, or palabres, which are formed at sunrise, and consist of thirty or forty blacks of all ages; they assemble either in a large hall, which they call the bentaba, or beneath the branches of some large tree in the village.

They range themselves in a circle, and the oldest begins the conversation by reciting the little events of the preceding evening; but these become important, by the applications, reflections, and remembrances, to which they give rise.

Soon afterwards the pipe makes its appearance; for the custom of smoking is doubtless general among mankind: all these talkers smoke, not excepting the youngest, and the prattling succeeds better on this account. The fumes of tobacco enliven their brains, and increase their pleasure, as those of delicate wine excite cheerfulness at our meals,

when the charm is further heightened by the sweets of friendship and urbanity.

Gaming takes in its turn, and two of the most clever in the company are chosen to play against each other; the general interest is divided between these champions, but without jealousy, ill-nature, or the least dissention.

Their favourite game borders a little upon chess, and contains a degree of complexity which renders it difficult to be acquired. The ground, or the sand, serves for the chess-board; for this purpose they prepare a small square surface, in which they plant, with a certain degree of order, some bits of wood or straw. It is on the skilfully displacing or removal of these strips, that the issue of the game depends.

Talking, smoking, and gaming, are so seductive, that they cannot prevail on themselves to separate till dinner-time, and many would sooner lose their meals than abandon their amusement; but the women, who are always kind, attentive, and complaisant, do not forget their fathers, husbands, or brothers, but bring them kouskou, or rice, to which they almost always add some dainty bits.

In this manner they pass the day, and, towards evening, I often observed these groups in the same place, and conducted with the same gaiety and spirit, the conversation being as animated as if it had just begun.

At length night puts an end to these palavers, and the company devote themselves to dancing, which during the dry season is performed in the open air, and in rainy weather under the bentaba. The negresses are passionately fond of this amusement. For half the night, throughout the year, all the negroes of Africa are engaged in dancing.

A thatched hut, the building of which cost nothing, some yards of coarse linen, and six pounds of millet, or rice, every day, are sufficient for lodging, feeding, and clothing a family, consisting of a father, mother, and four or five children. The owner himself collects the materials for his house, and he is his own builder. The women procure the cotton, and manufacture their cloth; twenty days labour per year are sufficient to ensure an abundant supply of food, so that the existence of a negro family may be said to be a gratuitous gift of nature, granted without expence or fatigue: hence celibacy is scarcely known in Africa: indeed it is so rare, that a sort of stigma is fixed to those who adopt it.

The life of a negro, on an average, extends from 65 to 70 years, experiencing only an insensible alteration in their health and strength; an alteration which arises from a too abundant *transpiration*. They always submit, without complaint, to that fatality, which, according to them, determines the events of life and death; and they meet the latter with perfect tranquillity.

For the Literary Magazine.

YELLOW FEVER AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1805.

THE following is extracted from the annual report of the board of health of Philadelphia. The reporters, it will be seen, are advocates of one of the reigning doctrines relative to yellow fever; but being an official statement, even those who differ from them must acknowledge the propriety of publishing it in this collection.

"In addition to the sum of 16,000 dollars, which was due to the bank of Pennsylvania when the present board entered upon the duties of their office, they have been under the necessity of borrowing 7,000 dollars from the bank of Philadelphia, to meet the extraordinary expences which accrued during the calamitous situation of the district of Southwark, in consequence of the prevalence of the malignant fever; of the last mentioned sum they have al-

ready repaid 2,000 dollars, and they have a prospect of being able to repay the remainder of the money borrowed of the bank of Philadelphia, and part of the debt due to the bank of Pennsylvania, in the course of the ensuing year.

"Previous to the appearance of the fever, a certain number of labourers had been constantly employed to cleanse and wash the gutters of the streets and alleys, in addition to those employed to search for, and remove or correct, every kind of nuisance in the city and liberties. Every exertion was also made, on the part of the board, to forward the completion of the machine for cleansing docks, &c., mentioned in our communication of last year; but, from some unexpected circumstances, it has not yet been brought into operation.

"The additional buildings at the lazaretto, necessary for the accommodation of passengers and convalescents, have been finished, and the whole of the expences resulting from their construction defrayed.

"The board still retain possession of the old lazaretto on State island, and the city hospital on Schuylkill, both of which they propose to dispose of, as soon as they receive an offer equivalent to their value; with the proceeds of which they contemplate building an hospital in a more eligible situation.

"The late purchase on Hickory lane was occupied for an encampment, and served as an asylum to the fugitives from the fever.

"From the very great precautions which were taken at the lazaretto, to examine and purify all vessels from sickly ports, or that had sickness on board, and the very particular care which was taken to remove from the city and its vicinity, all such substances as might have a tendency to contaminate the air, the board flattered themselves that the city and liberties would have escaped the calamities inseparable from the prevalence of a malignant fever this year, as they had the last. These expectations, however, were not realized; for, on the thirtieth of July, they received information that two persons were ill of a fever, with malignant symptoms, at the house of Samuel Crisman, who kept a retail grocery store at the north-east corner of Catharine and Water streets, in Southwark, and that one of Crisman's apprentices was ill at his parent's, in the Northern Liberties. The two persons that were ill at Samuel Crisman's were immediately sent to the lazaretto, where one of them died, with highly malignant symptoms, on the 3d of August; the rest of Crisman's family retired to the country the day after the removal of the sick persons, and his house was cleansed and ventilated.

"At the time the sick persons were sent from Samuel Crisman's to the lazaretto, there was no other case of malignant fever in that neighbourhood, or in any other part of Southwark, and by the confession of Peter Young, one of the sick persons, on his death bed, in the presence of several witnesses, they had made a clandestine visit to the lazaretto the Sunday before they were attacked with the disease.

"At that time several vessels from different ports of the West Indies were performing quarantine at the lazaretto, on board of some of which persons had been sick, and had died of the yellow fever, and, among others, the schooner Nancy, captain Lake, from the city of St. Domingo, with a number of wounded French soldiers, who had been received on board from a military hospital, soon after which the whole of the crew, excepting two, became ill of the yellow fever; one died at sea, after three days sickness, and the captain and one seaman were landed, dangerously ill, at the lazaretto, according to the bill of enquiry, and an extract from the log-book of the vessel, transmitted to the health-office.

"For six or seven days after the attack of the persons at Crisman's, no other case of malignant fever, within the knowledge of the board, occurred in that neighbourhood, or

in any other part of Southwark, the city, or Northern Liberties; and, after that period, it made its next appearance in the three nearest families to Crisman's; it also re-appeared, on the 8th of August, in Crisman's family, which had returned to the same house, contrary to the intentions of the board, on the fifth; and, a few days later, in two or three families on the opposite side of the street, and in two in a neighbourhood more remote; and was evidently propagated from one to another, and afterwards conveyed to other neighbourhoods, in the same manner as diseases, universally acknowledged to be contagious, are usually propagated, and not like a disease derived from noxious effluvia diffused in the atmosphere, to numbers, in different directions, at the same time, nor like a disease occasioned by foul air proceeding from a particular source, which necessarily ceases to spread, or even to exist, soon after the original source, from which the foul air proceeded, has been removed or corrected.

"As soon as the board received intelligence of the existence of the disease, they used every exertion, short of absolute compulsion, to remove the sick, and the families with whom they resided, to houses provided for their reception in the country. They likewise advised and urged the immediate removal of all the families in and near the neighbourhood where the disease existed, and endeavoured to arrest the progress of the disease, by preventing, as much as in their power, unnecessary intercourse with the sick, and by warning people, residing in other parts, from visiting or transacting any business in the infected streets.

"Measures, so well calculated to prevent the disease from spreading, could not have failed of success, as was proved by the proceedings in Providence, Rhode Island, if the people had not unfortunately been impressed with an opinion that the disease was not contagious, and, of course, that no precautions were necessary. Misled by this opinion, they disregarded the regulations and admonitions of the board, in consequence of which the disease was gradually conveyed into other families, and into streets more remote; and though the increasing mortality soon convinced the people that the disease was of a different and more dangerous nature than they had been taught to believe, and occasioned the precipitate flight of multitudes, it had become too widely extended before this conviction took place, for the subsequent regulations and exertions of the board to eradicate it, or entirely suspend its progress. They, however, have the satisfaction of believing that, notwithstanding the opposition and difficulties with which they had to contend, they were instrumental, under Divine Providence, in retarding its progress, and in rescuing and preserving a number of valuable lives in Southwark, as well as in preventing the disease from pervading the city and Northern Liberties, and involving the inhabitants in the complicated miseries of former years.

"The city hospital was opened on the 15th of August; a resident physician and an assistant were appointed on the 26th; and, as the number of patients multiplied, two consulting physicians were added, with a competent number of nurses and attendants, and every thing necessary for the accommodation and relief of the patients provided.

"Physicians were also appointed to attend such sick persons, at their houses and at the encampment, as were not in a condition to be removed.

"Additional messengers were employed to collect intelligence, and to assist the officers of the board in removing the sick and the dead, and in purifying infected houses, as well as a number of watchmen, to prevent unnecessary intercourse with the sick. Carriages were also kept in constant readiness, day and night, to remove the sick and the dead.

"The number of persons with malignant fever, reported at the

health-office, amounted only to 838, viz.

In Southwark	688
City	132
Northern Liberties	18
Total	838

"But as many families concealed their situation, and some of the physicians omitted to report their patients, and the number of deaths by the fever amounted to more than 300, and as, on an average, the deaths did not exceed one in four, it is probable the whole of the sick amounted to about 1200.

"The number of patients admitted into the city hospital was 346, and the number that died there 163.

"The humber of patients admitted into the hospital of the lazaretto was 47, and the number that died there, including two by accidents, eight.

"In addition to a number of houses provided for the reception of infected families and convalescents, the board erected tents for the accommodation of two hundred families, and supplied more than a thousand individuals with provisions, from the 7th of September to the 22d of October. They also distributed relief to a multitude of indigent as well as sick families, at their houses, who, having been deprived of employment and the means of subsistence by the fever, had no other resource, as the guardians of the poor were not in a situation to assist them; in consequence of which the office of providing for the poor and destitute, as well as for numerous orphans, devolved upon the board of health, without whose care and assistance they must have fallen victims to the disease, or perished by famine: hence the list of their expences has been greatly enlarged, notwithstanding the donations of several humane and charitable individuals, unsolicited by the board."

The cash expended on account of the lazaretto amounted to 5454 dollars and 4 cents; the new buildings erected at the lazaretto cost 5300 dollars and 17 cents; the money expended on account of the board of health, exclusive of the above sums, and of sums applied to the discharge of previous debts, amounted to 18,529 dollars and 48 cents. The whole amount of these expences was 29,283 dollars and 69 cents.

For the Literary Magazine.

HORRORS OF WEST INDIA SLAVERY.

DURING the session of 1804, the following extract of a letter from lord Seaforth, the governor of Barbadoes, to lord Hobart, dated at Barbadoes, the 8th of March, 1802, was laid on the table of the house of commons.

"Your lordship will observe, in the last day's proceedings of the assembly, that *the majority of the house had taken considerable offence at a message of mine, recommending an act to be passed, to make the murder of a slave felony. At present the fine for the crime is only fifteen pounds currency, or eleven pounds four shillings sterling.*"

People, in general, would think it scarcely possible that a stronger proof could be adduced of the deplorably unprotected condition in which the negroes are placed in Barbadoes, the oldest and most civilized of the slave colonies, than was furnished in the above official document. In a community where even the life of a negro slave is valued at so cheap a rate, it would argue an utter ignorance of the nature of man, and of the principles by which his conduct is usually regulated, to expect that the general treatment of negro slaves should be humane; and presumption, however, sufficiently strong, to remove all doubt from unprejudiced minds; but we are now relieved from that objection. We are no longer reduced to the necessity of making use of disputable analogies, in order, from the state of the laws respecting slavery, to infer the probable practice; but

we have the practice so graphically described, as to supersede the necessity of argumentation, and to silence the most determined stickler for West Indian humanity.

On the 25th of February last, a number of papers, respecting the slave trade, were presented to the house of commons by his majesty, and they have since been printed. In perusing them, the attention is forcibly attracted by a continuation of the correspondence between lord Seaforth and the secretary of state. On the 13th of November, 1804, his lordship thus writes to earl Cambden.

"I enclose four papers, containing, from different quarters, reports on the horrid murders I mentioned in some former letters. *They are selected from a great number*, among which there is not one in contradiction of the horrible facts, though several of the letters are very concise and defective. The truth is, that nothing has given me more trouble than to get at the bottom of these businesses, *so horribly absurd are the prejudices of the people*" (not of one, or two, or a few individuals, but of the people).

"However, a great part of my object is answered by the alarm my interference has excited, and the attention it has called to the business. Bills are already prepared to make murder felony; *but I fear they will be thrown out for the present in the assembly.* The council are unanimous on the side of humanity."

In a subsequent letter, dated the 7th of January, 1805, lord Seaforth thus writes:

"I enclose the attorney general's letter to me on the subject of the negroes *so most wantonly murdered.* I am sorry to say several other instances of the same barbarity have occurred, with which I have not troubled your lordship, as *I only wished to make you acquainted with the subject in general.*"

The letters to which lord Seaforth refers, and which accompany the above extracts, are from four of the most respectable individuals in the island of Barbadoes, viz., Mr. Ince, the president of the council; Mr. Coulthurst, the advocate general; Mr. Beccles, the attorney general; and the Rev. Mr. Pilgrim. These gentlemen all agree in the material facts of the cases which they state. It would, therefore, be an unnecessary repetition to transcribe the whole of their letters: it will be sufficient to give the substance of the statements which they contain.

1. On the 10th of April, 1804, a militia man of the name of Halls, of the St. Michael's regiment, returning from military duty, overtook on the road some negroes, who were going quietly home from their labour. When he came near, he called out that he would kill them, and immediately began to run after them. The negroes, not supposing that he really intended to do them any injury, and imagining that he was in joke, did not endeavour to escape, but merely made way for him. The person nearest to him happened to be a woman, the property of a Mr. Clarke, the owner of Simmons's estate, who is stated to have been a valuable slave, the mother of five or six children, and far advanced in pregnancy. *Without the smallest provocation of any kind, Halls, coolly and deliberately, plunged his bayonet several times into her body, when the poor creature dropped and expired without a groan.* Two gentlemen were eye-witnesses of this horrid action. One of them, Mr. Harding, the manager of the Codrington college estate, went up to Halls and spoke harshly to him, and said he ought to be hanged, for he never saw a more unprovoked murder, and that he would certainly carry him before a magistrate. Halls's reply is very remarkable. "*For what?*" said he, with the utmost indifference as to the crime, "*for what?* for *killing a negro!!!*" This is a short but a significant sentence, strongly confirming an important truth which has frequently been asserted, viz., that the negroes are regarded by their white-skinned oppressors as an inferior order of

beings, and, under the influence of this sentiment, are naturally enough denied the common rights of humanity, and excluded from the pale of that sympathy, which a sense of a common nature and a common extraction is calculated to inspire. Mr. Harding, however, greatly to his credit, was proof against the force of Halls's compendious reasoning, and, having procured assistance, laid hold of him, and carried him before Mr. justice Walton. Mr. justice Walton, it would appear, was not indisposed to use the authority with which he was vested in bringing Halls to justice, but he found that, "*in his situation as a magistrate, the law of the island gave him no jurisdiction or authority over him,*" and, in short, that he had no right to commit him. In this dilemma, Mr. Walton applied to Mr. president Ince. "I told Mr. Walton," says the president, in his letter to lord Seaforth, "that I regretted, with real concern, the deficiency in our law; but that there was a penalty due to the king, in such cases (viz., the *eleven pounds four shillings* mentioned above), and that, as Mr. Harding had sufficiently substantiated the fact, I would order him to be committed till he paid the forfeiture, or a suit should be commenced against him." Accordingly he was sent to prison. The president, however, seems to admit the illegality of this proceeding. "Perhaps, my Lord," he adds, "it was a stretch of power in me to order commitment before a recovery of the fine." It was certainly so: and Halls, without doubt, is sufficiently apprized of the circumstance. Nay, we shall not be surprised to hear that he has been able to rouse the popular feeling in his favour, as a man unjustly and illegally oppressed. To have suffered so severe a punishment as imprisonment, for so paltry an offence as that of killing a negro, will be likely enough to excite no small degree of *virtuous* indignation among the Barbadians; and the danger lest such an unauthorised restriction of the freedom of individuals should grow into a precedent, will, of course, call forth the most vigorous resistance. We are justified in forming this expectation by what occurred some years ago, on a similar occasion, in the neighbouring island of St. Kitts, where the prosecution of a man of the name of Herbert, who had used one of his slaves with the most wanton barbarity, was not only not attended with any punishment to the offender, though the facts were clearly proved; but was likely to have been followed by the most inconvenient and injurious effects to the prosecutor, in consequence of the popular clamour which was excited against him.

2. The second instance produced by lord Seaforth is not inferior in atrocity to the first. A Mr. Colbeck, who lives overseer on Cabbage-tree plantation, in St. Lucy's parish, '*had bought a new negro boy out of the yard*' (meaning the slave-yard where negroes are exposed to sale, in the same manner as the cattle and sheep in Smithfield market), and carried him home. Conceiving a liking to the boy, he took him into the house, and made him wait at table. Mr. Crone, the overseer of Rowe's estate, which is near to Cabbage-tree plantation, was in the habit of visiting Mr. Colbeck, *had noticed the boy, and knew him well.* A fire happening one night in the neighbourhood, Colbeck went to give his assistance, and the boy followed him. Colbeck, on his return home, missed the boy, who had lost his way, and, as he did not make his appearance the next day, he sent round to his neighbours, and *particularly to Crone*, informing them, that his African lad had strayed, that *he could not speak a word of English*, and possibly he might be found breaking some sugar canes, or taking something else for his support: in which case he requested they would not injure him, but send him home, and he would pay any damage the boy might have committed. After a lapse of two or three days, the poor creature was disco-

vered in a gully, or deep water-course, near to Rowe's estate, and a number of negroes were soon assembled about the place. The boy, naturally terrified with the threats, the noise, and the appearance of so many people, retreated into a hole in a rock, having a stone in his hand, for the purpose, probably, of defence. By this time, Crone and some other white persons had come up. *By their orders, a fire was put to the hole where the boy lay, who, when he began to be scorched, ran from his hiding-place into a pool of water which was near.* Some of the negroes pursued him into the pool; and the boy, it is said, threw the stone which he held in his hand at one of them. On this, two of the white men, Crone and Hollingsworth, *fired at the boy several times with shot, and the negroes pelted him with stones. He was at length dragged out of the pool in a dying condition, for he had not only received several bruises from the stones, but his breast was so pierced with the shot, that it was like a cullender.* The white savages (this is the language of Mr. attorney general Beccles) ordered the negroes to dig a grave. *Whilst they were digging it, the poor creature made signs of begging for water, which was not given to him: but as soon as the grave was dug, he was thrown into it and covered over,* and, as is believed, *while yet alive.* Colbeck, the owner of the boy, hearing that a negro had been killed, went to Crone to enquire into the truth of the report. Crone told him that a negro had been killed and buried, but assured him it was not his, for he knew him well, and he need not be at the trouble of opening the grave. On this Colbeck went away *satisfied.* Receiving, however, further information, he returned, and had the grave opened, when he found the murdered negro to be his own. Colbeck brought his action of damages in the courts of the island against Crone and Hollingsworth. The cause was ready to be tried, and the court had met for the purpose, when they thought proper to pay double the value of the boy, and 25l. for the use of the island (being 5l. less than the penalty fixed by law, of 15l. currency each), rather than suffer the business to go to a hearing. "This, I am sorry to say," observes the advocate general, "*was the only punishment which could be inflicted for so barbarous and atrocious a crime.*"

This horrid recital, which is given almost in the words of the report, merely avoiding repetitions, seems to require little comment. One circumstance of it, however, may not strike the minds of some readers with its due force, although it appears to be the most affecting part of the whole case. Colbeck, it is said, on hearing that it was not his slave who had been murdered, *went away satisfied.* O most opprobrious satisfaction! The preceding part of the narrative had prepared us to expect in Colbeck some approximation to European feeling. But what is the fact? On being coolly told that a negro had been killed and buried; told so by his neighbour, the murderer; is he shocked? does he express any horror or indignation on the occasion? No! he goes away *satisfied!!* Let the reader give its due weight to this one circumstance, and he will be convinced, that a state of society must exist in the West Indies of which, as an inhabitant of this happy island, he can scarcely form any adequate conception. Suppose, instead of a negro slave, that it had been a horse which had been thus killed. Colbeck, had his horse happened to be missing at the time, would have pursued exactly the same steps, and would have been affected in the same way as in the present instance. We may also learn, from this impressive circumstance, the value of West Indian testimony when given in favour of West Indian humanity. The moral perceptions and feelings which prevail in that quarter of the world, it will be perceived, are wholly different from those on this side of the Atlantic. It may be allowed that these men mean what they say, when they

give each other the praise of humanity. But examine their standard. Who is this man of humanity? It is one who, hearing that a fellow-creature has been cruelly and wantonly murdered, *goes away satisfied*, because he himself has sustained no loss by the murder! An exception may be admitted in favour of a few men of enlightened minds: but the remark applies to *the people*, to the bulk of the community, whose prejudices are stated by lord Seaforth to be so *horribly absurd*, as to resist all measures for remedying this dreadful state of things. But not to detain the reader any longer with reasonings on this subject, let us proceed to the third case communicated by lord Seaforth, and which, if possible, is worse than either of the foregoing.

3. A man of the name of Nowell, who lives in St. Andrew's parish, had been in the habit of behaving brutally towards his wife, and one day went so far as to lock her up in a room, and confine her in chains. A negro woman belonging to this man, *touched with compassion for her unfortunate mistress*, undertook privately to release her. Nowell found it out, and, in order to punish her, obliged her to put her tongue through a hole in a board, to which he fastened it on the opposite side with a fork, and left her in that situation for some time. He afterwards cut out her tongue nearly by the root, in consequence of which she almost instantly died. This story, however, it is said, has been told differently, some affirming that the poor creature is still alive, and others that she is dead. If any thing could add to the horror which the shocking barbarity of Nowell must excite, it is this doubt existing after a lapse of some months, existing too in the minds of the attorney general and the advocate general, as to whether the poor creature was alive or dead. Were there no means of forcing Nowell to produce her? Could no inquest have been instituted to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the reports in circulation? Is the neglect of this obvious duty, by the officers of the crown, to be attributed to the contagious influence of those prejudices, and of that shameless indifference to negro life, which evidently pervade the people at large? Or is it to be ascribed to this, that the laws have taken from them their constitutional power? In either case, our colonial system will stand justly chargeable with the violation, not only of every feeling of humanity, but of every acknowledged principle of justice.

It will doubtless be argued, that individual instances of cruelty, like those which have been cited, are no proofs of *general* inhumanity, any more than the annals of the Old Bailey can be considered as exhibiting a fair view of our national character. There is, however, this very remarkable difference in the two cases, a difference which is fatal to the argument: in this country, when we read of crimes, we read of their being followed by just retribution, by severe and exemplary punishment. In the West Indies, on the contrary, we not only hear of the greatest crimes escaping with impunity, but we find the laws themselves conspiring to shelter criminals from justice: we find the most respectable and enlightened part of the community sanctioning the perpetration even of murder, by their refusal to recognize the commission of it as a felonious act.

But it will be said by some West Indians, "granting the case to be in Barbadoes as you have represented it, it is very unfair to extend the charge of inhumanity to the islands generally. The legislatures of all the other islands have, by law, made the murder of a slave felony, and have besides provided various salutary regulations for the protection of slaves, which place them in a situation even of enviable security and comfort." In reply to this reasoning, it will be admitted, that the legislatures of most, if not all, the islands, Barbadoes excepted, have made the murder of a slave felony. It will also be admitted that many

regulations have been framed which, had they been carried into execution, must have produced a beneficial result. But so far is this from having been the case, that it may be indisputably proved, that these regulations have been attended with little or no advantage; nay, that they were never intended to be operative. The proof of these assertions will be found in the papers to which so large a reference has already been made.

In the course of the last year, earl Cambden addressed letters to the governors of the different islands, requiring answers to certain questions respecting the number of slaves in the islands, the number of negroes imported and exported, and respecting also the manner in which the different clauses of the acts for the protection of slaves had been executed.

To these enquiries no answer appears as yet to have been returned by the governors, either of Jamaica or the Bahama islands. From St. Vincent, Antigua, and Grenada, answers have been promised, but have not yet arrived. Now, it is worthy of remark, that had the different slave acts of these islands been complied with, no difficulty could have arisen in making the desired returns, because nothing more would have been requisite, except ordering a copy of the public records. The cause of the delay that has taken place, in the case of the islands which have been mentioned, will, perhaps, be best explained by the communications made to earl Cambden by governor Prevost, the governor of Dominica. He states, perhaps truly, "that the legislature of the island of Dominica is distinguished by the laws it has passed for the encouragement, protection, and government of slaves;" but he adds, "*I am sorry I cannot say they are as religiously enforced as you could wish;* however, the treatment of the negroes depends less on the temper of the master, *whose interest in his slaves' well-being is not always a sufficient check*:" a proposition which directly contradicts the clamorous assertions of the West Indian body.

In a subsequent letter, dated the 17th of January, 1805, governor Prevost thus writes: "The act of the legislature, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement, protection, and better government of slaves,' *appears to have been considered, from the day it was passed until this hour, as a political measure, to avert the interference of the mother country in the management of slaves.* Having said this, your lordship will not be surprised to learn the *clause seventh of that bill has been wholly neglected.*"

Here we have honestly disclosed to us the true cause of the enactment of those slave laws which have gained the colonies so much credit for humanity with the mother country, as well as the true cause of their inefficiency. They were enacted to blind the eyes of superficial, but well-meaning men in England, and to furnish a convenient argument to the enemies of abolition. They have been inefficient, because it was never in the contemplation of those who framed them that they should be executed. It may be fairly questioned, whether a single slave in the island of Dominica knew of those protecting clauses which were so loudly boasted of in England.

The third and fourth clauses of the same act require, under pecuniary penalties, that the slaves should be convened every Sunday for divine worship, and that they should be exhorted to be baptized, and, when of mature age, to form christian marriages; and the reason assigned for the enactment is, that "a knowledge of the doctrines, and a due attention to the exercise of the duties of the christian religion, would tend to improve the morals, and to advance the temporal and eternal happiness of the slaves." The reader, however, will see what an impious mockery all this parade of legislation has been, when he learns from governor Prevost that these clauses "are not carried into effect," and that no penal-

ties have been levied for non-compliance with their provisions. The Rev. John Audain, rector of St. George's, thus writes on the subject: "A very few *even* of the free coloured people marry; *and not one slave* since I have been here. Why they do not I readily conceive, particularly the slaves. *Their owners do not exhort them to it.*" Yet the law requires the owner to *exhort them* to it, and though it is notorious that that law has, in no one instance, been complied with, it is equally notorious that its infraction has, in no one instance, been punished by enforcing the penalty.

These facts sufficiently demonstrate, that the laws for the protection of the slaves are perfectly nugatory, and do, in no degree, tend to alleviate the rigours of their unhappy condition, or to place them on a better footing as to "protection" in the other islands than that on which they stand even in Barbadoes.

Eighteen years have now passed since the slave trade question was first agitated in England, and since West Indians have been holding out promises of ameliorating the condition of their slaves. These promises, it appears, have proved altogether delusive, and so they will continue until the British parliament shall abolish the slave trade, and thus oblige West Indians to reform their horrid system.

For the Literary Magazine.

PROGRESS OF VACCINATION IN ASIA.

EARLY in the year 1801, governor Duncan, of Bombay, wrote to lord Elgin, the English minister at Constantinople, requesting him to forward a supply of vaccine matter by the way of Bagdad and Bussora; where the matter might be renewed on fresh subjects, and thus have a chance of reaching Bombay in a state capable of communicating the infection. The first supplies failed; but in June, 1802, a successful inoculation was effected at Bombay; and from this first inoculation the matter originally emanated, which has ever since been used in India. The matter sent from Constantinople was renewed by inoculation at Bagdad, and was then conveyed to Bussora, at the distance of from 30 to 35 days' journey, where it was again renewed, before it was transmitted to its final destination at Bombay.

It appears that 11,166 persons were inoculated, from the period of the introduction of the cow-pox into India, in June, 1802, to the end of the year 1803. Every effort is made, both by the heads of the government and medical men, to diffuse this practice over every part of the British settlements in the east.

Variolous inoculation was regularly practised by the Bramins in Calcutta, in the beginning of every year previous to 1803.

They inoculated all who could pay them, regardless how near their patients were to those who either could not from indigence, or would not from principle, be inoculated; by this means spreading on every side a fatal pestilence, which annually pursued its course of misery and death.

This practice, however, was at length interdicted by the police, and two seasons have passed over, without bringing with them this dreadful scourge of humanity. The mortality produced by natural smallpox in India is stated, by good authority, to be as one to three; and by the inoculated, as one to sixty or seventy, of children born of European parents. The Bramins acknowledge that they lose one in two hundred of those whom they inoculate, which is probably below the truth: but whatever estimate may be taken, it is evident that the introduction of vaccine inoculation will be the means of saving a great number of lives.

Considerable pains have been taken to discover whether there were any traces of cow-pox among the

cattle in India; or whether, if there were, its prophylactic powers were applied or understood; but though many are disposed to assert that the disease was known to the Bramins from time immemorial, yet this claim was never advanced till vaccine inoculation had triumphed over all opposition to it. Something more, indeed, than mere assertions was employed to establish this point; for the surgeon of a native regiment, stationed at Bareilly, got possession of a Sanscript manuscript, which contained the following paragraph on the subject:

"Taking the matter (pûya) of pimples (granthi) which are naturally produced on the udders of cows, carefully preserve it; and, before the breaking out of the small-pox (sitala), making with a small instrument a small puncture, like that made by a gnat, in a child's limb, introduce into the blood as much of that matter as is measured by the fourth part of a *racti*; thus the wise physician renders the child secure from the breaking out of the small-pox."

This passage was suspected to be an interpolation; and the conjecture was proved to be well founded, by collating the manuscript from which it was taken with others.

It was hoped that the Hindoos, from the veneration which they bear to the cow, would practise vaccine inoculation with ardour: but the circumstance of the prophylactic being connected with that animal seems to have operated rather as an objection, than as a recommendation to its adoption.

For the Literary Magazine.

USE OF BATHING AS NUTRICIOUS.

DR. FRANKLIN has advised, when a scarcity of water at sea occurs, that mariners should bathe themselves in tubs of salt water; and that he had observed, that, however thirsty he had been before his immersion into water for the amusement of swimming, he never continued so afterwards; and recommends the apparel of sailors being dipped in the sea, with a confidence of there being no danger of catching cold.

In a narrative of the loss of a ship from the West Indies bound for Whitehaven, in 1768, the captain, after having related the distress which he and his people had endured, dwells much upon the great advantage received from soaking his clothes twice a day in salt water, and putting them on without wringing.

"It was a considerable time," says he, "before I could make the people comply with this measure; though, from seeing the good effects it produced, they afterwards, of their own accord, practised it twice a day. To this discovery I may with justice ascribe the preservation of my own life and that of six other persons, who must otherwise have perished.

"The hint I first gained from a treatise written by Dr. Lind, and which, I think, ought to be recommended to all sea-faring people.

"One very remarkable circumstance was, that we daily made the same quantity of urine as if we had drank moderately of any liquid; which must be owing to a quantity of water being absorbed by the pores of the skin. The saline particles remaining in our clothing became encrusted by the heat of our bodies and that of the sun, which cut and wounded us, and rendered sitting very disagreeable. But we found, on washing out the saline particles, and wetting our clothes without wringing, twice a day, the skin became well in a short time: and so very great advantage did we derive from this practice, that the violent thirst went off; the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes; at the same time we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE COCKNEY DIALECT.

IN turning over a late British publication, I was much amused to discover, in the peculiarities of the dialect of Londoners, a striking resemblance to those of my native city, Philadelphia. The vulgar people of London are well known by the name of cockneys, and a learned enquirer has taken the trouble to examine their dialect, in which the following examples are the most remarkable.

The most striking and most offensive error in pronunciation among the Londoners lies in the transpositional use of the letters W and V, ever to be heard where there is any possibility of inverting them. Thus they always say,

Weal instead of *veal;* and

Winegar instead of *vinegar;*

while, on the other hand, you hear

Vicked for *wicked*;

Vig for *wig*; and a few others.

The following little dialogue is said to have passed between a citizen and his servant:

Citizen. Villiam, I vants my vig.

Servant. Vitch vig, sir?

Citizen. Vy, the vite vig in the vooden vig-box, vitch I vore last Vensday at the westry.

To these may be added their use of the letter W, in the place of the letter H, in compound words; for, instead of neighbour*hood*, widow*hood*, livelihood, and knight*hood*, they not only say, but would even write, neighbour*wood*, widow*wood*, livelihood, and knight*wood*. Nay, they have been caught in the fact; for the last of these words is so spelt in Dr. Fuller's Church History, and and in Rymer's Fœdera. This oversight cannot, however, be charged upon either of those writers; but, as they both lived in or near London, it is most probable that their amanuenses were first-rate *cockneys*, and that, in collating the transcripts by the ear, allowances had been made for mere pronunciation without suspecting error in the orthography.

All that can be said upon these unpleasant pronunciations taken together is, that letters of the same organ of speech have been mutually exchanged in several languages. In the province of Gascoigne in France, the natives substitute the letters B and V for each other, which occasioned Joseph Scaliger to say of them, "Felices populi, quibus *bibere* est *vivere*.

The London use of redundant negatives, in "I don't know nothing about it," or "worser and more worser;" and "mought" for might; "ax" for ask; "fetch a walk;" "learn" for teach; "shall us;" "summons'd" for summoned; "adry;" "his-self" for himself, and "their-selves" for themselves; "this here;" "that there;" "because why;" "ourn, yourn, heru, hisn;" "a few while;" "com'd" for came; "gone with;" "went with;" "gone dead;" have more said in their favour than cockneys themselves would suppose; and the sneer of the *beau monde* is rebutted by the sanction of respectable men, who gave the *ton* to our great great grandfathers. In some instances, indeed, the cockney appears, without perhaps being conscious of it, to have kept nearer to the true etymology, and to have more closely followed the genius of our language than even the courtier.

A courtier will say, "Let him do it *himself*;" but the cockney has it, "Let him do it *his*-self." Here the latter comes nearest to the truth, though both he and the courtier are wrong; for the grammatical construction should be "Let *he* do it *his*-self," or, by a transposition of words, better and more energetically arranged, "Let *he his-self* do it." It must be allowed that the Londoner does not use this compounded pronoun, in the mode before us, from any degree of conviction; he has fortunately stumbled upon a part of the truth which the courtier has overleaped. But,

throwing aside the correct phraseology, and confining ourselves to the received mode, let me observe how incongruous our combined pronoun appears in this situation. Of these double personal pronouns, as I may call them, the nominative in the singular number is *my* self, and not *me* self; and in the second person it is *thy* self, and not *thee* self. Why then shall the accusative in the third person (viz. *him*-self) be received in the polite world, and by both the universities, into the place of the nominative "*his*-self?" It is the same with us in the plural number; for we very conveniently make the word "*them*selves" serve our purpose both in the nominative and in the accusative; while, on the other hand, the cockney is right in his plural nominative "*their*-selves," and only errs when he uses the same word for the accusative.

Dr. Johnson unguardedly, but very obligingly for me, admits "*his*-self" to have been *anciently* (though he goes but a very little way back for his authority) the nominative case of this double pronoun, and quotes the words of Algernon Sydney, "Every of us, each for *his*-self." Time will not subvert a real nominative case, however incongruously it may be abused; and I wonder that Dr. Johnson should doubt for a moment, and (as his word *anciently* implies) ever suppose otherwise.

Dr. Wallis, who published his grammatical work in 1653, lays the charge of vulgarity upon the courtier, and acquits the cockney, "Fateor tamen," says he, "*him*-self et *them*selves vulgo dici pro *his*-self et *their*-selves."

Now, sir, this matter might, upon the whole, be brought to a very easy compromise, if the cockney would but adopt the courtier's "*them*-selves" for his accusative, and the courtier would condescend to accept the cockney's accusative "*their*-selves," instead of his own nominative "*them*-selves."

The like exchange would as easily reconcile them in their uses of the singular number; for let the courtier, instead of saying "He came *him*self," use the cockney's expression "He came *his*-self;" and, on the other hand, in the place of "He hurt *his*-self," let the cockney say with the courtier, "He hurt *him*self," and all would be well, according to the present acceptation of these phrases, and these jarring interests be happily accommodated; but I am afraid that the obstinate and deep-rooted principles of education on one hand, and of habit on the other, must forbid the exchange.

I am sensible that it is accounted elegant and energetic language to use "*him*self" nominatively when intended to enforce personality, as in the following two examples:

"*Him*self hasted also to go out."
"*Him*self an army."

No one, I believe, will be hardy enough to vindicate this as grammar; but it is allowed in all arts to break through the trammels of rule to produce great effects.

Dr. Johnson was not aware of the authenticity of dialectical expressions, and has been guilty of many omissions, and blundered in his etymologies. More may be said in support of the *poticary* of the cockney than the *apothecary* of the learned and fashionable world, which has usurped its place:

Henry Knighton, who lived about 1393, had the word *apothecarius*.

Dr. Johnson says, from *apotheca*, a repository: and that it means "a man, whose employment is to keep medicines for sale; Greek Ἀποθήκη."

Chaucer, who wrote before the introduction of Greek, writes "*Potecary*." Chaucer died in 1400. (N. B. Greek known in England in 1453.)

In the Liber Niger Dom. Reg. Angliæ, temp. Edward IV, who reigned from 1461 to 1483, it is written *poticary*.

Stevens's Dictionary has *boticario*, and derives it from *bote*, a gal-

lipot. *Botica* is a shop in Spanish (French *boutique*), but emphatically the shop of an apothecary.

The *A* may be our article, which use has added to the words, together with the article *an*, which is a pleonasm.

Per contra, we have appellatives, which, by withdrawing a letter from the word *per aphæresin* in the article, has absorbed it, as, from *anaranja*, we have formed *an orange*. *Avanna*, we call *a fan*, which should be termed *an avan*; from *Abeli* we say *a lily*: so, by dropping the *A* entirely, we have made *saffron* from *assafran*: all from the Spanish. Not content to say *a boticario*, or, Anglicè, *boticary*, but we must double the article and say *an aboticary*.

Junius calls it *vocabulum sumptum ex Græco*; but adds, *minus commode*; and refers us to Vossius, lib. I. de Vitiis Sermonis, c. 32.

Apothecaries anciently sold wine and cordials.

"The emperor is somewhat amended, as his *poticarie saith*."

A bookseller who keeps a shop (a *bibliotheca*), might as well be called a *bibliothecary*.

Perhaps the *poticary* or *boticario* was so called, to distinguish him from the initerant medicine-monger; for I am willing to suppose there have been quacks as long as there have been regular men in the profession of physic.

Apollo was little more than an empiric; for it was one of his inferior occupations. Opifer *per orbem*. His son Æsculapius was a physician.

Q. If Apollo, by the term *Opifer*, was not a midwife? The apothecaries proud of the connection, by his figure in Dutch tile in their shops.

In the comedy of the Four P's, by J. Heywood, published 1569, one of them is the *poticary*; and I never heard that he was arraigned by the critics for pseudography. They are the *Pothecary*, the *Pedlar*, the *Palmer*, and the *Pardoner*.

Mr. Nares says, that *potecary* is very low; and so it is to our ears at present.

You might as well say that *periwig* is Greek, from Περι, circum (Græcè) and *wig* (Anglicè); whereas it is only unfortunately a corruption of the French *peruque*.

The *boticario* (or poticary) was perhaps to the *quack*, who carried his medicines about for sale, as the *stationer* (or shop-keeper) was to the hawker and pedlar.

For the Literary Magazine.

POETRY AND PAINTING COMPARED.

BEYOND the poet in the strength of his conceptions, as well as in the force and fidelity with which they are expressed, the painter is more alive to what passes around him; external objects take a stronger hold of his imagination; the impressions of beauty, of grandeur, of sublimity, sink deeper into his soul. His art, estimated by its noblest examples, considered in every view of mental or manual ability, appears to be the most arduous enterprise of taste, and, without injustice to other pursuits, may be termed the most extraordinary operation of human genius; in its theory and principles unfolding the most subtle refinements of intellect, in its practice displaying the most dextrous achievement of mechanical skill.

The only character, indeed, that can pretend to rank with the painter in the great scale of human ingenuity is the poet; but *he* has not been satisfied with equality; he has commonly aspired to a higher station; and, having been usually judge and jury in the cause, he has always taken care to decide it in his own favour. Yet an impartial investigation of the powers displayed in both arts; of the qualities from nature and education which they respectively require, would perhaps amend the record, if not reverse the decree. What is there of *intellec-*

tual in the operations of the poet which the painter does not equal? what is there of *mechanical* which he does not surpass? He also is one "cui sit ingenium, cui mens divinior." The "os magna sonaturum," indeed, is not his; but he has a language more general, more eloquent, more animated; as much more arduous in its attainment as it is more extraordinary in its effects. Where their arts resemble, the painter keeps his level with the poet; where they differ, he takes a more elevated ground.

The advantage which poetry possesses over painting, in continued narration and successive impression, cannot be advanced as a peculiar merit of the poet, since it results from the nature of language, and is common to prose.

The eye of the painter is required to be as much more sensible and acute than the eye of the poet, as the accuracy of him who imitates should exceed that of him who only describes. What is the verbal expression of a passion, compared to its visible presence; the narration of an action to the action itself brought before your view? What are the "verba ardentia" of the poet, to the breathing beauties, the living lustre of the pencil, rivalling the noblest products of nature, expressing the characteristics of matter and mind, the powers of soul, the perfection of form, the brightest bloom of colour, the golden glow of light? Can the airy shadows of poetical imagery be compared to the embodied realities of art?

Where the poet cursorily observes, the painter studies intensely; what the one carries loosely in his memory, the other stamps upon his soul. The forms and combinations of things, the accidents of light and colour, the relations of distance and degree, the passions, proportions, and properties of men and animals; all the phenomena of "the visible diurnal sphere," the painter must treasure up in his mind in clear, distinct, indelible impressions, and with the powers of a magician call them up at a moment's warning, like "spirits from the vasty deep" of his imagination,

"To do his bidding, and abide his will."

From the nature of the medium through which the poet operates, he has an advantage over the painter, which considerably facilitates his progress. As verse is constructed of language, modified by number and measure, the poet may be said to pursue, in some degree, a preparatory course of study from his cradle; he never talks but he may be considered as sharpening his tools, and collecting his materials; his instrument is never out of his hands, and whether he reads, writes, or converses, he exercises his faculties in a way that appears to have a direct reference to his art, and to be a prelude to his performance.

The painter, on the other hand, makes use of a medium that has no analogy to speech, no connection with any of his ordinary habits or acquirements; his art speaks a language of the most uncommon construction, and most comprehensive influence: demanding the unremitting application of a life to produce that facility of expression, that fluency of graphic utterance, by which only he can hope to address himself effectually to the passions and understandings of men.

If to become familiar with the writings of the ancients, to comprehend their beauties, and compose in their language, be the proudest attainments of the scholar and the poet, how much more worthy of admiration is the skill of him who pours forth his ideas in the glowing language of Nature; who becomes familiar with all her beauties, who learns by heart all her characters, though numerous and varied, to an extent that reduces the amplitude of the Chinese tongue to a contracted alphabet; and who can trace them through all their combinations, from the simplest blade of grass in the field, to the most complex ex-

ample of her power, in that alpha and omega of her hand, the hieroglyphic miracle, man.

The painter's eye, to sovereign beauty true,
Marks every grace, and heightens every hue;
Follows the fair through all her forms and wiles,
Studies her airs, and triumphs in her smiles;
Imagines wondrous scenes as Fancy warms,
And revels rich in all Creation's charms:
His art her homage, and his soul her shrine,
She rules his life, and regulates his line;
While rapt to frenzy as the goddess fires,
He pours to view the visions she inspires.

Presented to the cultur'd eye of Taste,
No rock is barren, and no wild is waste;
No shape uncouth, or savage, but in place,
Excites an interest, or assumes a grace;
Whether the year's successive seasons roll,
Or Proteus passion paint the varying soul;
Whether, apart consider'd, or combin'd,
The forms of matter, and the traits of mind;
Nature, exhaustless, still has power to warm,
And every change of scene a novel charm:
The dome-crown'd city, or the cottag'd plain,
The rough cragg'd mountain, or tumultuous main;
The temple rich, in trophied pride array'd,
Or mould'ring in the melancholy shade;
The spoils of tempest, or the wrecks of time;
The earth abundant, and the heaven sublime:
All to the painter purest joys impart,
Delight his eye, and stimulate his art.

From sense reclaim'd to bliss of nobler birth,
He envies not the bustling sons of earth,
Who anxious climb the heights of wealth and power,
The care-cloth'd pageants of a restless hour;
For him unlock the springs of finer joy,
The stores of soul, the sweets that never cloy;
Nature for him unfolds her fairest day,
For him puts on her picturesque array;
Beneath his eye new-brightens all her charms,
And yields her blushing beauties to his arms;
His prize and praise pursu'd in shades or crowds;
He fancies prodigies, and peoples clouds;
Arrests in rapid glance each fleeting form,
Loves the mild calm, and studies in the storm.

To this eulogy of painting every painter will cordially assent, but the poet will not so promptly acquiesce in his own degradation. Impartial judges will maintain that the powers of the painter and the poet are both creative; and, when employed under the inspiration of real genius, the effects of both are eminently striking. In some instances the painter has the advantages of the poet, and in others the reverse is equally true. If the former exceed the latter in the exactness with which his conceptions are embodied, the latter often presents pictures to the imagination which the former cannot express by the utmost force of his art. The painter can only catch a particular instant, while the poet can exhibit the progress of an action; and, though the artist may boast of the superiority of imitation over description, he must know that "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" often sees more than lines and colours can possibly exhibit. Besides, an impartial estimate must not overlook the superior *number of* the poet's pictures. While the painter is laboriously embodying a a single image, the poet produces a thousand pictures, and, though each individual sketch may be inferior to the painter's individual labour, a *thousand* of the first may be collectively of more value than the *single* one of the last.

A.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. VI.

To the Reflector.

SIR,

I KNOW not whether I am not taking too great a liberty in addressing you; but as my motive is not a selfish one, but, as you will perceive, to benefit a man whom I am desirous of serving, that must plead my excuse. The subject of my letter is a man in the prime of life, but apparently disgusted with every thing it is capable of affording. He is like one who has but just fairly commenced that journey which we must all take, and seems terrified by the disasters he has already encountered, and those he yet may meet. The death of a wife, whom he appears to have loved with the greatest tenderness, has left a blank in his mind and in his enjoyments, which nothing seems capable of filling up, and for which nothing seems able to console him. On the past he looks back with anxiety, and on the future with fear and reluctance; that has to him been a scene where disappointment has been the principal actor, and this seems to promise a fate no happier. Nor is the grief which preys upon him of that loud and obtrusive kind which seems to beg for observation and pity; but that silent kind of sensation which is not incompatible with occasional hours of pensive and, perhaps, pleasing melancholy. Yet it seems to weigh "heavy at his heart," and these intervals appear like the weak glimmerings of a wintry sun, or the occasional flashes of a dying fire.

His habits of life, his natural disposition, his studies, every thing contributes to the nourishment of that feeling which threatens to bury him while living, and make this life the grave of all his joys. It is not long since he lent me "Zimmerman on Solitude," with a leaf turned down at the following affecting passage: "Leave me to myself," I exclaimed a thousand times. Within two years after my arrival in Germany, I lost the lovely idol of my heart, the amiable companion of my life. Her departed spirit still hovers round me; the tender recollection of all that she was to me, the afflicting remembrance of all that she suffered on my account, are always present to my mind. What purity and innocence! what mildness and affability! Her death was as calm and resigned as her soul was pure and virtuous! During five long months the pangs of dissolution hung continually round her. One day, as she reclined upon her pillow, while I read to her "The Death of Christ," by Ramler, she cast her eyes over the page, and silently pointed out to me the following passage: "My breath grows weak, my days are shortened, my heart is full of affliction, and my soul prepares to take its flight." Alas! when I recall these circumstances to my mind, and recollect how impossible it was for me to abandon the world at this moment of anguish and distress, when I had neither fortitude to bear my afflictions, nor courage to resist them; while I was pursued by malice, and outraged by calumny; in such a situation, I can easily conceive my exclamation might be "Leave me to myself."

Such were the sentiments expressed on the page which was folded down; such, perhaps, had recently been his situation. It was like the picture of an absent friend, which recalled the well-known and living features to recollection, or rather presented them in an inanimate manner; every circumstance which attended the last parting moments of a beloved wife were here, perhaps, exactly related. Grief had taken possession of his soul, and thus did he nourish the destroying invader.

Riding with him one morning, we conversed some time with an easy cheerfulness on his part, on mine with all that gaiety which health, the freshness of morning, and the view of a fine country naturally produced. I was pleased with the hope

that his mind had recovered its usual tone, that the violence of his grief had subsided, and that tranquillity and cheerfulness had again resumed their place in the bosom they had so long deserted.

We proceeded to ———, where we sat down to breakfast; our conversation, however, continued, but it had lost its former animated character, and insensibly changed into a discussion of the nature of the more violent passions. I observed that those emotions which were distinguished for their intensity, were likewise so for the shortness of their existence. "Ah," said he, "I once thought so too, but experience has convinced me of my error: grief, for instance, will endure while there remains one animating principle in the bosom which nourishes it."

"True," I replied; "but this is not the nature of grief; if it is suffered to take its natural course only, it will, sooner or later, subside; it cannot exist on nothing: but if it is nourished by every possible means, if every inlet of joy, and every source of comfort and consolation are closed, and nothing but mournful reflections indulged, it will, like a volcanic fire, burn on till it consumes the parent who nourishes it. But I fear, my friend, you have already nourished it too much; already has it weakened your frame, and made you incapable of enjoyment. Rouse yourself from this culpable lethargy, equally dangerous to mind and body; call forth every slumbering principle which can promote cheerfulness; for your body you must call a physician, for your mind you must find one in yourself." My discourse was interrupted by a sigh, and "I have nothing more to do in this world, and I care not how soon I leave it." "Psha," said I, "this is not as it should be; you are young, and may yet experience much happiness." He smiled; it was a smile which at once expressed his doubt and his gentleness; he was too mild for contradiction, but his smile was full of meaning.

Show him, Mr. Reflector, the impropriety of his conduct, and the dangerous tendency of indulging sentiments so opposite to reason and to revelation, and you will oblige both him and your most obedient,

ANTONIO.

For the Literary Magazine.

ABSTRACT OF A REPORT ON AMERICAN ROADS.

THE committee of the senate of the United States, to whom was referred the examination of the act entitled "An act to enable the people of the eastern division of the territory north-west of the river Ohio to form a constitution and state government, and for the admission of such state into the union, on an equal footing with the original states, and for other purposes," and to report the manner the money appropriated by said act ought to be applied, report as follows:

That, upon the examination of the act, they find the one-twentieth part, or five per cent. of the nett proceeds of the lands lying within the state of Ohio, and sold by congress after the 30th June, 1802, is appropriated for laying out and making public roads, leading from the navigable waters emptying into the Atlantic to the river Ohio, to said state, and through the same; such roads to be laid out under the authority of congress, with the consent of the several states through which the roads shall pass.

By a subsequent law, passed on the 3d of March, 1803, congress appropriated 3 per cent. of the said 5 per cent. to laying out and making roads within the state of Ohio, leaving 2 per cent. of the appropriation contained in the first mentioned law unexpended; which now remains for "the laying out and making roads from the navigable waters emptying into the Atlantic, to the river Ohio, to said state."

The nett proceeds of sales of lands

	Dolls. Cts.
in the state of Ohio, from July 1st, 1802, to June 30th, 1803, inclusive, was	124,400 92
From 1st July, 1803, to June 30th, 1804,	176,203 35
From 1st July, 1804, to June 30th, 1805,	266,000
From 1st July, 1805, to 30th September, 1805,	66,000
Amounting in the whole to	$ 632,604 27

Two per cent. on which sum amounts to 12,652 dollars.

Twelve thousand six hundred and fifty-two dollars was, therefore, on the 1st of October last, subject to uses directed by law, as mentioned in this report. The fund is constantly accumulating, and will probably, by the time preparations can be made for its expenditure, amount to eighteen or twenty thousand dollars.

The committee have examined, as far as their limited time, and the scanty sources of facts within their reach, would permit, the various routes which have been contemplated, for laying out roads pursuant to the provisions of the act first mentioned.

The distance from Philadelphia to Pittsburg is 314 miles, by the usual route, and on a straight line about 270.

From Philadelphia to the nearest point on the river Ohio, contiguous to the state of Ohio, which is probably between Steubenville and the mouth of Grave creek, the distance by the usual route is 360 miles, and on a straight line about 308.

From Baltimore to the river Ohio, between the same points, and by the usual route, is 275 miles, and on a straight line 224.

From this city (Washington), to the same points on the river Ohio, the distance is nearly the same as from Baltimore, probably the difference is not a plurality of miles.

From Richmond, in Virginia, to the nearest point on the Ohio, the distance by the usual route is 377 miles, but new roads are opening, which will shorten the distance 50 or 60 miles; 247 miles of the proposed road from Richmond northwesterly will be as good as the roads usually are in that country, but the remaining 70 or 80 miles are bad for the present, and probably will remain so for a long time, as there seems to be no present inducement for the state of Virginia to incur the expense of making that part of the road passable. From Baltimore to the Monongahela, where the route from Baltimore to the Ohio will intersect it, the distance, as usually travelled, is 218 miles, and on a straight line about 184. From this point, which is at or near Brownsville, boats can pass down with great facility to the state of Ohio, during several months in the year.

The above distances are not all stated from actual mensuration, but they are sufficiently correct for the present purpose.

The committee have not examined any routes northward of that leading from Philadelphia to the Ohio, nor southward of that leading from Richmond, because they suppose the roads to be laid out must strike the Ohio, in order to fulfil the law.

The mercantile intercourse of the citizens of Ohio, with those of the Atlantic states, is chiefly with Philadelphia and Baltimore; not very extensive with the towns on the Potomac within the district of Columbia, and still less with Richmond in Virginia. At present, the greatest portion of their trade is with Philadelphia; but their trade is rapidly increasing with Baltimore, owing to the difference of distance in favour of Baltimore, and to the advantage of boating down the Monongahela, from the point where the road strikes it, about 70 miles by water, and 50 by land, above Pittsburg.

The sum appropriated for making roads is so small, that the committee have thought it most expedient to direct an expenditure to one route

only; they have therefore endeavoured to fix on that which, for the present, will be most convenient to the citizens of Ohio, leaving to the future benevolence and policy of congress an extension of them on this or any other route, and an increase of the requisite fund; as experience may point out their expediency or necessity. A wise government can never lose sight of an object so important as that of connecting a numerous and rapidly increasing population, spread over a fertile and extensive country, with the Atlantic states, now separated from them by mountains, which, by industry and expence, moderate compared with the advantages, can be rendered passable.

The route from Richmond must necessarily approach the state of Ohio in a part thinly inhabited; and which, from the nature of the soil and other circumstances, must remain so, at least for a long time; and, from the hilly and rough condition of the country, no roads can be conveniently made leading to the principal population of the state of Ohio. These considerations have induced us to postpone, for the present, any further consideration of that route.

The spirit and perseverance of the people of Pennsylvania are such, in road making, that, no doubt, they will, in a little time, complete a road from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, as good as the nature of the ground will permit. They are so particularly interested to facilitate the intercourse between their trading capital Philadelphia, not only to Pittsburg, but also to the extensive country within their own state, on the western waters, that they will of course surmount the difficulties presented by the Alleghany, Chesnut ridge, and Laurel hill, the three great and almost the sole impediments which now exist on that route.

The people of Maryland, with no less spirit and perseverance, are engaged in making roads from Baltimore and the western boundary of the district of Columbia, through Fredericktown to Williamsport.

Were the government of the United States to direct the expenditure of the fund in contemplation upon either of these routes, for the present, in Pennsylvania or Maryland, it would probably so far interfere with the respective states as to produce mischief instead of benefit; especially as the sum to be laid out by the United States is too inconsiderable alone to effect objects of such magnitude. But as Maryland has no particular interest to extend its road across the mountains, and if it had it would be impracticable, because the state does not extend so far, the committee have thought it expedient to recommend the making of a road from Cumberland, on the north bank of the Potomac, and within the state of Maryland, to the river Ohio, at the most convenient place between a point on the eastern bank of said river, opposite to Steubenville and the mouth of Grave creek, which empties into the Ohio, a little below Whelen, in Virginia. This route will meet and accommodate the roads leading from Baltimore and the district of Columbia; it will cross the Monongahela at or near Brownsville, sometimes called Redstone, where the advantage of boating can be taken, and from the point where it will probably intersect the Ohio, there are now roads, or they can easily be made over feasible and proper ground, through the principal population of the state of Ohio.

Cumberland is situated at the eastern foot of the Alleghany mountain, about eighty miles from Williamsport by the usual route, which is circuitous, owing to a large bend in the Potomac, on the bank of which the road now runs; the distance on a straight line is not more than 50 or 55 miles, and over tolerable ground for a road, which will probably be opened by the state of Maryland, should the proposed route be established over the mountains.

From Cumberland to the western extremity of Laurel hill, by the

route now travelled, the distance is 66 miles, and on a straight line about 55. On this part of the route the first and very considerable expenditures are specially necessary. From Laurel hill to the Ohio river, by the usual route, is about 70 miles, and on a straight line 54 or 55; the road is tolerable, though capable of improvement.

To carry into effect the principles arising from the foregoing facts, the committee present a bill for the consideration of the senate. To take the proper measures for carrying into effect the section of the law respecting a road or roads to the state of Ohio, is a duty imposed upon congress by the law itself.

To enlarge on the high importance of cementing the union of our citizens on the western waters with those of the Atlantic states, would be unnecessary. Politicians have generally agreed that rivers unite the interests and promote the friendship of those who inhabit their banks; while mountains, on the contrary, tend to the disunion and estrangement of those who are separated by them. In the present case, to make the crooked ways straight and the rough ways smooth, will in effect remove the intervening mountains, and, by facilitating the intercourse of our western brethren with those on the Atlantic, essentially unite them *in interest*, which is the most effectual means of uniting the human race.

For the Literary Magazine.

MARITIME IMPROVEMENTS.

MR. GRANT, who has lately published an account of his voyage, circumnavigated the globe in vessels which, according to the opinion of some who might have been esteemed competent judges, were not fit to go to sea! His ship, the Lady Nelson, did not lose a single man, and arrived at Port Jackson, in New Holland, without the least damage in hull, mast, or rigging. There was novelty in the construction of the Lady Nelson, which, upon Mr. Grant's experience, is also a most important improvement. She was built with a sliding keel, divided into three several parts, with considerable intervals between them. Mr. Grant and captain Shank are of opinion, that vessels thus constructed sail faster, steer easier, tack and wear quicker and in less room, carry more freight, draw less water, ride easier at anchor, take the ground better, are more likely to be saved in case of shipwreck, have the advantage of all others in case of losing the rudder, and last longer than those built in the common way.

For the Literary Magazine.

PICTURE OF ZAHARA.

ZAHARA is a sandy plain in northern Africa, in general near two thousand miles in length, and one thousand in breadth.

At present there are thirty-two known oases, or habitable countries, in the Zahara, which have been rendered fertile by springs of fresh water. The largest of these are inhabited by different tribes. Those colonies of Moors, which overspread the desert of Barbary, are said to be seventeen in number. The other oases, being not so large, only serve as points for the refreshment and rest of caravans, and small parties of way-farers.

The caravans traverse this great desert in nine principal directions. The Moorish tribes who reside in it, pass over it at every point.

The soil of the Zahara consists of fine sand, a mass of small and uncombined particles; these particles, however, are not stony, like the

elements of sand, but susceptible of petrification. Being composed of infinitely small grains to a very great depth, and being agitated by winds like the waves of the sea, they are formed into mountains, which, from the same cause, are shortly after dispersed, and raised to a considerable height, till their diffusion obscures the rays of the sun.

On this sandy extent there may frequently be seen columns of sand resembling water-spouts. Their nature is averse to combination, since in the whole desert there are scarcely any rocks, and fertile countries sparingly scattered in it.

From the plains north of the Senegal I have seen these sand-spouts rise in the form of columns, sometimes advancing with rapidity, at others proceeding with majestic slowness, and at all times affording a grand and magnificent spectacle. Their rapidity is sometimes so great that they are scarcely visible, when they vanish so as to resemble ribbons floating in the air, the lower extremities always touching the earth; at other times their upper extremities rise to an immense height, and are lost in the clouds: these spouts frequently break at a great elevation, and the immense volume of sand is dispersed through the atmosphere; at other times they break apparently in the middle, and the report is similar to the explosion of a mine.

One day I counted three of these spouts at the distance of about a mile from each other: the diameter of the greatest seemed to be two feet, and the rapidity of all of them was prodigious.

Vast as the Zahara is, compared in extent with some mighty kingdoms of Europe, it occupies no considerable portion of Africa. I am inclined to believe that it has not always been an unproductive and solitary desert, though no evidence exists to support our conjectures of its former fertility and population.

For the Literary Magazine.

WRECKERS.

THE West India wreckers are persons licensed by the governor of the Bahamas to cruize among these islands, and afford relief to wrecked vessels. By way of recompense, they receive salvage on whatever property they rescue from the waves. They are hardy, dexterous, and enterprizing; being habituated, from early life, to the perils of the deep, and to diving for *conchs*, which abound on their shores. The ensuing dialogue is a striking comment on their notions of morality:

Happening, says a late voyager, in the course of one of my passages through the Bahamas, to fall in with a wrecker, I held as long a conversation with him as his haste would permit, and was inquisitive on the subject of his occupation. I will set down the dialogue as it took place.

Q. From whence came you?

A. (As it caught my ear) From Providence—last from *Philimingo* Bay, in *Icumy* (a familiar way of pronouncing *Flamingo* Bay, in *Exuma*).

Q. Where are you bound to?

A. On a *racking* voyage to Quby (Cuba) and the westward.

Q. Are there many of you in this quarter?

A. Morgan, I, and Phinander (Fernandez): parted company awhile ago.

Q. What success in cruizing?

A. Middling, but middling.

Q. We have seen very few wreckers to the eastward; are there many to the westward?

A. We lay with forty sail four months along *Floriday* shore.

Q. Forty sail! Then certainly you must have had many opportunities of being essentially serviceable to vessels passing the gulf stream, by directing them to keep off from places of danger, with which you

made it your business to become acquainted?

A. Not much of that; they went on generally in the night.

Q. But then you might have afforded them timely notice, by making beacons on shore, or showing your lights?

A. No, no (laughing): we always put them out, for a better chance by night.

Q. But would there not have been more humanity in showing them their danger?

A. I did not go there for humanity: I went *racking*. (In truth, as strong an apology as any that can be suggested for it.)

For the Literary Magazine.

SUBTERRANEAN SKETCH OF SWEDEN.

SWEDEN may truly be designated as a mineral country, for the metals actually constitute the principal source of its wealth and prosperity. In this point of view, nature may be said to have treated the inhabitants in the same manner that a sage but economical mother treats her children; for she has granted whatsoever is necessary with profusion, what may be deemed useful with moderation, and what is brilliant, but dangerous, with parsimony.

In that country the quantity of the different metals is in the inverse proportion of the price of gold, silver, copper, and iron. The mountains, in addition to these, contain marble and other ornamental stones, which at present are merely objects of curiosity, but will, at some period not far distant, be better known.

Of the precious metals, little more than mere *specimens* may be said to be obtained. A few unproductive mines, which private persons had undertaken to work during the last century, have been abandoned, and gold is at present extracted from but two. At Aldelfars, in the province of Smaland, in the course of twenty-six years, they have only obtained to the amount of 70,009 franks; and, from the produce of Fahlun, in conjunction with the above, Sweden cannot be said to have reaped more than forty-five marks of gold annually.

The only silver mine worthy of notice is that of Sala, in Westmania. During the reign of Christina it yielded 20,000 marks of silver; but at present it produces no more than from two to three thousand, which scarcely repays the expences.

It is worked by an association of several individuals, who are favoured by means of certain special privileges, burthensome to the whole canton, and is one of those establishments at first projected by a blind cupidity, and afterwards persevered in from mere habit, without being attended either with advantage to the public or to individuals.

Copper is one of the principal productions of Sweden. At the present period, however, they do not extract more than from six to seven thousand ship-pounds* yearly, from all the ten copper mines now worked. The two principal ones are those of Fahlun, in Dalecarlia, and Atwidaberg, in Ostrogothia, the latter of which alone produces 2000 ship-pounds.

The former of these merits particular attention in every point of view. It is known in that country by the name of the *Kopparberg*, and situate at about forty leagues to the north of Stockholm. It is visited every year by a multitude of travellers, some of whom are induced to repair thither from an attachment to mineralogical pursuits, and others from motives of mere curiosity. In 1802, I myself happened to be there, and employed nearly four hours in examining the mine.

* A ship-pound, or schip-pund, is the usual measure of minerals in the north of Europe, and nearly equivalent to three French quintals.

You first descend (having been previously provided with a kind of masquerade dress), by means of a staircase, to the bottom of an immense excavation, and afterwards penetrate into its recesses by means of a narrow passage, at the end of which you seem to have arrived at the region of shades. One of the miners precedes, and another follows, each carrying a lighted torch of pine; the column of travellers advances slowly by the light of these, sometimes through galleries cut into the rock, sometimes descending along ladders, and sometimes crossing frail bridges, suspended over terrible abysses.

The mineral, which appertains to a company of two hundred different proprietors, is equally divided among them; sixty only of these, who possess a knowledge of the art, have the privilege of smelting it, and they alone have the privilege of purchasing the other shares. At Fahlun it is only converted into what is termed *black copper*, by working; after which it is carried to a furnace, for the purpose of being again purified.

The former of these operations is performed by means of wood, with which the mineral is intermixed, and the thick smoke which arises at once darkens and infects the horizon around. We are assured, however, "that neither man nor animals are affected, and that no particular malady is known either in that town or neighbourhood: but the plants as well as the edifices experience the effects of these exhalations, in which vitriol predominates. It is only by means of extraordinary care that the adjacent lands are rendered in any degree fertile. The wood, of which most of the houses are composed, is also corroded by the air impregnated with these vapours, and becomes insensibly converted into a species of charcoal, which yields to the pressure of the fingers. These exhalations," it is added, "even attack metal itself. The inhabitants of Fahlun are particularly desirous to cover their churches with plates of a mineral to which they are indebted for their prosperity, but this *sheathing* of copper is soon attacked by the vitriolic vapours, and stands in need of being frequently repaired."

About five hundred workmen are constantly employed in the mine of Fahlun. They never sleep, and but seldom eat their meals, in the subterraneous regions; two persons, however, remain constantly below, to prevent any accident by fire. Eight horses are kept in stables cut out of the solid rock; a council room has also been formed in the same manner; the principal persons connected with the works sometimes assemble there, "and it was there also that Gustavus III, affecting originality in every thing, without recurring to the forms usually employed in the Swedish chancery, without consulting the ministers whom he had left behind him on the surface of the earth, signed a royal proclamation, by which he granted an exemption from certain duties on gold, silver, and lead."

For the Literary Magazine.

LETTERS OF GRAY.

IN a late work, translated from the German by miss Plumtre, there appears several letters from the poet Gray, to a gentleman of Switzerland, by name Bonstetten.

Bonstetten, in his youth, resided for some time at Cambridge, during which he enjoyed an almost daily intercourse with the poet Gray, who attached himself to him with great ardour, and soon became his warmest and most confidential friend. Every one who is acquainted with Gray's works will doubtless read with the deepest interest the following reliques of his correspondence with his young friend.

"*Cambridge, April* 12, 1770.

"Never did I feel, my dear Bonstetton, to what a tedious length the

few short moments of our life may be extended, by impatience and expectation, till you had left me; nor ever knew before with so strong a conviction how much this frail body sympathizes with the inquietude of the mind. I am grown old in the compass of less than three weeks, like the sultan in the Turkish tales, that did but plunge his head into a vessel of water, and take it out again, as the standers by affirmed, at the command of a dervise, and found he had passed many years in captivity, and begot a large family of children. The strength and spirits that now enable me to write to you are only owing to your last letter: a temporary gleam of sunshine, heaven knows when it may shine again; I did not conceive till now, I own, what it was to lose you, nor felt the solitude and insipidity of my own condition before I possessed the happiness of your friendship; I must cite another Greek writer to you, because it is much to my purpose: he is describing the character of a genius truly inclined to philosophy. 'It includes,' he says, 'qualifications rarely united in one single mind, quickness of apprehension, and a retentive memory, vivacity and application, gentleness and magnanimity; to these he adds an invincible love of truth, and consequently of probity and justice. Such a soul,' continues he, 'will be little inclined to sensual pleasures, and consequently temperate; a stranger to illiberality and avarice; being accustomed to the most extensive views of things, and sublimest contemplations, it will contract a habitual greatness, will look down with a kind of disregard on human life, and on death, consequently, will possess the truest fortitude. Such,' says he, 'is the mind born to govern the rest of mankind.' But these very endowments, so necessary to a soul formed for philosophy, are often its ruin, especially when joined to the external advantages of wealth, nobility, strength, and beauty; that is, if it light on a bad soil, and want its proper nurture, which nothing but an excellent education can bestow. In this case he is depraved by the public example, the theatres that inspire it with false opinions, terrify it with false infamy, or elevate it with false applause; and remember that extraordinary vices, and extraordinary virtues, are equally the produce of a vigorous mind: little souls are alike incapable of the one and the other. 'If you have ever met with the portrait sketched out by Plato, you will know it again:' for my part, to my sorrow, I have had that happiness; I see the principal features, and I forsee the dangers with a trembling anxiety. But enough of this; I return to your letter. It proves, at least, that in the midst of your new gaieties, I still hold some place in your memory, and, what pleases me above all, it has an air of undissembled sincerity. Go on, my best and amiable friend, to show your heart simply, and without the shadow of disguise, and leave me to weep over it, as I now do, no matter whether from joy or sorrow."

"*April* 19, 1770.

"Alas! how do I every moment feel the truth of what I have somewhere read, '*Ce n'est pas le voir, que de s'en souvenir;*" and yet that remembrance is the only satisfaction I have left. My life now is but a perpetual conversation with your shadow; the known sound of your voice still rings in my ears; there, on the corner of the fender you are standing, or tinkling on the pianoforte, or stretched at length on the sofa. Do you reflect, my dearest friend, that it is a week or eight days before I can receive a letter from you, and as much before you can have my answer; that all that time I am employed with more than Herculean toil, in pushing the tedious hours along, and wishing to annihilate them; the more I strive, the heavier they move, and the longer they grow? I cannot bear this place, where I have spent many tedious years within less than a month since you left me. I am go-

ing in a few days to see poor N——, invited by a letter, wherein he mentions you in such terms as add to my regard for him, and express my own sentiments better than I can do myself. 'I am concerned,' says he, 'that I cannot pass half my life with him; I never met with any one who pleased and suited me so well: the miracle to me is, how he comes to be so little spoiled, and the miracle of miracles will be, if he continues so in the midst of every danger of education, and without any advantages but from his own excellent nature and understanding. I own I am very anxious for him on this account, and perhaps your inquietude may have proceeded from the same cause. I hope I am to hear when he has passed that cursed sea, or he will forget me thus in insulam relegatum. If he should, it is out of my power to retaliate.' Surely you have written to him, my dear Bonstetten, or surely you will! He has moved me with these gentle and sensible expressions of his kindness for you; are you untouched by them?

"You do me the credit, and false or true it goes to my heart, of ascribing to me your love for many virtues of the highest rank. Would to heaven it were so! But they are indeed the fruits of your own noble and generous understanding, which has hitherto struggled against the stream of custom, passion, and ill-company, even when you were but a child; and will you now give way to that stream when your strength is increased? Shall the jargon of French sophists, the allurements of painted women, *comme il faut*, or the vulgar caresses of prostitute beauty, the property of all who can afford to purchase it, induce you to give up a mind and body by Nature distinguished from all others, to folly, idleness, disease, and vain remorse? Have a care, my ever amiable friend, of loving what you do not approve. Know me for your most faithful and most humble despote."

May 9, 1770.

"I am returned, my dear Bonstetten, from the little journey I made into Suffolk, without answering the end proposed. The thought that you might have been with me there has embittered all my hours: your letter has made me happy, as happy as so gloomy, so solitary a being as I am, is capable of being made. I know, and have too often felt, the disadvantages I lay myself under, how much I hurt the little interest I have in you, by this air of sadness so contrary to your nature and present enjoyments: but sure you will forgive, though you cannot sympathise with me. It is impossible for me to dissemble with you; such as I am, I expose my heart to your view, nor wish to conceal a single thought from your penetrating eyes. All that you say to me, especially on the subject of Switzerland, is infinitely acceptable. It feels too pleasing ever to be fulfilled; and, as often as I read over your truly kind letter, written long since from London, I stop at these words, "*La mort qui peut glacer nos bras avant qu'ils soient entrelacés.*"

For the Literary Magazine.

A PORTRAIT OF A PROJECTOR.

AN enterprising man in narrow circumstances (for the rich will seldom risk in this kind of adventure until the probability of success is rendered in some measure considerable); a poor man conceives a project by which he hopes to alter his circumstances, and considers the means, mechanical as well as commercial, that is to say, how the thing is to be done, and how he shall acquire the means of paying the expence of doing it. For the former he must depend upon his own ingenuity, and for the latter he can seldom, at first, have any greater dependence than the spare time he can afford from those exertions

of industry which are necessary to procure him bread. After much incessant labour, too often attended with severe distress from borrowing too much of the indispensible time required for his subsistence, the projector either finds himself reduced to beggary, or his plan becomes so far probable, in respect to its result, that he can apply to some other man of greater capital than himself for assistance.

This second projector is usually a man of small fortune, and disposed to adventure from motives somewhat of the same kind as those which impelled the original contriver. He engages part of his little property in the scheme, with the hopes of speedily becoming independent. Difficulties still present themselves; more money is wanted; and as long as the monied man can supply the necessities of the invention and of the inventor, he is in all probability tempted by the sanguine expectations of the latter to go on. Embarrassment, contention, legal processes, ruin to the man who risked his property, and a prison to the inventor, are too frequently the result of this first combination, even in cases where the invention may itself have been of value; and still more frequently, when, as it commonly happens, the invention is the mere speculation of an uninformed, and, perhaps, unprincipled man. For it is the nature of these undertakings, as soon as the mind becomes habituated to them, that they mislead the operator into a notion of their probable success in spite of every intervening impediment; and the inventor must possess more fortitude than usually falls to the lot of a poor man, if he does not go on to flatter himself and his partner as long as any money is to be by such means obtained.

When the inventor has acted uprightly, or the first supporter proves a candid man, and not of a vindictive disposition, it commonly happens that he withdraws out of the concern with the loss of a whole or a part of his capital, and retains no share whatever in it, lest the legal consequences of a partnership should, at some future period, deprive him of the remainder of his property. The inventor must then apply to some other capitalist, himself possessing tools and machinery, and his former friend being left to the chance of that remuneration which the gratitude or the justice of the speculator may afford him; a chance which, upon the whole, as the future labours of the inventor will probably be considerable, is not likely to realize itself in any beneficial form. A second and a third supporter may in this way be tired or exhausted. The inventor necessarily learns much at their expence, and either becomes an unprincipled speculator, or contriver of schemes to raise money in this express way; or else he goes on to perfect his invention, and the last partner either shares it with him, purchases it of him, or by some quirk of law deprives him of the whole.

From this crude outline of a process which is every day going forward, especially in Great Britain; a process which, like the lottery, enriches a few, while multitudes become the losers, it may be seen how little upon the whole it is likely that inventors should pass through all the difficulties of their progress from poverty to opulence, by the extreme labour of bringing a new scheme to perfection, subject to an endless struggle with partners, whose natural interest and prudential motives ought to lead them to proceed with slowness and caution.

For the Literary Magazine.

WELD'S TRAVELS.

I HAVE made some extracts from this work, in order to show those who have no opportunity of judging for themselves, how little credit is due to the remarks of this mistaken and prejudiced writer.

Page 3, speaking of Philadelphia, he says, "The city makes a poor appearance, as nothing is visible from the water but confused heaps of *wooden storehouses*, crowded upon each other." His travels were published in 1798; and who that has ever visited the eastern part of our city at that time, and long before, would suppose Mr. Weld had ever seen it? Did he write from mere recollection, careless whether he wrote truth or falsehood, so that he could furnish the people of the united kingdom with a book, and himself with the profits; or did he knowingly write a falsehood? I will not say he did the latter, though I cannot well conceive how he could possibly commit so gross an error.

Page 12. "Amongst the uppermost circles in Philadelphia, pride, haughtiness, and ostentation are conspicuous; and it seems as if nothing could make them happier than that an order of nobility should be established, by which they might be exalted above their fellow-citizens, as much as they are in their own conceit. In the manners of the people in general there is a coldness and reserve, as if they were suspicious of some designs against them, which chills to the very heart those who come to visit them. In their private societies a *tristesse* is apparent, near which mirth and gaiety can never approach." Perhaps one who is not well acquainted with the manners of "the uppermost circles" in other cities beside the one in which he resides, has no right to determine on the correctness of the remarks in the first part of the foregoing passage; but I think I may safely pronounce it, if not false, something so much like it as scarcely to merit a distinction. I very much question if Mr. W. mixed much with society of any kind, particularly the higher classes, for he would have found by far too much good breeding, urbanity, and affability, and too little "pride, haughtiness, and ostentation," to justify a remark so destitute of truth and candour. With respect to the second observation, I must observe, that I have been resident in Philadelphia too long not to know that there is as little truth in this as in the other: with a few exceptions, every foreigner may rest assured of being treated by our citizens as they are treated by him; if he is affable, he will find them so; if his conversation is free and unrestrained, he will find theirs no less so; if he laughs, they will laugh with him; and if he weeps (but Mr. W. forgot to mention this), they will weep with him; nor will they stop here, for they will wipe away his tears, and anoint his face with the oil of gladness. What he means by a *tristesse* I cannot tell, but I am certain it is a something not very common, for he says mirth and gaiety can never approach it. Now I have been in very many companies, where mirth and gaiety was ever a welcome and cherished guest, when his presence was not inconsistent with propriety and decorum; but this man delights in misrepresentation, when speaking of this city and its inhabitants, as will be plainly seen hereafter.

Page 17. "I must here observe, that among the generality of the lower sort of people in the United States, and particularly amongst those of Philadelphia, there is a want of good manners which excites the surprise of almost every foreigner. I wish also that it may not be thought that this remark has been made merely because the same deference and the same respectful attention which we see so commonly paid, by the lower orders in Great Britain and Ireland, to those who are in a situation somewhat superior to themselves, is not also paid in America to persons in the same station: it is the want of common civility I complain of, which it is always desirable to hold between man and man, let their situations in life be what they may, and which is not contrary to the dictates of nature, or to the spirit of genuine liberty, as it is observable in the behaviour of the wild Indians that wander through the forests of this vast continent, the most free and independent of all hu-

man beings. In the United States, however, the lower classes of people will return rude and impertinent answers to questions couched in the most civil terms; and will insult a person that bears the appearance of a gentleman, on purpose to show how much they consider themselves on an equality with him. Civility cannot be purchased from them on any terms; they seem to think that it is incompatible with freedom, and that there is no other way of convincing a stranger that he is really in a land of liberty, but by being surly and ill-mannered in his presence."

In what light the manners of the people in Philadelphia appear to foreigners I know not; perhaps they may be surprised to find less good manners here than in Europe; a proposition, however, which I do not fully assent to. But is Mr. W. to determine in what good manners shall consist? Notwithstanding this very good-natured gentleman is so very obliging as not to expect the same deference, &c., here, which is found in Great Britain and Ireland, he has discovered a want of *common civility!* Ah, Mr. Weld, however you may attempt to qualify it, a falsehood so gross will never go down; it will still remain an abominable and nauseating falsehood, only to be relished and digested by such slaves as yourself, who, while in the land of potatoes, are humble and unassuming; but, when landed on a shore where they are unknown, they assume all that arrogance and pride they complain of; and when it is proudly and properly repelled by an independent and indignant spirit, they are only paid in their own coin. Every one who has been here knows, and, if candid, will readily admit, that even among the lowest classes a civil answer may be obtained on very easy terms—by asking a civil question; and be assured, sir, every one will attribute the bad treatment you met with, if such was the case, to its proper cause, a want of civility in yourself. The people of America are not yet reduced to the wretched expedient of showing their freedom by their incivility; nor have they occasion. Thank heaven, they have the substance of liberty, and they care not though as impertinent a fellow as yourself should run away with the shadow; however, I would not advise you to publish your arrival in the public prints, when next you condescend to visit Philadelphia, for should you, depend on it, the contempt you merit will follow you in every walk, and cross you in every path.

Page 74. "The farmer also, who rents fifty acres of arable land in England, lives far more comfortably, in every respect, than the farmer of Pennsylvania, or in any other of the middle states, who owns 200 acres of land; his house will be better furnished, and his table more plentifully covered. That the farmers do not live better in America, I hardly know whether to ascribe to their love of making money, or to their real indifference about better fare; perhaps it may be owing, in some measure, to both; certain it is, however, that their mode of living is most wretched." As to the manner in which the farmers of England live, all the information I have collected, and I think my sources correct, gives the "lie direct" to Mr. W.'s assertions. And respecting the causes which induce the farmers of Pennsylvania to live so wretchedly, he need not be at the trouble to investigate; he need neither ascribe it to their love of making money, or to their real indifference about better fare: it is owing to neither, for it is not the truth: the farmers of Pennsylvania live as well as any people in the world, if living well consists in having good houses to live in, and tables well loaded with the wholesomest productions of their native soil. If they have not many luxuries, it is not because they cannot have them, but because they do not want them; and surely the farmers of England cannot boast of enjoying a luxurious life, if authors of reputation may be relied on; and I think almost any one

is entitled to more credit than one who deals so largely in falsehood and misrepresentation.

Page 65. After complaining of the taverns, the provisions, and the incivility of the hostlers, "who," he says, "are so sullen and disobliging, that you feel inclined to do every thing yourself rather than be indebted to them for their assistance," he adds, "nor will money make them alter their conduct; civility, as I have before said, is not to be purchased in America; nevertheless, the people will pocket your money with the utmost readiness, though without thanking you for it. Of all beings on the earth, Americans are the most interested and covetous."

The first part of this passage contains merely a repetition of what he has before asserted; it is therefore unnecessary to notice it: but who but Mr. W. would have hazarded the last assertion? This is an infamous attempt to degrade the people of these states to the same place with the most contemptible of mankind—misers: but deeds are better than words to prove the falsity of the charge. I refer to our public charities, to the assistance so generally and mutually afforded in times of public as well as private calamity. With this trait of their character he could not be unacquainted, and yet he says, "Of all beings on the earth, Americans are the most interested and covetous."

Page 23. After speaking of the bold and extensive prospects about Chesapeake bay and the Susquehannah, he says, "The generality of Americans stare with astonishment at a person who can feel any delight at passing through such a country as this." The people of America are not more insensible to the beauties of nature, in their rudest and most uncultivated forms, than the people of other countries; but to leave fancy and imagination out of the question, the friend of his country must be excused if he should admire waving fields of ripening grain, and rich meadows furnishing subsistence to large droves of sturdy cattle, to lofty mountains, falling cascades, rocky promontories, and extensive forests. I have selected but a small portion of the falsehoods of this writer; but, judging from those errors which I am able to detect with my slender means of information, I have no doubt but he has been guilty of many more which have escaped my notice.

My memory furnishes me with a few more of his errors, proceeding from misinformation, or a less excusable cause. Speaking of this city, he says, "In the summer season, poultry is not killed till a few hours before it is intended to be eaten." He ought to have known, that most of the poultry is killed, not because it is already engaged by persons who incline to use it, but is sold publicly in the market, where it frequently hangs more than a few hours exposed for sale. "Milk," he says, "will not, in the same season, keep more than two hours." There are few indeed who are not sensible of the erroneous nature of this remark. "During the heat of the day," says he, "the houses are in general shut up, and no more light is admitted than is absolutely necessary: nobody stirs out but those who must, and of these, such whose business does not make it inconvenient, carry umbrellas. In the evening, however, the people crowd about their doors, take their walk, and pay visits, till about ten o'clock; at eleven every one (I suppose he means most of them) are at home, and no city in the world is quieter at that hour."

The greater part of these remarks are true; but more people expose themselves to the summer's heat, without cause, than he is aware of, particularly on Sundays and holidays, as every one who has resided in Philadelphia must have observed. Any one who has never been here, when reading the above passage, would form an opinion very different from the truth; he would be apt to conclude that in the day time, in summer, our streets were very nearly empty; yet such is far from being the case. But Mr. Weld did

not mention, that of the people of this city, a very large portion are of that description who always have business out of doors, at all seasons. Yet I do not blame him much for this omission, for other travellers are equally to blame in making general observations. A traveller, speaking of Palermo, says, "During the prevalence of the siroc wind, nobody stirs out but those who are compelled to do it." Yet, as he has not told us how great a portion of the population are compelled, we may make a gross mistake in picturing to our minds an idea of the appearance of that city, at the above-mentioned season. VALVERDI.

Philadelphia, Dec. 5, 1805.

For the Literary Magazine.

SWEDES IN PENNSYLVANIA.

By Mr. Collin.

THE first colony from Sweden came in 1634, and was increased at several times till 1654. It was next year conquered by the Dutch, who had a prior and far stronger establishment on North river, but fell, with this, under the British dominion in 1664. Sweden could not retake the country from Holland, because it was at war with several great powers, and afterwards ceded its claim to England, by a treaty, in which property, civil rights, and free exercise of religion were secured to the people.

The Swedish government had no farther expectation of political or commercial benefits from them, but yet continued a very generous care for their spiritual welfare, by a regular succession of missionaries, defraying the whole expence of their voyages, furnishing a part of their support, and pensioning them when they returned, until they got suitable preferments. As their number was generally three or four, and the greater part of them went home within ten years, the total expence has amounted to ten thousand pounds sterling. The missionaries had, as all the Swedish clergy have, a learned education. By their zealous exertions, six churches have been built, and landed estates acquired, whose increasing revenues became the principal funds for supporting divine worship. They spared no pains for preserving the language, but it declined from the following causes. The original population was but small, and had no accession from Sweden after the separation. An account of all the families, taken in 1793, makes the number of them about 200, and the whole number of men, women, and children, about 1000. The choice of land, and of situations for hunting, fowling, fishing, and water-carriage, had occasioned wide scattering from the first main settlement about Christine creek, up and down Delaware on both sides, and on the streams that flow into it, at that early period: a few families had even gone to Elk river, and Egg harbour. In the course of time, many families joined in forming distant settlements, as about Malatton, now Pottsgrove, and on Maurice's river, in New Jersey. The missionaries could not often visit these remote parts, and a great portion of the people that lived above ten miles from the churches, could not frequently attend the public worship.

Schools were practicable only in the closer neighbourhoods. This dispersion opened a speedy admission of other people, and in proportion to their increasing number, frequent intermarriages. The greater part of the children from these learnt nothing, or very little, of the language. Not a few of the Swedes were grossly negligent of their mother tongue, especially those parents who spoke it well, and yet did not instruct their children in it. The continual operation of these causes, compelled the missionaries, sixty years ago, to preach occasionally in English; and within the last thirty years in some places generally, in others altogether. At present very

few natives of the Swedish race understand the language. The mission has also ceased in the states of Delaware and New Jersey.

The facility of the Swedes for learning and speaking the English language contributed to the loss of their own; yet many of other nations, that lived amongst them, learnt it well, especially many Dutch families, that became so incorporated with the Swedish congregations, that the national distinction was entirely effaced, and their descendants in general did not know their origin. Some of these, with others of German, English, Welch, Scots, Irish, &c. pedigree, nay, even some negroes, have spoken Swedish, though the majority of pure Swedish parentage have totally lost it.

The Swedish church in Southwark, Philadelphia, was consecrated the 2d of July, 1702, and styled *Gloria Dei*. Divine worship is there performed, once every month, in the Swedish language. The majority of attendants are natives of Sweden, some of them settled here, and others temporary residents, and the greater part of both are seamen. Natives of Denmark and Norway, of both descriptions, also frequent it, as they receive almost equal benefit from the service by the similarity of language. Since the independence of the United States, their commercial intercourse with these nations is pretty considerable. In some years four Swedish vessels, and as many Danish, have come to Philadelphia; and their number will probably increase.

For the Literary Magazine.

ARKWRIGHT'S COTTON SPINNING.

THE preparation of vegetable and animal fibres to form them into garments by weaving is very well known. The fibres themselves must first be properly disposed by combing or carding, after which treatment they are in a state ready to be spun. The card is a kind of brush made with wires instead of hair, the wire not being perpendicular to the plane, but all inclined one way in a certain angle. From this description, such as are totally unacquainted with the subject may conceive that cotton wool, being stuck upon one of those cards or brushes, may be scraped with another card in that direction, that the inclination of the wires may tend to throw the whole inwards rather than suffer it to come out. The consequence of the repeated strokes of the empty card against the full one must be a distribution of the whole more evenly on the surface, and, if one card be then drawn in the opposite direction across the other, it will, by virtue of the inclination of its wires, take the whole of the wool out of that card whose inclination is the contrary way. Without entering more fully upon the description of a process so common, we may make a few similar observations with regard to spinning. This is of two kinds; in the one the carded wool is suddenly drawn out during the rapid rotation of a spindle, and forms a loose yarn. In the other process the material is spun by a well known small engine or wheel, which requires the spinner to draw the material out between the finger and thumb of each hand. If we suppose the machine itself to be left at liberty, and turned without the assistance of the spinner, the twisted thread, being drawn inwards by the bobbin, would naturally gather more of the material, and form an irregular thread thicker and thicker, till at length the difficulty of drawing out so large a portion of material as had acquired the twist would become greater than that of snapping the smaller part of the thread, which would accordingly break. It is the business of the spinner to prevent this by drawing out the material with one hand, if the operator be skilful, but if not, with two, that is to say, by holding the material be-

tween the finger and thumb of each hand, the intermediate part may be drawn out to the requisite fineness previous to the twist, by separating the hands during the act of pinching. Every rational process of invention must consist, in the first place, in a careful analysis of the operations meant to be performed. The objects of Arkwright's improvements were carding and spinning. To do this by machinery, it was required either that the usual manœuvre of the carder should be performed with square cards, or that cylinders, covered with the kind of metallic brush-work, before described, should be made to revolve in contact with each other, either to card or to strip, accordingly as their respective velocities, directions, and inclinations of their wires might be adjusted. With regard to spinning, it would become an indispensible condition, not only that the raw material should be very nicely prepared, in order that it might require none of that intellectual skill which is capable of separating the knotty or imperfect parts as they offer themselves, but also that it should be regularly drawn out by certain parts representing the fingers and thumbs of the spinner. The contrivance by which this last means was represented consisted in a certain number of pairs of cylinders, each two revolving in contact with each other. Suppose a very loose thread or slightly twisted carding of cotton to pass between one pair of cylinders, clothed with a proper facing to enable them to hold it; and let it be imagined to proceed from thence to another pair, whose surfaces revolve much quicker. It is evident that the quicker revolution of the second pair will draw out the cotton, rendering it thinner and longer when it comes to be delivered at the other side. This is precisely the operation which the spinner performs with her fingers and thumb; and if the cotton be then delivered to a spinning apparatus, it will be converted into thread. Simple as these notions of a rotatory carding engine and a spinning engine, of which the chief organ consists of two pair of cylinders, may appear, they are subject, in the practical detail, to all the difficulties which usually present themselves to be overcome by inventors. An account of this would certainly form an interesting narrative in the history of the arts. Sir Richard Arkwright succeeded in making these engines go by horse, by water, and by steam as first movers, and the saving of labour, together with the advantages of a patent monopoly, were sufficient to render him one of the most opulent of the British manufacturers.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTES are literary luxuries. The refinement of a nation influences its literature; we now require not only a solid repast, but a delicious desert. A physician, austere as Hippocrates; a critic, rigid as Aristotle, are alike inimical to our refreshments. We will not be fooled into their systems. We do not dismiss our fruits and our wines from our tables; we eat, and our health remains uninjured. We read anecdotes with voluptuous delight; nor is our science impaired, or our wit rendered less brilliant.

It is not just to consider anecdotes merely as means of improvement. They serve also the purposes of utility, and deserve to be classed higher in the scale of study than hitherto they have been.

All the world read anecdotes; but not many with reflection, and still fewer with taste. To most, one anecdote resembles another; a little unconnected story that is heard, that pleases, and is forgotten. Yet when anecdotes are not merely transcribed, but animated by judicious reflections, they recal others of a kindred nature, and the whole series is made to illustrate some topic that gratifies

curiosity, or impresses on the mind some interesting conclusion in the affairs of human life.

History itself derives some of its most agreeable instructions from a skilful introduction of anecdotes. We should not now dwell with anxiety on a dull chronicle of the reigns of monarchs; a parish register might prove more interesting. We ought not to be now solicitous about battles fought a hundred years ago, or sieges which can destroy none of our own towns, or storms which can never burst upon our own shores. We may reasonably turn with disgust from fictions told without the grace of fable, and from truths uninteresting as fables told without grace.

Romancers have existed in all nations, under the names of historians, from the notorious Geoffrey of Monmouth to Jean le Maire, who, in his Illustrations of Gaul, makes the French nation descend from the fugitive princes of Troy. This is not quite so marvellous as the eccentric follies of several *modern* Irish antiquaries. Col. Valencey has pushed his national researches as far back as the time of the deluge. Since he was so employed, he might have gone farther; for an old writer has even favoured us with the names of the *seven Irish kings* who flourished *before Noah*.

Thomas Warton, in his observations on the Faery Queen, notices one of Geoffrey's fables. This monk, in his account of the original state of Albion, has these words: "Erat tunc nomen insulæ Albion quæ a nemine nisi a *paucis gigantibus* inhabitabatur." A *few giants*, in that historian's opinion, were but of little consideration.

Our hearts should learn to sympathize; and we should consult the annals of history as a son and a brother would turn over his domestic memoirs. We should read history, not to indulge the frivolous inquisitiveness of a dull antiquary, but to explore the causes of the misery and prosperity of our country. We ought to be more interested in the progress of the human mind than in that of empires.

A Hearne would feel a frigid rapture if he could discover the name of a Saxon monarch unrecorded in our annals; and of whom as little should remain, as of the doubtful bones of a Saxon dug out of a tumulus. Such are his anecdotes! A Hume or a Robertson is only interested with those characters who have exerted themselves in the cause of humanity, and with those incidents which have subverted or established the felicities of a people.

There will always be antiquaries to solace themselves with the hope, that industry will compensate for a total want of genius. Such will not discern when enquiry dwindles into minute trifling. The genuine historian is regarded with contempt by these unenlightened students. They condemn Hume precisely for what he is most to be commended—for not wasting his pages on researches that resemble conjectures into Saxon annals, which, if they could be known with accuracy, would not be more interesting than the annals of the Abyssinians, over which many a reader of taste has groaned in the bulky volumes of Bruce. On the subject of such remote antiquities, take here a conversation recorded by Boswell. On antiquarian researches Johnson said, "All that is really *known* of the ancient state of Britain is contained in a *few pages*. We can know no more than what the old writers have told us; yet what large books have we upon it, the whole of which, excepting such parts as are taken from those old writers, is all a dream, such as Whitaker's Manchester. I have heard Henry's history of Great Britain well spoken of; I am told it is carried on in separate divisions, as the civil, the military, the religious history; I wish much to have one branch well done, and that is, *the history of manners*, of common life." Robertson answered, "Henry should have applied his attention to that *alone*, which is enough for any man."

Hence the history of manners has

become the prime object of the researches of philosophers. How is this prominent feature in history to be depicted? The artist must not here draw at fancy a beautiful or fantastical line. He must regard his object with minute attention, and reflect long on a thousand little strokes, which are to give the faithful resemblance. The historian should assiduously arrange the minute anecdotes of the age he examines; and oftener have recourse to the diaries of individuals than to the archives of a nation. Nothing should escape his researches, though every thing he finds is not to be reported.

Antiquarian studies begin of late to rank high. They seem to be directed to the illustration, not merely of obliterated inscriptions, but of ancient manners. We may observe of what importance, in this interesting subject, are the memorandums of an individual, from the recovery of the book of the Master of the Revels, which Mr. Malone has been so fortunate as to obtain. We enter more fully into the genius of those times from such publications than from the superficial accounts and fanciful conjectures of any modern writer. He who would penetrate further into these amusing researches must apply himself to a close examination of old plays; to a patient perusal of innumerable MSS.; and to the collecting matter from the printed books of the times. We are still in want of a work similar to St. Foix's Essays on Paris, one of the most agreeable anecdotical productions which the philosopher and the antiquary has yet produced.

To inform the world, that, in the sixteenth century, bishops only were permitted the use of silk; that princes and princesses only had the prerogative of wearing scarlet clothes, either of silk or of wool; and that only princes and bishops had a right to wear shoes made of silk, would appear trivial in the hands of a mere antiquary; but they become important when touched by a true historian. On these little particulars Voltaire says, "All these sumptuary laws only show, that the government of these times had not always great objects in view; and that it appeared easier for ministers to proscribe than to encourage industry."

Had I to sketch the situation of the Jews in the ninth century, and to exhibit, at the same time, the character of that age of bigotry, could I do it more effectually than by the following anecdote?

A Jew of Rouen, in Normandy, sells a house to a christian. After some time, a storm happens, lightning falls on the house, and does damage. The christian cites the Israelite into court for *damages*. His eloquent counsellor hurls a philippic against this detestable nation, and concludes by proving, that it was owing to this house having been the property of an Israelite, that a thunderbolt fell upon it. The judges, as may be supposed, are not long in deciding. They decree that God had damaged this house as a mark of his vengeance against a Jew, and therefore it was just the repairs should be at his cost. The sentence was hard upon the Jew. To be condemned to rebuild a house is, however, better than to be burnt with some of its old wood.

X.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE FRENCH CHARACTER DEPICTED.

THE French nation, before their singular revolution, displayed a splendid scene of refinement, luxury, and frivolity, which perhaps was never before presented on the theatre of the world. In reading the *secret memoirs* of that country, a scandalous chronicle, carried on for thirty years, we gather many curious particulars, only to be found in these fugitive leaves. Religion was forbidden by the philosophers, and politics by the government. They ex-

hausted their active and volatile genius on subjects of taste; taste that, like religion and politics, had its heresies and parties. The theatre and the bookseller's shop formed the great concerns of the idle Parisian. Voltaire was more dreaded than the prime minister; and Clairon, their celebrated actress, enjoyed the sovereignty of Paris.

Sometimes we see a publication agitate the town for a week; the author is sent to the bastile for a month: the book is publicly burnt, forbidden to be sold, and every body has it by heart. The police sometimes puts an embargo on all MSS.; imprisons censors of books, because they suffered passages to be printed which were offensive to the court; in fine, several printers are compelled to sell their fonts, and a dismal barrenness appears in the literature of France.

Sometimes theatrical representations are the objects of ministerial vengeance. They forbid a particular play, whose subject might be applicable to the moment; or even a particular passage of a play, which the malicious actor pronounced with emphasis.

In February, 1762, in playing Tancred, Mad. Clairon, when she came to these verses,

"On depouille Tancrede, on l'exile, on l'outrage,——
C'est le sort d'un heros d'etre persecuté;
Tout son parti se tait; qui sera son appui?
Sa gloire—
Un heros qu'on opprime attendrit tous les cœurs."

This sublime actress made such inflections of her voice, so noble and so penetrating, that all the audience recollected the event of that day, which was a lettre de cachet the marquis de Broglio had received. His name flew from mouth to mouth, says my reporter, and the representation was frequently interrupted by loud applauses, which were continually renewed.

The next day the house was forbidden to act the tragedy of Tancred, in consequence of what had passed on the preceding representation.

Molé, a favourite actor, is taken ill. This is announced from the stage. The gaiety of Paris is suddenly obscured. Next day his door is besieged by enquiring crowds; his health is the enquiry of all companies. It appeared as if Scipio lay sick, and the virtuous Romans passed their hours in melancholy fears for the life of their protector. The physicians find Molé in an exhausted state, and prescribe a free use of wine. This prescription is soon every where known. Molé finds two thousand bottles of the finest Burgundy sent to his house from various quarters. He at length recovers; all Paris rejoices and rushes to his benefit. Such was the public ardour, that it produced him the amazing sum of 24,000 livres (4000 dollars). Molé gratefully receives the tribute of their applause; he was in debt, and the benefit formed all his fortune. How then does Molé apply his sudden wealth? An Englishman would have purchased an annuity, or perhaps have paid his debts. Molé runs to the jeweller, takes its amount in brilliants, and gives them to his mistress, who boasts that she wears all the honours of the public.

Here is displayed at once the frivolity of the nation and the individual. All Paris is concerned for the indisposition of an actor, and all terminates in giving diamonds to an impudent prostitute.

The recently published life of Marmontel affords the finest specimen imaginable of the French character, and the finest picture of Paris before the revolution. Rousseau, in his Confessions, is a more accurate painter of the nation than any I have met with. "The French," says he, "do not smother you with protestations and professions, as some people tell us they do. Those they make are generally sincere and honestly intended; but they have a manner of interesting themselves in your favour, which deceives you much more than words. The French

manners are seductive, because they have candour and simplicity in them. You think they do not tell you all they intend to do for you, merely that their unlook'd for beneficence may surprise you the more. The people are naturally officious, kind, and, whatever their enemies may say to the contrary, more candid and open than other nations: but then, *and that's the rub*, they are more volatile and fickle. They believe all they say. They feel all they express: but, unluckily, they believe they feel only for the moment. While with you, they are full of you. They think of nobody else. Turn your back, and you are forgotten. All their sympathy they transfer to their next companion, who, in like manner, is thought of only while present. Nothing is fixed. A mournful recollection will call forth their tears; but the image is easily supplanted by a merry one, and they will weep passionately and laugh heartily in the course of a few minutes."

Y.

For the Literary Magazine.

COMPARISON OF MEMOIRS AND HISTORY.

OF the eminent personages in history, there are many differing characters. We know well how the object will appear when seen through the coloured telescope of a prejudiced historian. The most impartial may not always be successful in his delineations. An intelligent reader frequently discovers *traits* before concealed. He does not perceive these faint touches in the broad canvas of the historian, but in those little portraits which have sometimes reached posterity. He acquires more knowledge of individuals by memoirs than by histories. In histories there is a majesty which keeps us distant from great men; in memoirs there is a familiarity which invites us to approach them. In histories, we appear only as one who joins the crowd to see them pass; in memoirs, we are like concealed spies, who pause on every little circumstance, and note every little expression.

It is thus that such works as Plutarch's Lives, Froissart's Chronicle, the Memoirs of Comines and Brantome, Burnet's and Clarendon's Histories of their own Times, have ever allured curiosity and gratified inquiry. There are indeed readers who, when they turn over the pages of history, indulge in the marvellous of romance. A visionary perfection darts from their imagination, and throws around a brilliant delusion. Their heroes are Arthurs; their heroines Unas; their statesmen Merlins. As history is frequently composed, there are sufficient reasons for such a system. The most natural events, with such writers as Tacitus, Strada, and Mariana, are derived from some profound policy, or intricate deception. The historian frequently seems ignorant of that spontaneous ardour with which the most splendid actions are performed, and discovers a regular plot in the accidental combinations of fortune. Every statesman who comes down to us as a Nestor, I doubt was not the sage we believe him; nor every general the Hannibal he seems. The most eminent personages are not so remote from the ordinary level of humanity, as the vulgar conceive. Transcendant powers are rarely required; tolerable abilities, placed conspicuously, appear to great advantage; as a torch in a watchman's hand is little, compared with one gleaming from the top of a sea-girt tower. I am much more inclined to search for the characters of eminent persons in their domestic privacies, than in their public audiences, and would prefer the artless recitals of the valet de chambre of Charles I, to the elegant narrative of his apologist Hume, as I prefer the tale of honest Clery, concerning Louis XVI, to any formal history.

For the Literary Magazine.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE character of Oliver long exercised the historical talents of European writers. Some French academicians have drawn it with admirable refinement; Gregorio Leti amused with agreeable fictions; Raguenet tires with dry truths; volumes on volumes have wearied English curiosity.

These writers would persuade us that he was an artful mixture of the politician and the hypocrite. A single anecdote lets us more into the genius of a man than this multiplicity of volumes. When with some select friends enjoying a convivial hour, a confidential servant enters, and announces a body "of the elect." "Tell them," says he, "we are seeking the Lord. These fools think," continues he, looking under the table, "that I am seeking the Lord, while I am only seeking the corkscrew."

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

AUGUSTUS.

WE delight to attend Augustus from amid the embarrassing affairs of government, into his domestic recesses; to see him the preceptor of his son; to observe him at supper seated between Virgil and Horace; and to mark him, with exquisite wit, blot out one of his own tragedies. Virgil had the asthma, and Horace a fistula lachrymalis. When Augustus was placed between them he used to say, not unpoetically, "I am now between sighs and tears." This lover of the art aspired to become an artist; he wrote a tragedy called Ajax; but had the good sense to perceive, that, if born to be an emperor, he was not born to be a poet. One day he effaced, with his sponge, the whole tragedy. When it was enquired after, he wittily answered, "Ajax is dead; he has swallowed his sponge:" alluding to a mode of death practised by the Roman gladiators, who frequently in despair swallowed their sponges. These little anecdotes show the literary dispositions of Augustus, whom, perhaps, like some other great monarchs, system alone made a tyrant.

Politics alone compelled him to sanguinary measures. He would never enquire after the authors of certain papers which had been scattered in the senate, and loaded him with calumnies. When Tiberius wondered at his indifference, he answered, "You think like a young man. Let them speak ill of me; I know they can do me none." Does this conduct of Augustus indicate him to have delighted in the effusion of human blood? When he had attained power, he showed the most amiable disposition. It is said of him, in comparing the commencement of his reign with its close, it had been desirable that he had never been, or that he had never ceased to be emperor. Augustus is an eminent example of the force of the terrible genius of politics.

U.

For the Literary Magazine.

LOUIS XIV.

LOUIS XIV merits the love of posterity. The genius of his people, not his own, inspired him with his love of war. When this monarch is deprived of that false glory which his adulators have thrown around him, he will appear to advantage, placed in the softer light of those hours which he devoted to the society of the great men whom his splendid patronage had formed. Numerous anecdotes of this monarch are eternal testimonies of his intellectual powers and his fine taste. He loved the conversation of Boileau

and Racine. He was not a mere auditor of their works; he admired them with exquisite sensibility, and animadverted on them with just criticism, and we know that he detected several errors. The eye that could catch a Boileau and a Racine tripping, it must be confessed, was of no ordinary quickness. Several of these royal conversations have been recorded. It is honourable for the satirical bard, that he had the boldness frequently to speak his sentiments freely; and, what is still more honourable, his majesty did not dislike his frankness.

When Boileau read one of his epistles, in which are the fine verses describing the emperor Titus,

" Qui rendit de son joug l'univers amoureux;
Qu'on n'alla jamais voir, sans revenir heureux;
Qui soupiroit le soir, si sa main fortunée,
N'avoir par ses bienfaits signalé la journée,"

the king was enchanted, and made the poet repeat them thrice. At that moment, perhaps, he proposed Titus for his model; such was the force of poetry! The next day he gave orders for war; such was the power of habit! When the satirist, for the first time after the death of Racine, visited the king, Louis received him with affection. He sympathised in the loss; and added, in pulling out his watch, "Remember, Boileau, I have an hour for you every week."

When one day confined to his chamber, he sent for Racine. The poet read with grace; and the king asked him to take up some book. A life of Plutarch was proposed. The king objected, because of its old French. "Will your majesty permit *me* to try a life?" said Racine. The king consented. Our poet took down a volume of Amiot, and turned his obselete language into a beautiful style. Louis was in raptures; he rose, and embraced the poet.

v.

For the Literary Magazine.

CHARLES I AND LOUIS XVI.

I CANNOT persuade myself that Charles I would have been a tyrant. The Eikon Basilike, which I consider as the memoirs of his heart, abounds with such strokes of wisdom and humanity, that we cannot easily conceive a tyrant to possess them. Here are some passages.

"I cared not not to lessen myself in some things of my wonted prerogative, since I knew I could be no loser, if I might but gain a recompens in my subjects affections."

"Popular tumults are not like a storm at sea, which yet wants not its terror; but, like an earthquake, shaking the verie foundations of all, then which nothing in the world hath more of horror."

"*More than the law gives me, I would not have, and less the meanest subject should not.*"

"I will studie to satisfie my parliament and my people; but I will *never, for fear or flatterie, gratifie anie faction, how potent* soever; for this were to nourish the disease, and oppress the bodie."

"The sens of the injuries don unto my subjects, is as sharp as those don to myself. My afflictions griev mee not more, then this doth, that I am afflicted by those, whose prosperitie I earnestly desire, and whose seduction I heartily deplore. Yet I had rather suffer all the miseries of life, and die many deaths, then shamefully to desert, or dishonourably to betrai my own just rights and sovereigntie."

"I know the sharp and necessarie tyrannie of my destroiers will sufficiently confute the calumnies of tyrannie against mee."

"It is verie strange, that mariners can finde no other means to appeas the storm themselves have raised, but by drowning their pilot."

The following anecdote proves that, even in prosperity, he would not suffer his people to be insulted by the language of despotism. These

lines were in a manuscript play of Massinger:

Monies? We'll raise supplies *what ways we please*,
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
We'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Cæsars
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws,
But what their *swords* did ratify.—

Sir Henry Herbert says, "I have entered this here, for ever to bee remembered by my son, and those that cast their eyes on it, in honour of king Charles, my master, who, readinge over the play at Newmarket, *set his marke* upon the place with his owne hande, and thes words,

"*This is too insolent, and to bee changed.*"

The eloquent Eikon Basilike strongly indicates that the inclinations of Charles were remote from tyranny. He was, indeed, firmly persuaded that a king had just powers, of which it was as necessary to be careful as of the just rights of his people. Such was his conviction, that he preferred death to what he deemed ignominy.

Louis XVI, in a conversation about Rousseau, once said, that he wished it were possible to annihilate "Emilius;" because, in that book, the author attacks religion, disturbs the security of society, and the just subordination of citizens; it can only tend to render men unhappy. But the Social Contract has also a most dangerous tendency, observed a courtier. "As for that," he replied, "it is very different. It only attacks the authority of *sovereigns;* that is *a subject proper to discuss.* There is much to be said; there is room for controversy."

Charles I lost his head because he was tenacious of his rights, and Louis XVI because he was ever prompt to yield them to his subjects. A striking proof this of the mad ignorance of the multitude, who know not either how to govern others or themselves.

T.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE INCONSISTENCIES OF GREAT MEN.

OF some extraordinary minds it has been said, that their knowledge is attained by that sublime conception, which surveys at one glance the species, and becomes, as it were by intuition, familiar with the individual. A Shakespeare has certainly given the most forcible language and descriptions to characters and situations, which never passed under his eye. Such prodigies in nature we admire; but who dare imitate? We gain our knowledge by the slow accession of many facts; these we combine; and, thus combined, they form what we call experience. Rochefoucault, when he composed his Maxims, had ever some particular circumstance or particular individual before him. When he observed, that "It displays a great poverty of mind to have only one kind of genius," he drew this reflection from anecdotes of Boileau and Racine.

It was a happy thought of Amelot de la Houssaie to give an edition of these Maxims, illustrated by examples or anecdotes drawn from history. Had the author given us all the cases which suggested his Maxims, the work would have been infinitely more valuable and intelligible than it is. Houssaie has enforced some of these reflections in the following manner:

Rochefoucault observes, "In jealousy there is less love than self-love." Houssaie illustrates this by an anecdote taken from Tacitus. "Witness Rhadamistus, who threw his beloved wife into a river, that she might not fall into the hands of another."

The duke observes, "The art of setting off moderate qualifications steals esteem, and often gives more reputation than real merit." His commentator gives, on this observation, the following character from Tacitus: "Poppæus Sabinus, of moderate birth, obtained the consulship, and the honour of a triumph; and governed, for four and twenty years, the greatest provinces, without any extraordinary merit, being just capable of his employments, and in no manner above them."

I have been told of a more curious work of this kind, but have not seen it, written by an Englishman, long before Houssaie's time: Dallington's Aphorisms from Guiccardini, amplified with authorities, and exemplified with historie. London, 1613, folio.

The bulk of mankind, indeed, when facts present themselves to their view, are incapable of reflection. Ignorant of their utility, they only regard them as objects of idle amusement. Yet the science of human nature, like that of physics, was never perfected till vague theory was rejected for certain experiment. An Addison and a Bruyere accompany their reflections by characters; an anecdote with them informs us better than a whole essay of Seneca. Opinions are fallible, but not examples.

A writer elegantly declaims against the vanity of a poet; but when he judiciously gives a few of the innumerable instances of poetical vanity, we shall comprehend him with more certainty, and follow his reflections with the firm conviction of truth. Would he inform us that innumerable little follies are found in very great minds? Every opinion is disputable. But we are concerned when he tells us that sir Robert Walpole was ambitious of being a man of gallantry; and that another great minister, cardinal Richelieu, was not less ambitious of being thought a poet; while the one was as awkward in his compliments as the other in his verses. In a word, the wise Elizabeth was a coquet; Charles V terminated his career by watch-making; Racine believed himself a politician.

When an author gives a character which strikes by its singularity, an anecdote will serve to establish the truth of its existence. Thus the character of the astronomer in Rasselas, finely described by Johnson, is a character founded in nature. With a wonderful sublimity of genius, he believed himself invested with the power of regulating the seasons. Postel's lectures were attended by such crowds, that he was obliged to harangue his auditors at a window, the hall of the college at Paris not being sufficiently large to contain them; yet this man, otherwise so judicious, cherished the extravagant folly of believing himself endowed with a supernatural reason. He hoped to convert all the nations of the earth, and had ever in mind the scheme of an order, to be called the knights of Christ; and for this purpose associated with the jesuits, who expelled him when they found him no better than a madman.

S.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SKETCH OF BASIL.

From American Letters, lately published.

BASIL is a little old fashioned town, situated on both sides of the Rhine, which is here a boatable stream, descending with rapidity from the Rhætian Alps, along the winding vallies of the most romantic country upon earth. Curiosity impatiently demands a nearer view of the peculiar scenery of Switzerland; but we must first recruit our exhausted spirits; and we shall content ourselves for the present with overlooking the river from our apartment at the Three Kings, a capital inn, the dining room of which overhangs the green current of the Rhine, in such a manner that

those who are fond of fishing may enjoy their sport from the windows.

There is nothing gay at Basil but this beautiful stream, and the wooden bridge which crosses it, enlivened with the necessary intercourse of the two quarters of the town: for the streets of Basil are unfrequented by the busy, and the chief amusement of the idle is to reconnoitre the silent avenues from projecting lattices, the use of which a stranger cannot immediately divine.

Amidst such congenial accompaniments you visit, with all the serenity of recollection, the lone church-yard that belonged to the convent of the friars predicant, when Basil was depopulated by the plague, during the session of the general council assembled here in 1431, at which were present the emperor Sigismund, the duke of Milan, and several other christian princes.

Some contemporary artist, struck with the awful visitation that swept away together the prince and the peasant, the cardinal and the capuchin, depicted, upon the gloomy walls, a dance of death, the original of the famous sketches of Holbein. In this dismal masquerade a hundred skeletons, whose distorted attitudes bespeak horrific mirth, lead up, in melancholy duet, the reluctant victims of the king of terrors.

It was here, by the light of flaring torches, in the court-yard of an antiquated hotel, that Maria Theresa (the only member of the immediate family of Louis XVI that was permitted to survive the revolution which hurled the monarch from his throne) was received by the imperial ambassador, who indignantly rejected the splendid outfit, with which the national assembly had thought proper to send away the daughter of their sovereign.

The public library preserves, with appropriate veneration, some portraits from the pencil of Holbein, a contemporary copy of the minutes of the council, and the letters of Erasmus written to his friend Amberbachius, when the cautious and timid reformer had quitted Basil, on account of the religious or political disputes that disturbed his philosophic repose.

But the absurd custom of keeping the clocks an hour faster than the true time of day no longer puzzles the curiosity of travellers, who are become, in this age of innovations, equally indifferent, whether it originated from the indolence of the council, the vigilance of the magistrates, or the declination of the sun dial, which, not having been corrected at the reformation, the *scrupulous* municipality could never afterward be persuaded to *reform*.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

IN literary biography, a man of genius always finds something which relates to himself. In the history of his fellow students, a writer traces the effects of similar studies; he is warned by their failures, or animated by their progress. He discovers that, like himself, the sublimest geniuses have frequently stretched the bow without force, and without skill. He is not displeased to find that Pope composed an epic, a tragedy, and a comedy; that the two first were burnt, and the comedy damned. La Mothe was so sensibly afflicted by the unfortunate fate of his first dramatic essay, that he renounced society, and buried himself in the melancholy retreat of La Trappe.

It is pleasing to observe the first dawn of genius breaking on the mind. Sometimes a man of genius, in his first effusions, is so far from revealing his future powers, that, on the contrary, no reasonable hope can be formed of his success. In the violent struggle of his mind, he may give a wrong direction to his talents; as Swift, in two Pindaric odes, and Dryden by an elegy, which have been unfortunately preserved in their works. Sometimes he displays no

talents, even among those who are able to decide on them; his genius, like Æneas, is veiled by a cloud, and remains unperceived by his associates. This was the case of Goldsmith, who was so far from displaying genius, that even his literary companions, before the publication of his beautiful poems, regarded him as a compiler for booksellers, not a writer for men of taste. Sometimes, when an author displays an early genius, it is not expressed with all its force. Several have begun as versifiers, and concluded as poets; perhaps this is no unjust idea of Pope.

Is a man of genius oppressed with domestic miseries? Does he tread on thorns, while he cultivates flowers? He ceases to feel his own griefs, while he contemplates those of his masters. On the misfortunes of the learned, more than one volume has been composed. The domestic persecutions of a man of genius are more frequent and more formidable to his sensibility, than those of a party or of the public. Exquisite misery! to feel the lacerations of the soul, from the objects to which it turns for repose and delight! An illiterate parent, who harasses the mild dispositions of his philosophic son, and counts, with all the anxiety of the father and the merchant, the hours he lavishes on his studies, has been an ordinary misery of literary men. The father of Petrarch one day, in a barbarous rage, burnt his small but invaluable library before his face; and Voltaire, with a thousand other writers, have broken their fathers' heart by their constant application to poetry, and utter neglect of the law.

Hume says, in the slight sketch he gives of his life, "My studious disposition, my sobriety, and my industry, gave my family a notion that the law was a proper profession for me; but I found an insurmountable aversion to every thing but the pursuits of philosophy, and general learning; and while they fancied I was poring upon Voet and Vinnius, Cicero and Virgil were the authors which I was secretly devouring."

Young has described the character of such a parent as Descartes with his usual vigour of wit:

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.
How just his grief! one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead.
The *dunghill breed* of men a diamond scorn,
And feel a passion for a *grain of corn*;
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who, with much pains, exerting *all* his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby father craves a booby son,
And by heaven's blessing thinks himself undone.

Can we read, without indignation, that the family of the great Descartes were insensible to the lustre his studies reflected on their name? They grievously lamented, as a blot which could not be effaced from their arms, that Descartes, who was born a *gentleman*, should become a *philosopher!* This elevated genius was even denied the satisfaction of embracing his expiring parent; while his dwarfish brother, whose mind must have been as diminutive as his person, ridiculed his philosophic kinsman, and turned to advantage his philosophic dispositions. The sublime Bacon generally sat at the end of his table in a state of abstraction, while at the other his dependants cheated, ridiculed, and loaded him with infamous aspersions. We must not look into the domestic recesses of men of genius, if we would consider them as beloved or happy.

It has been said that envy is only the offspring of little minds. This has been repeated from age to age; but it is one of those popular prejudices which are not the less false because they are of a remote date. Of literary jealousy, to select instances is difficult, because of their abundance. Why does Plato never men-

tion Xenophon, and why does Xenophon inveigh with bitter invective against Plato, and studiously collect every little report which may detract from his fame? They wrote on the same subject.

Why did Swift and Milton treat with contempt the rhymes of Dryden? Why did Corneille, tottering on the grave, when Racine consulted him on his first tragedy, advise him never to write another? Why does Voltaire continually detract from the sublimity of Corneille, the sweetness of Racine, and the fire of Crebillon? Why was the admirable La Fontaine not even mentioned by the French Horace in all his works? Why must posterity lament that the name of Young is to be found in the Dunciad of Pope? Why did Boccaccio, in sending to Petrarch a copy of Dante, make an apology for it? and why did the latter, in his answer, speak coldly of Dante's merits? Because they laboured in the same vineyard. Why is Waller silent on the merits of Cowley? why not give one verse to return the praise with which Dryden honoured him? Could not Milton extort his due share of applause? No! he is warm in his panegyric on Beaumont and Fletcher, on Sandys, Ware, and D'Avenant; because of some of these their species of composition was different from his own, and the rest he could not fear.

It is difficult to repress our indignation at this envy of writers, who should look for that support from each other which is sometimes unjustly denied them by the world.

We must feel another kind of indignation, which falls not upon authors, but their readers. Men of genius have complained that their acquaintance are the last persons in the world whose affections they can win.

When the voice of the public shall inform the friends of a man of genius, how much he merits their affection, they will be incapable of bestowing it. A familiar acquaintance with an author, observes Hume, may diminish the applause due to his performance. It was the eternal misery of Rousseau, that his friends did not know how much he merited their affection. None judge less favourably of an author than his intimate friends; their personal knowledge of him as a man, destroys a hundred delusions to his advantage as an author. Monnoye, in a letter written when he first made his appearance as a writer, has described the situation of a young author with sensibility and truth. These are his words: "You know the town I inhabit: one of the greatest faults a man can have, it seems, is a little merit; a multitude of enemies is the certain fate of all those who appear desirous of distinguishing themselves. You have read my poem on the abolition of duels. They said, at first, that it was good for nothing; and, after the academy had crowned it with their prize, pretended it was not written by me."

A French orator exclaims, "It is true, that a superior genius finds himself sometimes esteemed during his life-time; but he must generally seek for it at the distance of a thousand miles."

The author of the Mirror, mentioning his own work, says, "The place of its publication was, in several respects, disadvantageous: there is a certain distance at which writings, as well as men, should be placed, in order to command our attention and respect. We do not easily allow a title to instruct or to amuse the public, in our neighbour, with whom we have been accustomed to compare our own abilities. Hence the fastidiousness with which, in a place so narrow as Edinburgh, home productions are commonly received; which, if they are grave, they are pronounced dull; if pathetic, are entitled unnatural; if ludicrous, are termed low."

Metastasio says, "I am more and more convinced, every day, that prophets and poets are seldom honoured in their own country." This has been an evil felt, we observe, by every man of genius placed in a provincial town. It was so even

among the ancients. See Martial's complaint. Pliny observes on Protogenes, the Rhodian painter, that his countrymen would not take any notice of his works till Apelles, visiting him at Rhodes, esteemed his pictures at a high rate.

When Rousseau published at Neufchatel some little compositions, they were not relished by his good provincial friends. A few years afterwards, they contributed to the literary pleasures of Paris. Not the qualities of his writings, but those of his readers, were altered.

Joseph Warton tells us, that so little sensible are we of our own imperfections, that the very last time he saw Dr. Young, he was severely censuring and ridiculing the false pomp of fustian writers, and the nauseousnes of bombast.

Seneca himself writes against pointed periods, and the epigrammatic style. Lipsius was extravagantly fond of a certain concise style; his epistles offend by a continued affectation of this kind; yet he not only censures brevity, and declares it to produce a dry jejune mode of writing, but diffusely descants on its numerous defects. Cicero very warmly reprehends that abuse, which the Greeks were accustomed to cast on their adversaries, frequently passing from the censure of the work, to satire on the author himself. But Cicero has left posterity not a few specimens of the abusive style, and the grossest personalities. While Plato inveighs against poetry, he proves himself a great poet. Thus Mallebranche declaims against the seductive charms of a fine imagination, while his own was most beautiful and seductive. Boccalini makes Apollo give very judicious advice to an author, who was hanged for too freely satirizing some noble families; but our sage adviser himself lost his life for having written too freely concerning the Spanish court. Too much wit and passion occasioned our author to be *sacchettato*; that is, he was so heartily beaten by the Spaniards, that he died a few hours afterwards. This is an invention of the Italians to murder a man, without spilling his blood, by beating him on the back with *bags of sand*. The wounds these give are incurable; a gangrene takes place, and death concludes this mode of assassination.

Burnet, in the "History of his own Times," is continually appealing to God and his conscience for the veracity of his work. These are some of his expressions: "I solemnly say this to the world, and make my humble appeal upon it to the great God of truth, that I tell the truth, on all occasions." "I reckon a lie in history to be as much a greater sin than a lie in common discourse, as the one is like to be more lasting and more generally known than the other." Our bishop had warm prejudices, and a lively imagination; indulging these to an excess, he left far behind him the sober truth of "a faithful chronicler." Mr. Lesly, who knew him familiarly, has described his character, by saying, "He was zealous for the truth, but, in telling it, he always turned it into a lie." Perhaps Lesly too was unjust. Burnet wrote many truths, and many falsehoods which he thought truths.

Burnet has been called the English Varillas: and the character of the latter writer, attacked by the learned of all nations, may serve to illustrate that of Burnet.

Varillas has been accused of quoting memoirs which never existed, or in which the facts he relates are not to be found. It is, however, very true, that Varillas had read an astonishing number of original memoirs. The life of this man was consumed in his study; and it was his boast, that for thirty years he had not dined from home. He had read so many manuscripts, that his sight failed him, and he lost the use of one eye. By candle-light he could not read; and it was his custom to close his windows at dusk, and then to *write* his histories. But, as he could not authenticate his anecdotes, but by consulting the memoirs which had been furnished to him from the king's library, in which there is a

collection of from 8 to 10,000 MSS., he trusted to his memory. This naturally produced his confusion in facts: what belonged to one kingdom was given to a neighbouring country; what related to one person was transferred to another.

It is possible to suppose, that neither Varillas nor Burnet intended to impose on the world. But from these accounts we may enforce a very important maxim, that a historian must not write as *facts* what he only collects from *memory*. If he does otherwise, he is not to be trusted; for however honest may be his intentions, it is certain that he will not only impose on his reader, but impose on himself. Let it also be remembered that he who relies on his memory is frequently the dupe of his imagination.

Cowley, in his Ode to Wit, has a splendid satire on his own witty poetry. He says, wit is not

——To adorn, and gild each part;
That shows more cost than art.
Jewels at nose and lips, but ill appear;
Rather than all things wit, let none be there.
Several lights will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between;
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,
If those be stars, which paint the galaxy.

The indiscreet muse of Cowley wore jewels both at her nose and lips.

Thus also Dr. Johnson censures those writers in whose plays,

——Crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the power of Tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept;
Till *Declamation roar'd*, while *Passion slept.*

In the tragedy of Irene, it must be acknowledged that "Declamation roars, while Passion sleeps."

Dr. Blair observes of Shaftesbury, "What is most wonderful, he was a professed admirer of *simplicity*; is always extolling it in the ancients, and abusing the moderns for the want of it; though he departs from it himself as widely as any modern whatever."

Sir John Hawkins very liberally censures the style of Addison. Pleasant enough!

A hundred French writers declaim against the abuse of what they so happily call *le bel esprit*; while they are themselves employing it in every period: a hundred English authors abuse the French, while, at the same time, their work and their style are alike imitations of them.

A man of genius consumes one portion of his life in painful studies; another in addressing his labours to the public, and combating with rivals; in the last inconsiderable remnant of life, he perhaps begins to enjoy that public esteem for which he had sacrificed its solid consolations, his fortune, his tranquillity, and his domestic lares. Amidst the funereal cypress he sees the green leaves of the laurel. He resembles a veteran soldier, who, at the moment he is carried from the trenches in an expiring state, receives the honours of promotion. When once removed from the public and his rivals, they refuse him nothing.

Every little thing that belonged to this man of genius becomes an invaluable relic. The living Shakespeare experienced little of that adoration which has been repeatedly paid to him by posterity; nor imagined that the *mulberry tree* which he planted, if he really did plant it, would have been sought after with as much eagerness as a pious catholic shows for a piece of the real cross. Thomson never conjectured that his *old chair* would have been beheld with the eyes of adoration by his countrymen. Rabelais, among his drollest imaginations, could not have conceived that his cast-off *cloak* would have been preserved in the university of Montpellier, for future doctors to wear on the day they took their degree.

Such is the public! long misled by the malice of rivals, their decisions are capricious, irresolute, and un-

just. Posterity, while it censures the past, commits the same injustice to the present age. It exhausts its admiration on an old tree, an old chair, and an old cloak, while the modern Shakespeares, Thomsons, and Rabelais, if there be any, would pass unobserved by its injudicious applause.

Men of genius catch inspiration from that of others. Their minds are not always prepared to pour forth their burning ideas; it is kindled by the sparks struck by collision from the works of great writers. It was thus Cicero informs us that he animated his eloquence by a constant perusal of the Latin and Greek poetry. Poets awaken their imagination by the verses of other poets. Malherbe, Corneille, and Racine, before they applied themselves to composition, put their mind into its proper tone, by repeating the glowing passages of their favourite masters. The most fervid verses of Homer, and the sweetest of Euripides, enriched the memory of Milton. Milton had read and studied all the greatest poets, and had made all his own: Homer he could almost repeat without book.

Bossuet, before he composed a funeral oration, was accustomed to withdraw for four or five days into his study, and read Homer. When asked the reason of this practice, he expressed himself in these verses,

——Magnam mihi mentem, animumque,
Delius inspirat vates.——

Marville says, the famous orators of the pulpit and the bar, in his time, used to read the finest passages of the poets, to swell out those seeds of eloquence which nature had scattered in their souls. Thus, also, a celebrated preacher boldly copied Seneca, the tragedian, in the violent passions he assumed; and one, less ardent, but more tender, interwove in his sermons pieces taken from Ovid. One pleader would only breathe the fury of Juvenal; another displayed the graceful turns which he had borrowed from Horace.

The conversations of scholars have been collected in ages of literature; but, not having been formed with that care and selection they merited, has been the only cause of their falling into disrepute. With such substitutes, we are enabled almost to enjoy the society of those who no longer exist, and to become contemporaries with the great men of another age, more really than were even their actual contemporaries.

Are we not all desirous of the company of eminent men? It is the wish of even the illiterate. But the sensibility of genius shrinks tremblingly from the contact of the vulgar, and the arrogance of learning will not descend to their level: they prefer a contemplative silence, rather than incur the chance of being insulted by the admiration of clowns.

Few therefore can be admitted to their conversations. Yet when a man of genius displays conversible talents, his conversations are frequently more animated, more versatile, and, I must add, more genuine than his compositions. Such literary conversations may be compared to waters which flow from their source; but literary writings resemble more frequently an ornamented fountain, whose waters are forcibly elevated in artificial irregularities, and sparkling windings.

We learn from a little conversation accidentally preserved, a fortuitous hint caught as it fell, and an observation which its author might never have occasion to insert in his works, numberless mysteries in the art of literary composition, and those minute circumstances which familiarize us to the genius of one whom we admire, and whom sometimes we may aspire to imitate.

Literary history has indeed been pursued with a passionate fondness by the first scholars. Dr. Johnson said, "It was what he most loved." He begins his biography of the poets with a complaint of "the penury of English biography." It is the regret of one who felt all its charms, and who perhaps lamented that he

could not much enlarge its scanty fund. Warburton called literary history "the most agreeable subject in the world." Warton, in his Essay on Pope, affords an admirable specimen in what manner literary anecdotes may be introduced for the illustration of an author, and delight of the reader. Pelisson observes that, had we the particulars of what passed between Augustus, Mecænas, and the celebrated wits of their age, we should read such a history with no less curiosity and delight than that of the wars and affairs of the government of those times. Perhaps we should derive more advantage from it: we, to whom fortune has given neither armies to conduct, nor kingdoms to govern, but only study, conversation, and the domestic virtues. Literary history has such powerful attractions, that we even find pleasure in such works as the Athenæ Oxonienses of Anthony Wood, though composed in a hard, dry, and repulsive style, and Hawkins's Life of Johnson, whose genius revived that of the surly Wood. Boswell, in his Life of Johnson, has exquisitely gratified the votary of literary history, a work this almost as singular in its nature as its merit.

A biographer should be more solicitous of displaying the genius of the man whose history he writes, than his own. He should not obtrude his own talents on the eye, so much as those of the person whose life he records. Some have written the life of another, merely to show that they were themselves fine writers.

R.

For the Literary Magazine.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH OF MILTON.

WHEN Richardson, the father, gave the Life of Milton, he did not compose it in the ordinary style of biographers. If we take away some of his eccentricities, his manner is admirable. It is very possible to write the life of a poet, a lord chancellor, and a general, almost in a similar style. It was said of Mallet, after he had given the life of Bacon, and pretended to be employed on that of Marlborough, that as he had forgotten that Bacon had been a philosopher, he would probably forget that Marlborough had been a general. He did better. He took 500l. for his Life, and never wrote a page of it. By the way, this has been no uncommon practice among authors. Some have published a variety of titles of works, as if they were ready for the press; but of which the titles only had been written. Paschal, who was historiographer to Francis I, forged such titles, that the pension which he received for occupying himself on the French history might be continued. When he died, all his historical performances did not exceed six pages!

Richardson, a Miltonic enthusiast, was best qualified to give the biography of Milton, an enthusiast. He did not remain satisfied with collecting the information which industrious enquiry produced, but he studied to give the character of Milton from his own descriptions. He connected with an ardour of research, for which posterity should be grateful, from all his works, in verse and in prose, the minute circumstances, and peculiar sentiments, which our sublime poet had recorded of himself.

In reading this sketch of the manners and genius of Milton, we seem to live with him; we participate in the momentary griefs which afflicted him, and the momentary triumphs in which he exulted. We join the old blind bard at the door of his house, near Bunhill-fields; we see him sit there in a grey coarse cloth coat, in the warm sunny weather, breathing the fresh air. His house is, indeed, small, and what true poet ever possessed a large one? It has but one room on a floor. Up one pair of stairs, hung in rusty green, sits John Milton, in an elbow chair, in black clothes, yet neat enough; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands gouty.

And what does Milton say on his blindness, when his enemies reproach him with it as a crime? These are his words: "I prefer my blindness to yours," he addresses his adversaries; "yours is sunk into your deepest senses, blinding your minds, so that you can see nothing that is sound and solid. Mine takes from me only the colour and surface of things, but does not take away from the mind's contemplation, what is in those things of true and constant. Moreover, how many things are there which I would not see! How many which I can be debarred the sight without repining! How few left which I much desire to see! Vile men! who mock us! The blind have a protection from the injuries of men, and we are rendered almost sacred. To this I impute, that my friends are more ready and officious to serve me than before, and more frequently visit me. They do not think that the only worth of an honest man is placed in his eyes."

Richardson would have considered himself as fortunate, had he been enabled to add another lively scene to the domestic life of Milton. This has been obtained by the late laureate, who, in his second edition of his juvenile poems, has given the nuncupative will of our poet. I gather from a mass of the barren superfluities of legal information, those interesting strokes with which every man of sensibility and taste will sympathize. We must recollect, that at the period to which they relate, Milton was no more the secretary of the commonwealth, and his friends were destroyed or dispersed. These little facts describe more forcibly than the most eloquent declamation, those secret miseries which preyed on the heart of Milton, and which must not only have disturbed his sublime contemplations, but impeded the vigour of his fancy, and the corrections of his criticism.

It is here we learn, that his children combined to cheat and to rob him; to embitter his hours with scorn and disaffection; and far from solacing the age of their venerable, their sublime parent, they became impatient for his death. He had

No fond companion of his helpless years.

The name of Milton must be added to the catalogue of the unhappy learned. Behold the great Milton, blind, decrepid, poor, and solitary, for solitary he must then have been, amidst those who surrounded him, seated by a little fire in his kitchen, crying to his wife, with a voice of patient grief, "Make much of me as long as I live." When his meat is brought to him, because it is made agreeable to his taste, for he was delicate though temperate, he exclaims with grateful pleasure to his wife, "God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise, in providing me such dishes as I think fit, whilst I live." Such is our own domestic language, and such was the domestic language of the sublimest genius. Genius is not above the little consolations of humanity.

Milton had perhaps wandered in the fields of fancy, and consoled his blindness with listening to the voice of his nation, that was to have resounded with his name. To Virgil, and Tasso, and Ariosto, not his masters but his rivals, their country had not been ungrateful. One had basked in the sunshine of a court; the other had seen the laurel wreath prepared for him at Rome; and the last lived to hear his name repeated in the streets, and saluted as the poet of his nation. Milton had enriched his national poetry with two epics; what were his rewards? Milton considered himself as fortunate in having one female who did not entirely abandon him, and one obscure fanatic, who was pleased with his poems because they were religious. What laurels! What felicities!

Je lis les noms des poetes fameux;
Ou sont les noms des poetes heureux?

For the Literary Magazine.

THE USE OF ANECDOTES.

TO solace mental fatigue by the amusements of fancy, is no loss of time. Students know how often the eye is busied in wandering over the page, while the mind lies in torpid inactivity; they therefore compute their time, not by the hours consumed in study, but by the real acquisitions they obtain; they do not number the voyages they make, but the gold and the diamonds they bring home. A man of letters best feels the truth of the maxim of Hesiod, when applied to Time, that "Half is better than the whole." But it is a complaint of ingenious minds, that when they deviate into the gardens of Armida, they want the fortitude of Rinaldo to exile themselves from their enchantments. Yet works of amusement must relieve those of learning. If a student values his hours, it is therefore as dangerous for him to read romances as it would be not to read them.

It is perhaps more desirable to have such literary collections at hand. Anecdotes gratify the ease of indolence by their conciseness, and the love of novelty by that infinite variety which they present to the mind. Perhaps the interest they excite is superior to that we feel in a work of imagination. It must be felt so at least by the enthusiastic votary, who approaches his masters with anxiety, with curiosity, with admiration.

What painter but must receive an exquisite gratification in this anecdote of Poussin? "I saw Poussin," says Marville, "during my residence at Rome. I have frequently admired the excessive love this excellent painter had for the perfection of his art. Old as he then was, I have met him among the ruins of ancient Rome, and sometimes in the country, and on the borders of the Tiber, sketching whatever he remarked the most to his taste. I have seen him frequently return with his handkerchief full of stones, moss, flowers, and similar objects, which he was desirous of painting exactly after nature. I asked him, one day, by what means he had attained that high excellence which had placed him so eminently among the Italian painters? He answered, modestly, *I have neglected nothing.*"

And what poet is not interested in this literary anecdote of a kindred nature, which Johnson has recorded of Pope? "From his attention to poetry he was never diverted. If conversation offered any thing that could be improved, he committed it to paper. If a thought, or perhaps an expression more happy than was common, rose to his mind, he was careful to write it; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion; and some little fragments have been found containing lines, or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at some other time."

While such anecdotes form a source of literary amusement, they convey, at the same time, some of its most valuable instructions. We learn from these anecdotes of Poussin and of Pope, that a painter must bring home moss and flowers, and a poet sentiments and images. There is nothing so minute that should be neglected; nothing so vast but which may escape; we must therefore habituate our mind to studious attention, as much out of our cabinet as in it. The painter does not always require his easel to paint, nor the poet his poem to compose; their genius accompanies them in their walks, and in their conversations.

The studies of artists have a great uniformity. They have all the same difficulties to encounter, though they do not all meet the same glory. It is also certain, that several men of genius have seen their labours neglected for their deficiency in that art of finishing, which is the excellence of art. An artist has many artifices to employ, of which, if he is ignorant, he will never attain that rank which he otherwise would merit. Neither the zeal of his friends,

nor even the malice of his critics, will be capable of discovering to him those mysteries of which he is ignorant, or those failings which render his attempts fruitless. Such arts of composition are only attainable by patient meditation of his own, and on the labours of others. It will be impossible for him to turn over the volumes of literary history without gaining some valuable intelligence which relates to his own studies. From one he learns in what manner he corrected and planned; from another in what manner he overcame those obstacles, which perhaps at that very moment obstructed his progress, and made him rise in despair from his own unfinished labour. What perhaps he had in vain desired for half his life, is revealed to him by a single incident. It is thus that the recreations of indolence may impart the vigour of study; as we find sometimes in the fruit we took for pleasure, the medicine that restores our health.

It is necessary that the mind of a writer should be richly stored with anecdotes of all kinds. The most unconnected anecdote may be advantageously employed. Anecdotes will enliven his writings by a pleasing variety; strengthen his opinions by a happy illustration; and will afford him a fund of ingenious allusions. In the Rambler, the great moralist thus speaks: "A Virginian king, when the Europeans had fixed a lock on his door, was so delighted to find his subjects admitted or excluded with such facility, that it was from morning to evening his whole employment to turn the key. We, among whom locks and keys have been longer in use, are inclined to laugh at this American amusement; yet I doubt whether I have a single reader that may not apply this story to himself, and recollect some hours of his life, in which he has been equally overpowered by the transitory charms of trifling novelty." By this anecdote of the Virginian king we may perceive in what manner the ingenuity of a writer may employ, for the happiest application, the most trifling and unconnected anecdote.

There are some who appear born with an antipathy to anecdotes. They exclaim, Give me no anecdotes of an author, but give me his works. This contempt is erroneous, and prejudicial to literature.

One likes to know the history and the occasion of a work; and, above all, the character of an author. These little circumstances serve to lead us into his genius, and the proper understanding of many passages. This is very necessary in political writings, in memoirs, and such as are entitled "histories of our own time." We, of all other nations, abound with party writers; and it is sometimes even necessary, not only to know the *character* of an *author*, but the very *date* of his *publications*.

When we read Parker's History of his own Time, we cease to be surprised at seeing the celebrated Marvell treated as an outcast of society; an infamous libeller; and one whose talents were as despicable as his person. We know that this description was dictated not only by the hatred of party, but by personal rancour. In Froissart we must not be misled by his apparent simplicity and captivating naivete; we must remember that he lived in England a flatterer of queen Philippa and the English court. When we read Comines, it will be proper to recollect that this writer had been born a subject, and had been long a favourite of the duke of Burgundy. Returning from the chace, he one day sat down before his prince, and jocosely ordered him to pull off his boots. The duke pulled off his boots, and dashed them in Comines' face, which bled freely. From that time he was mortified at the court of Burgundy by the nick-name of *the booted head*. Comines felt the wound in his mind. He soon afterwards went over to the king of France. It was at that court he composed his memoirs, in which his old patron is represented as a mon-

ster of pride, tyranny, and cruelty. If we examine the life of the writers of memoirs, we shall find that many, like Comines, have had the boot dashed in their face.

There is no less truth than humour in the well-known observation of Addison. He says, "I have observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author."

I confess I shall read the works of the three great Italian writers, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccacio, with more delight since I have become acquainted with their portraits, elaborately drawn by Tiraboschi.—Dante, it seems, was much given to musing and to melancholy. He had some pride; silent in ordinary company; but, when he spoke, every word was *deep impregned* with *thought*. His conversation was as satirical of those he esteemed not, as it was grateful to his friends and patrons. Such was the poet of the sombrous and satirical Inferno!

He who is the model of tender sonnets, and the poet of the loves and graces, was beautiful in his person, and enchanting in his conversation. His eloquence enraptured his delighted auditors. He knew to vary his employments; to fly from the court into the depth of solitude; and it was thus that this amiable genius became as learned as he was accomplished.

Zimmerman says, "Petrarch possessed a restless and unquiet mind; displeased because he was not where he could not go; because he could not attain every thing he wished; because he looked in vain for something it was impossible he should find. Petrarch, in short, possessed all those defects which generally accompany men of genius."

When we consider that he proposed to reside at Venice, and made even a present of his library to the republic, yet could not remain there above two years, with other similar resolutions, which were broken almost as soon as formed, one must prefer this opinion of Zimmerman to Tiraboschi; so difficult is it, however, to fix on the truth!

The licentious writer of the most agreeable prose in Italian had neither the sublime melancholy of Dante, nor the enchanting politeness of Petrarch. In the travels which, in his youthful years, he made in the character of a merchant, he had acquired his variety of knowledge of human nature, and a fixed taste for that gaiety which does not always spare the blushes of the modest, and the scruples of the pious. Love, good eating, and polite learning, were his divinities. He was large and corpulent, a deep drinker, a boon companion, and an adorer of the ladies. At length religion subdued Boccacio, as it afterwards did his disciple La Fontaine. Baccacio suddenly became reserved, lonesome, and melancholy; his studies partook of the change; for, after his conversion, Tiraboschi says, he produced nothing that we can read. One is almost inclined to lament that he became religious.

It is not amiss, when we read the misanthropic works of Hobbes, to recollect that he wrote many of them in a manner which, perhaps, has rendered them so rugged. Soon after dinner he would retire into his study, and have his candle, with ten or twelve pipes placed by him; then, shutting the door, he began smoking, thinking, and writing. From a man who would smoke ten pipes at his studies, it was but natural that his writings should retain something of the effluvia of tobacco. Such a one might be a philosophic politician, but not a poetical philanthropist.

Yet let it not be considered, that, however sensible I may appear to the charms of striking anecdotes, I do not perceive that frequently they are frivolous and insipid. Many collectors of anecdotes have shown, by their inability, that some talents are requisite to render them valua-

ble. Literary history, however, useful and delightful as it is, is seldom written well. Most compilers of such histories are void of all the spirit and genius which the task requires. We have only to examine the eloges of the French academicians, composed by Fontenelle and D'Alembert, to perceive in what manner literary anecdotes should be written, and to most other writers to see how they should not be given.

We may offer, as a model of this species of composition, some parts of the Critical Reflections on Poetry and Painting, by Du Bos. When this ingenious reflector would establish his observation, "that the impulse of genius determines those who were born with it, to become a painter or poet," he shows, by a series of connected anecdotes, that most of the celebrated painters were never born the sons of painters*. As for poets, they are still a more striking testimony of this impulse of genius. No father ever yet designed his son to assume the profession of a poet. We cannot doubt the truth of these observations when we read that variety of facts which he has united with such taste, and which establish the great principle of the impulse of genius. There are other sections in this agreeable work, which instruct us by the happy manner in which he has interwoven among his reflections a series of interesting incidents.

Johnson, who has devoted one of his periodical papers to a defence of anecdotes, expresses himself thus on certain collectors of anecdotes: "They are not always so happy as to select the most important. I know not well what advantage posterity can receive from the only circumstance by which Tickell has distinguished Addison from the rest of mankind, the *irregularity of his pulse;* nor can I think myself overpaid for the time spent in reading the life of Malherbe, by being enabled to relate, after the learned biographer, that Malherbe had two predominate opinions: one, that the looseness of a single woman might destroy all her boast of ancient descent; the other, that the French beggars made use, very improperly and barbarously, of the phrase *noble gentleman*, because either word included the sense of both."

These just observations may, perhaps, be further illustrated by the following. Dr. Warton has informed the world, that *many of our poets have been handsome.* This, certainly, neither concerns the world nor their poetry. It is trifling to tell us, that Johnson was accustomed "*to cut his nails to the quick.*" I am not much gratified by being informed, that Menage wore *a greater number of stockings* than any other person, excepting one, whose name I forget. The biographer of Cujas, a celebrated lawyer, says, that *two things* were *remarkable* of this *scholar:* the *first*, that he studied on the floor, lying prostrate on a carpet, with his books about him; and, *secondly*, that his perspiration exhaled an agreeable smell, which, he used to inform his friends, he had in common with Alexander the great! Somebody informs us, that Guy Patin resembled Cicero, whose statue is preserved at Rome; on which he enters into a comparison of Patin and Cicero. Baillet loads his life of Descartes with a thousand minutiæ, which less disgrace the philosopher than the biographer. Was it worth informing the public, that Descartes was very particular about his wigs; that he had them manufactured at Paris; and that he always kept four? That he wore green taffety in France; but that, in Holland, he quitted taffety for cloth; and that he was fond of omelets of eggs? There are writers who cannot distinguish between such frivolous particulars and those anecdotes which convey some striking sentiment, characteristic of sublime genius. It must also be confessed, that there are readers who, when they meet with interesting

* Raphael, observes Du Bos, is the only exception.

anecdotes of illustrious men, rank them with such frivolous particulars.

Yet of anecdotes which appear trifling, something may be alleged in their defence. It is certainly safer for *some* writers to give us all they know, than to permit themselves the power of rejection; because, for this, there is required a certain degree of taste and discernment, which many biographers are not so fortunate as to possess. Let us sometimes recollect, that the page over which we toil will probably furnish materials for authors of happier talents. I would rather have a Birch, or a Hawkins, appear heavy, cold, and prolix, than that any thing material which concerns a Tillotson or a Johnson should be lost. It must also be confessed, that an anecdote, or a circumstance, which may appear trivial to the reader, may bear some remote or latent connection, which mature reflection often discovers. It is certain, that a biographer, who has long contemplated the character he records, sees many noble connections which escape an ordinary reader. Dr. Kippis, in closing the life of Birch, has formed an apology for that minute research, which, it is said, this writer has carried to a blameable excess. "It may be alleged in our author's favour, that a man who has a deep and extensive acquaintance with a subject, often sees a connection and importance in some smaller circumstances, which may not immediately be discerned by others; and, on that account, may have reasons for inserting them that will escape the notice of superficial minds."

D'Olivet has been censured for dwelling, in his Continuation of the History of the French Academy, on minute circumstances, unworthy of the dignity of the historian. Perhaps it was unfortunate that his predecessor Fontenelle so eminently distinguished himself in the same career. In a letter which he wrote some time after his work was published, he gives his opinion on these minutiæ of literary history. He says, "For my part, I should be charmed if we had a good life of Homer, of Plato, of Horace, of Virgil, and their equals. It is in these cases the minutest details would not fail to interest me; but I would not give a straw to know the year of Rome in which Bavius was born, who were his father, his mother, his nurse, and his preceptor; the number of his brothers and sisters, nor the year and the day in which he died." A warm admirer of any great man never finds any thing uninteresting which relates to him; but some biographers do not recollect, that the lives they record are not always those which enjoy this privilege.

P.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE DELINQUENT, REYNOLDS'S LAST COMEDY.

REYNOLDS, as an author, in fecundity and success, seems to be the only British competitor of the German Kotzebue.

He has so long and deservedly amused the public, that we always regret when he suffers any failure; but it is impossible to be always new and entertaining, and Mr. R. must take refuge in the general and consoling maxim, that "all things have a tendency to deterioration," and that other authors who wield the quill like himself, must soon, like himself, be subject to have it worn to the stumps.

The fable of this piece is contrived to produce absurd surprises; to connect the *dramatis personæ* by links of hidden consanguinity, and to make husband and wife, father and daughter, uncle and aunt, german cousins, and grandmothers, of a set of characters who at the commencement of the play seem nowise related.

The author had probably flattered himself, that it would make a noble incident in his comedy to show a father unwarily entrapped by his ne-

cessities to be a *pander* to his unknown daughter. A ruined baronet is exhibited as the led captain of a young profligate, and is tempted by his patron to steal away a lady from a boarding school, who at last turns out to be his own child.

This incident, however outrageous, is not wholly new; there is something similar in a paper of the Adventurer, in which a father is shown picking up a prostitute in the street, and discovering her to be his daughter.

But it is not sufficient that *Olivia* should be thus related to *sir Arthur;* it becomes necessary for the plot of the play that the governess of this young lady should turn out to be his wife, whom he supposed to have been long dead.

Such things as these are certainly out of the common way; and no less so is the circumstance of sir Arthur's creditors tearing all their bills, and cancelling their securities, as if they were so much waste paper. People who have seen much of the world would tell Mr. Reynolds, that bond-and-judgment creditors may be thus easily got rid of in a play, but are not so quickly dispatched elsewhere.

Sir Arthur, however, in the latter end of the comedy, seemed to have moved heaven and earth in his favour, and to have good fortune poured upon him in profuse showers. His outlawry is reversed, without the form of petitioning the court; his bankruptcy is set aside, without any reason assigned; and he is white-washed in a few clap-trap sentences about benevolence and *what not*.

The other characters of the play, for of the mother and daughter I shall say nothing, as they are in the usual style, the one all virtue, and the other all penitence, are an architect and his son, "*Dorie and Co.;*" the first time, by the bye, I ever heard of a *firm* of architects, this being a business in which partnership is not very customary.—However, Dorie and Co. are by no means amusing personages. Emery is a sailor turned jockey; he excites some expectations in the first act, but, in the conclusion, seems to answer no other end than to impress the good moral lesson of the fallacy of hope.

For the Literary Magazine.

PARTICULARS CONCERNING IRELAND.

THE climate of Ireland is mild, temperate, and salubrious, and the natural fertility of the soil superior to that of England; the rocks even are clothed with grass. Those of lime stone, with a thin covering of mould, have the most beautiful verdure, so that sheep-walks seem to be pointed out by Nature as the proper destination for a great portion of the soil of this island. Besides these, there are vast tracts of mountainous ground adapted to the rearing and breeding numbers of black cattle, which are expeditiously fattened in the rich and moist plains below. Few countries are watered in an equal degree with Ireland. She boasts of a multitude of rivers, many of them navigable, and of streams innumerable, which, while they refresh the soil, and embellish the scene, invite the hand of industry to lay out bleach-greens, establish manufactures, and erect mills and machinery on the banks. Hence also the means of intercourse of all parts of the kingdom with each other by inland navigation.

The bowels of the earth are rich in mines of copper, lead, and iron; they produce also coals and culm more than sufficient for the consumption of the country, and a variety of other mineral substances of great use in the manufactures. Ireland possesses inexhaustible quarries of beautiful marble, and all the materials for building, wood only excepted, in the greatest profusion.

The situation of Ireland, with respect to foreign relations and commerce, is peculiarly favourable to

the encouragement of industry, and the advancement of productive labour. The principal disadvantages are the want of timber, and of fuel, which is so necessary in almost all the manufactures. The chief manufacture of Ireland is linen. The linen trade replaces three distinct capitals which had been employed in productive labour: the capital of the farmer who produced the flax; the capital of the master manufacturer who employed the hands in its progress to the state of linen web; and the capital of the bleacher who finishes it for consumption.

A manufacture is entitled to preference, which can be fabricated wholly, or for the most part, from domestic materials. This praise is peculiarly due to the Irish linen manufacture, since almost all the money advanced from the capital of the society to set in motion the linen manufacture circulates within the society itself. From the moment of the seed being first put in the ground, to the time of its being exhibited in the market in the form of a piece of white linen, every thing is the native growth of the soil, every thing the productive labour of the inhabitants of the country. This manufacture possesses another excellence; it carries the productive labour of the workman to the highest pitch of value. The acquired value, which the skill and exertion of the manufacturer bestow in the progress of the manufacture, is greater, in proportion to the intrinsic value of the raw materials in the linen manufacture, than in most others. The same parcel of flax may be made into a piece of common linen worth two shillings a yard, or into a piece of cambrick of twelve times the value; merely by the different exertions of the spinners and weavers. A circumstance of peculiar excellence in the linen manufacture is its intimate connection with agriculture; it not only employs the people actually engaged in the manufacture itself, but also the husbandman in raising the product about which it is conversant. The cultivation is attended with considerable profit, and employs great numbers of women and children, who might be otherwise a burden on the community.

The principal obstacles to the success of the woollen, cotton, and silk manufactures, and those in which fire is the chief agent, are the want of capital and the want of fuel.

Glass is of such unbounded variety of uses and forms; it is capable of being wrought up to such surprising brilliancy; it not only contributes so much to the embellishment of our houses and tables, but is so necessary, in an infinite variety of applications, to the comfort and convenience, the cleanliness and health of man, that it must quickly become an object of great consideration in every country where industry resides. Considering the prodigious advantages of glazed windows in a cold and moist climate, where the object of the architect must be to transmit as much light as possible, and, at the same time, to exclude the damp air; considering the variety of useful vessels, for common purposes, that are formed of this substance; considering its important services to science, particularly in chemistry, optics, and electricity; it is no wonder that every country should feel the value of this manufacture, and wish to exercise the arts of producing its fabrics. The exertions of Ireland have been directed to this branch of industry; and her essays, as far as they have extended, have been more successful than in most other manufactures, and reflected equal credit on the taste and application of her workmen.

The general obstacles to the prosperity of Irish trade and manufactures are, 1. War. 2. Religious intolerance. 3. Laws indiscreetly meddling, to confine or vex the manufacturer in his operations: such are some of the excise laws. 4. Taxes that check the consumption of a manufacture. 5. Multiplied festivals. 6. Prejudices respecting

usury, tending to keep money out of circulation. 7. Luxury among manufacturers, consuming their capital, and cramping their operations.

Prodigality is the prevailing disposition of the Irish; their apparel, their houses, their attendants, their tables, their equipages are all in a style respectively beyond their means. This, too, generally begins with the higher orders, and goes on, in a regular graduated scale, down to the lowest classes. Every one aspires to a rank above his own, aping its manners, and vying with it in dissipation. The country 'squire, tired of cultivating his demesne, and leading the life of unassuming ease and plenty, that his ancestors led before him, mortgages part of his estate; buys a seat in parliament; brings his family on the *pave* of Dublin; rigs himself out in clumsy finery, and second-hand airs; haunts levees like a ghost; besieges the doors of secretaries and under-secretaries like a catch-pole; and thinks himself well rewarded with a place of five hundred a year during the continuance of his parliamentary being. Foolish man! he never stops to consider that the sum paid for his return for a borough, together with what he might have accumulated by economy and decent frugality, would have purchased the fee simple of an income as great as that, for which he sacrifices his independence, his quiet, his character, and the morals of his family.

What does the merchant or shopkeeper? He commences business with perhaps two thousand pounds, which is considered as a handsome capital. The whole or the most part of this capital he expends on the fine of a large house, and on furniture. His stock in trade he obtains on credit. He keeps a pair of hunters and a harlot. He indulges himself in all the pleasures of the table. He frequents the gaming-house. In short, he lives in a style of a man who had already acquired an ample fortune. He flatters himself that, by frequent entertainments and conviviality, he shall acquire friends, and form useful connections. His credit totters; he gets a wife, with some money; this wards off the evil day for a season, only to return with greater certainty; for the wife is not less extravagant than the husband. The man becomes a bankrupt; pays two shillings and sixpence in the pound; and is happy if he can become a tide-waiter, a gauger, a hearth-money collector, or an ensign of militia. He dies, and leaves a race of idle, uneducated beggars to burthen the community. Such is the history of many a merchant and master manufacturer in Ireland.

For the Literary Magazine.

TCHIKANAKOA AND THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

TCHIKANAKOA, a celebrated chief, commanded the united Indians at the defeat of St. Clair. He was an uncommon man, for, with the talents and fame of an accomplished warrior, he is the uniform supporter of peace and order, among five or six tribes who put their trust in him; simple, wise, temperate, ardent in his pursuits; speaking different languages eloquently; attached to the hereditary chief of his tribe, whom he supports though he might supplant; preserving his dignity among the vulgar of every rank, by a correct reserve; to his friends, as it were, unembodied, showing all the movements of his soul, gay, witty, pathetic, playful by turns, as his feelings are drawn forth by natural occasions; above all things sincere.

While the weapons, dresses, and trinkets of these people find their way into our cabinets, ornaments drawn from the Indian wardrobe of the mind, the dresses in which they exhibit the creations of their fancy, may by some be thought not uncurious.

lamp. The steam was emitted through this small aperture in a visible jet upwards of a foot in length. But when a candle was held with its flame immediately beneath the end of the tube, the jet became invisible. To determine whether the water might be decomposed, or the steam simply expanded so far as to be absorbed by the air, or if condensed to form a vapour too thin to be perceived, he suffered the hot invisible current which had passed through the candle to pass through a larger glass tube: in this case visible steam issued plentifully from the farther end. Hence (says Mr. N.) I am disposed to judge that the large tube having kept the very hot steam together, and cooled it so as to render it visible again, there was little if any decomposition of the water. But, at the same time, when we consider the disappearance of the dense smoke in Mr. Giddy's experiment, there seems to be great reason to think that the charcoal was oxygenated and gassified. If so, the products must have been expanded into invisible steam, hydrogen, and carbonic acid. By collecting the products in an experiment of this kind, these conjectures will either be verified or refuted. If the former, we shall have the decomposition of water and oxygenation of carbon at a lower temperature than has hitherto been shown or expected.

Mungo Park, with his companions, who sailed from Portsmouth a few months ago, having touched at the islands of St. Jago and Goree, arrived at Kayay, on the river Gambia, on the 14th of April, whence they were to proceed in a few days into the interior of Africa. The heat was at that time so excessive, that the thermometer was, in the middle of the day, 100 degrees in the shade, and frequently three hours after sunset it continued from 82 to 92 degrees.

An almanack of the Ramazan has been printed, for the first time, at Constantinople, under the direction of Aldorahman. Printing was introduced into that city in 1726, by Said, who had been at Paris with his father the ambassador, and by Ibrahim, a Hungarian. They were protected by Achmet III, and printed several books, but the almanac never made its appearance before.

Lalande solicited the restoration of the Gregorian calendar in France, but the emperor has contented himself for the present with ordering that the 1st of January, which is reckoned in the number of family festivals, by a great majority of the French, should be celebrated.

M. Benzenberg, professor of natural philosophy and astronomy at Dusseldorf, has published twenty-eight experiments, with balls carefully turned and polished, which were dropped from an elevation of 262 Paris feet. They gave, on an average, a deviation of five lines towards the east, though theory assigns only four lines and six-tenths. These experiments were made in the coal mines of Schebusch. They would afford additional proof, were it necessary, of the movement of the earth, concerning which it is impossible to entertain any doubt. The latest experiments made at Bologna by M. Guglielmini afforded nearly the same result.

The aerostatic experiments made at Bologna in Italy, on the 7th of October, 1803, and the 22d of August, 1804, by M. Zambeccari, have been published by the society of Bologna; and we there observe oars and other contrivances which cause us to hope for great improvements in this important discovery of Montgolfier.

M. Dupuis, of the Institute, has read a curious memoir on the phœnix. He demonstrates that this celebrated bird never existed. It was stated to return at periods of 1461 years; but writers vary considerably relative to this duration. Herodotus relates many wonderful things concerning the phœnix; Pliny speaks of its reproduction; Tacitus informs us, that it repairs to Heliopolis to die. It was consecrated to the sun. One of the times of its

appearance occurred during the reign of Sesostris, 1328 years before our era. Horus Apollo and Nonnus assert that it was an emblem of the sun, and one of the names of that luminary.

In a medical thesis, Boulet had raised doubts concerning the age of Hippocrates, in consequence of a passage of that author on the rising of Arcturus; but Dupuis has remarked, that a single observation is sufficient to destroy the whole theory of Boulet, who asserts, that the rising of Arcturus is a heliacal rising, against the express text of Hesiod, who says, that it is a rising of the twilight which takes place at the close of day, at the beginning of the night. If it were true, as he maintains, that the colures of the equinoxes ought to be placed so as they must have been three thousand years ago, so far from finding that their positions correspond with those stated by Hesiod, we should see that Sirius was not visible under the parallel of 39 degrees, and the other appearances would not have happened at the period indicated by Hesiod. So great a change in the declination would thence result, that the risings and settings would no longer correspond to the periods of the year to which the author has referred them.

A map of Holland is preparing in that country with infinite pains: the same precautions are observed as if the point in question was the mensuration of a degree. De Zach has given in his Journal the chart of the triangles which are already finished; they adjoin to those measured by Delambre for the great meridian; and the distance between Dunkirk and Montcassel is taken for the first side. When the triangles are completed, a base will be measured towards the north for the purpose of verifying them. The Batavian republic has charged colonel Krayenhoff with the superintendance of this new map.

M. Rochon, who, in the third volume of his voyages, gave an easy method for reducing the distances observed at sea, has this year procured a curious instrument to be made for still farther facilitating those calculations. He has likewise published an important work intitled, "Voyage to Madagascar, to Morocco, and the Indian Seas," accompanied with maps of Madagascar and the East Indies, a vocabulary of Madagascar, astronomical tables to find the longitudes at sea; in three volumes, octavo.

A very beautiful hydrographical chart of the White Sea appeared in the month of November, 1804, at Petersburg. The author is lieutenant-general Kutusoff. Several naval officers have been employed four years under his direction in collecting the materials necessary to the composition of this chart. The coasts of the White Sea, of its gulfs, and of part of the Frozen Ocean, are drawn from trigonometrical surveys; its depth has been measured with care, and sixteen of the principal points of the coast have been determined by astronomical observations.

Lartique, who has for thirty years been attached to the depot of the French navy, has completed a large and beautiful map of America in relievo, exhibiting the mountains and islands, and the colours of the sea, in such a manner as cannot fail to interest all those who study geography: even the blind may learn that science from it.

Coulomb has read to the French Institute an interesting memoir on the effect of heat on magnetism. At 200 degrees of heat it loses two-fifths, and the whole at 700 degrees, at which the tempering of steel only commences.

To ascertain those elevated degrees which the thermometer cannot indicate, Coulomb puts a pound of ignited iron into a pound of water, the heat divides itself between the steel and the water, and you perceive the relation of the caloric to the two substances; the water changes nine times less than the iron; it requires nine times the heat to raise the water to a certain temperature than iron.

A letter, recently transmitted by the French captain-general Ernouf, at Guadaloupe, to M. Faujas St. Fond, communicates, among various observations on natural history, the following notice: "Your son has undoubtedly informed you, on his arrival in France, of the excursion I have made in this island, and has told you that I have visited the celebrated *Cote du Mole*, where the remains of Caraibs are found enveloped in masses of petrified madrepore. I have held out encouragements to an active and intelligent person, with a view to procure some of these remarkable skeletons.—Those that are in the best preservation I intend for the galleries of the Museum of Natural History. I have sent some negro stone-cutters to the person who superintends the work, the execution of which is attended with great difficulties; in the first place because these remains of Caraibs adhere to a bed of madrepore of excessive hardness, and which can only be attacked by the chissel; and in the second, because the sea, at the tide of flood, covers the place where they are. These human relics are of large dimensions: the mass which it is necessary to extract with them is about eight feet in length, and two and a half in breadth, and weighs about 3000 pounds; but the sea facilitates their removal. Opinions are divided concerning their origin: some say a bloody battle took place on this spot between the natives of this island and those of another. Some again assert that a fleet of canoes was wrecked there; and others presume that the place was formerly a cemetery on which the sea had encroached.

A new academy has been instituted at Paris, the object of which is to collect and explain Celtic monuments, and to extend researches into primitive languages. It has assumed the name of the Celtic Academy, will publish memoirs periodically, and propose prize-essays. A member of this academy *is said to have discovered* a method by which two persons may correspond and converse without understanding each other's language.

M. Cadet de Vaux proposes, as a remedy for the gout, that the patient should drink forty-eight glasses of warm water in twelve hours, a glass at the end of every quarter of an hour, taking nothing else during the time. This remedy, we are assured, has been tried with great success in France; and it is thought that the profuse perspiration which this process occasions is the cause of the cure. The trial is easily made.

M. Eichhorn, well known among the German literati, has published a History of Literature from its origin to the present time, of which a translation is preparing in London.

M. Quatremere-de-Quincy, dissatisfied with the descriptions of Pausanias, the abbé Barthelemy, and others, has written a long memoir upon the statue and throne of the Olympian Jupiter, the celebrated work of Phidias. He has subjoined to this memoir a figure of this monument of art, such as it was in his opinion.

By a late decree of the French government it is ordered that no church-book, psalm-book, church-music, catechism, or prayer-book, shall for the future be printed without the express permission of the bishop of the diocese, which permission is to be affixed to each copy. All books not licensed in this manner are liable to be seized, and the publishers and purchasers are subjected to very heavy fines!

Dr. Lafuente has published a memoir, by command of the king of Spain, which contains a new method of curing the yellow fever. According to the experiments of Dr. Lafuente, bark is the most powerful remedy for that dreadful disease. By taking from eight to ten ounces of that powerful antiseptic in the first forty-eight hours of the disorder, the fatal consequences of the yellow fever, or any other fever, may be prevented.

The Jews at Hamburgh have resolved not to bury their dead before a lapse of three days, to prevent the dreadful consequence of premature burials, which are so generally prevalent among that people.

M. Prony has lately been engaged in a series of new experiments to ascertain the initial velocity of projectiles discharged from fire-arms. The experiments were made with a soldier's firelock and a horseman's carbine, the lengths of which in the bore were 3 ft. 8 in. and 2 ft. 5 in. The balls weighed 382 grs. troy, and each was impelled by half its weight of powder. The mean velocity with the carbine was 1269 feet and a half in a second; that with the musket 1397 feet. These numbers being in the ratio of 11 to 10 nearly, it is inferred that the length of the soldier's firelock might be reduced without much diminishing its range. With half charges of powder the mean velocities were 822½ feet and 829 in a second.

The emperor of Russia proposes forming an institution at Petersburg for the purpose of improving the navy, which is to be called the Marine Museum. In this institution, lessons in all the sciences necessary to be known by a sea-officer will be given. It will publish a sort of journal upon every subject that concerns the marine. There will be attached to the museum a library and a collection of natural history, which will be constantly open to the students. The establishment is to be under the direction of the minister of the marine, and the members are to wear a uniform like that of the marines.

General Alexander Palitzyn has translated into the Russian language the Voyage of Lord Macartney to China, which will be accompanied with very fine plates.

The university of Landshut has offered the degree of doctor of philosophy to any one of its pupils who should point out in the clearest manner, in the fragments still extant concerning the mystic sects of antiquity, such as the new Platonists, the Pythagoreans, the Gnostics, the Origenists, and in the more modern works of the scholastics, the Theosophists, the Cabalists, and the school of Jacob Bohm, the materials of which professor Schelling has composed his philosophy.

The celebrated aeronaut, Robertson, has announced his intention of constructing a balloon 136 feet in diameter, and capable of raising the weight of 740 quintals (about thirty-three tons.) Fifty persons will be able to embark in it with comfort, and will find in it all the conveniences of animal and social life, and provisions for several months. The balloon may travel at all elevations and in all temperatures, and may be employed to make physical and astronomical experiments in all parts of the world. Geography will derive from it great advantages, because the aeronauts will not be checked either by mountains or by forests. Perhaps, with the assistance of the trade-winds, it may even make the circuit of the globe between the tropics. The globe for this apparatus will be made of taffeta manufactured on purpose at Lyons, and of a boat of deal, weighing 20,000 pounds. It will be furnished with cordage of silk and provisions, and will have its kitchen, two workshops, a washhouse, an observatory, a chapel, an academical saloon, a card-room, and a concert-room. It will likewise carry a smaller balloon and a parachute in case of accident. The honour of constructing such a balloon, which according to the ingenious projector will not cost more than a ship of the line, ought, he says, to belong to all the learned societies of Europe.— He therefore invites them to contribute to the expence, and ensures to each subscribing academy the right of furnishing two aeronauts for this scientific expedition

His majesty the king of Prusia has given orders, that as the mineral fumigations of Guyton Morveau are proved to be the safest preventative against the yellow fever, they they shall be adopted in all the Prus-

sian harbours, and in all vessels under quarantine, or coming from suspected places.

A German gentleman, travelling through different places in Spain, at the time when the yellow fever made its ravages, observed, that of all kinds of birds the sparrows only had some notion of the dangerous influence of this disease, so far that they left the houses when the infection had taken place, and by no allurement were to be induced to return, while other birds fell a victim of their ignorance. The inhabitants therefore considered the continuance of the sparrows in a dwelling-house as a certain proof of its being free from the contagion.

The very valuable library of the late professor Baldinger at the university of Marpurg is now offered for sale, either public or private, by his heirs. It would certainly be a great loss if such a treasure of rare works should be scattered by public sale. The library consists of more than 16,000 volumes. Among others there are nearly one hundred and thirty editions of the works of Hippocrates; and also all the different editions of the medical classics, and other rare works, besides 13,000 academical dissertations.

By a ten years comparison of the bills of mortality of Vienna, the number of deaths upon an average amounted to 14,600 and among these 835 children fell a victim to the natural small-pox every year. But since the introduction of the cow-pox no more than 161 children died of the small-pox in 1801; in the year 1802 only 60; in the year 1803 but 37; and in the year 1804 only two children, and of these one belonged to foreign travelling parents.

Dr. Kopp has made interesting inquiries on the spontaneous combustion of the human body. It was formerly an almost general opinion that the combustion only took place in drunkards, and it was believed that their whole frame was impregnated with the spirituous liquor. But on comparing the different cases which Dr. Kopp has had an opportunity to collect, it appears that the combustion chiefly takes place in elderly people, and mostly in women. In general in all these instances the victims were very fat or very lean, which proves a weak state of the constitution, and they were accustomed to drink spirituous liquors. The combustion penetrated rapidly the whole body, but the trunk was the most injured. Almost in all cases a fire was at hand. In several instances the patients complained that they perceived something like an electrical stroke in some part of the body. The accident mostly happened when the atmosphere was dry and clear, and an empyreumatic smell surrounded the persons. It is therefore probable that an asthenic state of the lymphatic system may be considered as a predisposing cause, in consequence of which inflammable air might be collected in the cellular membrane and other cavities of the body; and, in the same manner as a watery fluid is collected in the cellular system in the dropsy, it may contain, when such an accident takes place, a collection of inflammable gas. It is very probable that electricity has some influence, as in several instances the combustion began with an electrical phenomenon. The flame is like the inflammable gas, and spreads in general so rapidly, that it has been impossible to give assistance to the victims of this horrible disease.

A correspondent of the "Decade Philosophique" has lately communicated to the editors a discovery which he made by accident of a method of preserving mushrooms dry without deforming them. Botanists, he observes, know how to collect and preserve plants; but he has never yet heard of their being able to preserve mushrooms. The author lives near the sea-shore, in a country, the soil of which is sandy, and where downs are formed which frequently shift their place. In traversing on foot one of these downs, he met with mushrooms buried under the sand, and which

preserved their form. He made a collection of them, and found that they suffered no alteration afterwards; indeed they served him for a hygrometer; but if they soften in moist weather, they recover their hardness in dry weather, and, every principle of vegetation being destroyed, their form does not alter either by wrinkles or by rottenness. In imitating the process of nature, he dries mushrooms in a stove of sand moderately heated.

Dr. Bolschoi, who went out in the quality of physician with a Russian and Bucharian caravan, gives the following account of the Kirgisian Cozaks, by whom he was taken prisoner: "When the Kirgisians had divided by lot the booty which they had obtained from this rich caravan*, they cut to pieces the mathematical instruments, watches, telescopes, &c., that each might take a portion. They did the same with the medicines. The roots, powders, pills, and mixtures were all divided into equal parts. Each person then threw his portion into a vessel, and this they considered as the most valuable part of the plunder. When the Kirgisians found that their prisoner was a physician, and, according to their idea, a sorcerer, they thronged in crowds around him, that he might feel their pulse, in order to tell them, from the nature of it, whether the horse they had lost, the cow that had strayed, or the camel that was missing, would be found again: nay, some of them even wished him to tell, from the nature of their pulse, whether their sick mother, wife, sister, &c. would recover. If his answer turned out to be true, the prophet was rewarded; but, in a contrary case, he was often subject to the discipline of the whip. A violent storm having once taken place, the whole body began to murmur, and a general suspicion fell on the captive doctor. They threatened him with death; but the storm subsided, and the supposed sorcerer escaped with a slight correction. As he was considered as a man of the higher order, he was not sold in Bucharia with the other captives, but served as a common domestic, exposed to cold and hunger, and obliged to perform all those menial services which are allotted to the slaves of the Kirgisians. He did not long remain under one master, but was considered transferable property. He at length came into the hands of the khan, who gave him a rich Kirgisian dress, and in that state he was ransomed."

* Dr. Bolschoi was estimated at the value of a camel.

M. Demmenie, a Dutch artist, has given us an improved method of making varnish of copal, which consists merely in placing the copal in contract with alkohol in the state of gas. "Put rectified alkohol into a glass vessel, suspend at a certain distance above it a piece of copal, and place the whole in a *balneum mariæ*. When the alkohol is sufficiently heated to raise the gas, it touches the copal, and dissolves small portions of it, which drop into the liquor. Continue this operation till the drops that fall have saturated the alkohol; then withdraw the apparatus from the *balneum mariæ*, and let the liquor cool; decant it, and you will have a perfect solution, without mixture of foreign matter. The varnish may be prepared in the same manner with oil of turpentine, by substituting the essence instead of alkohol."

M. Lenormand gives the following as a new and easy method of instantly removing spots of oil, grease, and tallow, from any kind of stuff, without changing its colour. Take five or six pieces of lighted charcoal, about the size of a walnut; wrap them in a piece of linen, which has been previously dipped in water, and squeezed in the hand, to press out the superabundant moisture; extend the stuff that is spotted on a table on which a clean napkin has been spread, then take the cloth containing the charcoal by the four corners and lay it on the spot; lift it up and put it down on the spot ten or twelve times successively,

pressing lightly upon it, and the spot will disappear.

The count of Hoffmansegg has, with the permission of the prince regent of Portugal, sent M. Sieber, a very able naturalist, to travel in Brasil. This gentleman, in a letter to his patron, gives an account of the various observations he has had occasion to make on the properties ascribed to the ayapana, said to be a sovereign remedy for the bite of all kinds of venomous animals. From these it results, that the juice of that plant, when applied without delay, effects an instantaneous cure; but that, when it is not immediately applied, it does not always prevent the suppuration, though it abates the inflammation and the swelling. Among the three examples mentioned by M. Sieber, one of the wounds was given without the person injured being able to discover by what animal it was inflicted: the two others were only stings of scolopendras. This observation must somewhat diminish the hopes entertained of curing, by means of the ayapana, even the bites of mad animals.

M. Canova, the sculptor of Rome, has made designs of the celebrated horses at Monte Cavallo. He thinks that, to produce all the effect of which they are susceptible, they ought to be placed in a different point of view from that in which they have hitherto been exhibited.

The elector of Bavaria manifests increased zeal for the arts and literature. Not content with having suppressed a multitude of monasteries, and established public schools in their stead, he has recently founded three universities in his new dominions in Suabia. Latin schools already existed in those provinces, but they were not sufficient to the formation of a man of letters, and too learned for the simple artisan. The elector, therefore, ordered these schools to be suppressed, and public schools to be established for the people, and three universities at Ulm, Dillingen, and Kempten. These universities were to be opened on the first of November, and pupils of the various christian denominations admitted. The general inspection, composed of learned protestants and catholics, is immediately under the direction of public instruction established at Munich.

A society has been established at Berlin, whose object is to send missionaries every year to Africa, and especially to that part of it inhabited by the negroes, that with the light of christianity they may diffuse some tincture of our arts, and sow seeds of a more refined civilization. Two missionaries have already set out for Guinea.

The Russian nobles continue to distinguish themselves by their donations to the schools and universities. Lieutenant general Urusoff has presented the university of Moscow with a very considerable cabinet of minerals and a beautiful collection of mosaics. The same officer has given his own library, and a rich collection of Russian minerals to the gymnasium of the government at Porchow. M. de Sudjenkoff, nephew of the late count Besborodko, has deposited in the hands of the minister who superintends the arts and sciences the sum of 40,000 roubles, for the establishment of schools in his native province, Little Russia.

The chevalier Calcagni, of Naples, has found a medal belonging to the city of Petra in Sicily, with the inscription ΠΕΤΡΕΙΝΩΝ. This medal represents on one side the head of Hercules, and on the other a female standing and resting her elbow on a small column. Calcagni is at present engaged on a large work concerning the coins of the ancient sovereigns of Sicily, which will throw new light on that interesting subject.

By letters from Corfu, it is said that the English vice consul, with the aid of two celebrated divers from Calimno, and after a labour of two years, has recovered from the bottom of the sea the precious collection of works of art of ancient Greece, formed by lord Elgin during his residence at Constantinople,

and which was lost, with the vessel, in 1802, near Cerigo.

M. Aibert has received from M. Lameyran, chief physician to the hospital of Versailles, the foot of a woman sixty years of age, the nails of which are of extraordinary length. That of the great toe is particularly remarkable; it is bent back, extends over the whole surface of the foot, and perfectly resembles a ram's horn, having both the form and the hardness of one. M. Alibert has had a drawing made of this extraordinary foot, and intends to introduce it into his great work on the diseases of the skin, to which the nails are considered as an appendage.

A piece of artificial anatomy, in wax, has been exhibited before the Society of Medicine of Paris, where it excited great interest. It was executed for the collection of the school by M. Laumonier, one of the non-resident associates, and represents all the details of the human ear, both internal and external, nine times the natural size. It is easy to conceive how highly useful, both for study and for public lectures, such works, executed by such an able artist and skilful anatomist, must be.

The Medical Board of Health at Berlin has offered a prize of two hundred ducats, for the best dissertation on the yellow fever.

Professor Bernhardi, of Erfurt, has undertaken a botanical tour in the Tyrol. The happiest results may be expected from the zeal and intelligence of the professor, who has before deserved well of natural history.

The famous Dr. Gall has been reading lectures on craniology at Berlin. The king and queen have honoured him with their attendance, and presented to him a valuable ring set with brilliants.

During the pope's late residence at Paris, the most constant homage was paid him, by numerous exhibitions, to explain the progress of the useful arts in that country. One circumstance, however, but little known, though unparalleled in the annals of printing, deserves to be recorded. On the first of February his holiness visited the imperial printing-office. As he passed along the galleries, 150 presses furnished him, as he passed, with a sheet each, upon which was given the Lord's Prayer, in some different language or dialect: in Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee, ancient Syriac, Rabinical, ancient and vulgar Arabic, Armenian, Persian, and also in the languages and letters of the Crimea, of the Malay, of Java, of Indostan, of the Mogul empire, of China, and of Tartary; in all, 46 dialects of Asia. We cannot enumerate all the European languages and dialects, but they amounted to 75. Africa furnished 12, and America the remaining 17. The reputation of the French press is well known; and the constant attention paid by that nation to the art of printing, even amidst their revolutionary horrors, enabled them to pass before the eyes of the Roman pontiff whatever has been employed to improve or enrich the noblest and most useful art known to man.

A variety of valuable antiquities have been discovered in Thessaly. Among them are the busts of Aristotle and Anacreon, a large statue of Ceres, with a coin of Lysimachus, and some remarkable pillars. A Greek MS., containing a commentary of Nicephorus on the ancients, and the ancient Greek church, was discovered at the same time.

The researches at Pompeii are continued with great success. The queen of Naples has been with the royal family to inspect them, and in her presence was discovered an ancient edifice, in which were found vases of the greatest beauty, medals, musical instruments, and, what is of more value than all the rest, a beautiful bronze statue representing Hercules killing the celebrated hind on mount Mænalus. The composition and design of this group are perfect. In the same building have likewise been found some extremely beautiful paintings, among which one representing Diana surprised by

Acteon is particularly distinguished. The colouring of Diana is equal to any thing that Titian ever produced. The queen, it is said, intends to have this structure repaired. She has likewise ordered the chevalier Venuti to superintend at Rome the execution of a work in marble, alabaster, and metal, representing Pompeii in miniature. The chevalier has already executed a similar performance, representing the temples of Pæstum, which is in the possession of the queen.

At the town of Fiesole, near Florence, a beautiful amphitheatre has been discovered, and the greatest part of it cleared from the rubbish. It is supposed that it would contain at least 30,000 persons.

For the Literary Magazine.

ABSTRACT OF THE REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

REVENUE AND RECEIPTS.

	Dollars.
NETT revenue arising from duties on merchandize and tonnage, during the year 1801 - -	12,020,279
Nett revenue arising from the same source, during 1802	10,154,564
That which accrued during 1803 - -	11,306,430
And that which accrued during 1804, deducting the additional duties constituting the Mediterranean fund	12,672,323

The nett revenue accrued during the three first quarters of 1805, does not fall short of that of the corresponding quarters of 1804; and that branch of the revenue may, exclusively of the Mediterranean fund, be safely estimated at twelve millions of dollars, which is nearly the average of 1803 and 1804.

The defalcation which took place in 1802, and the increase in the following years, sufficiently show that no inconsiderable portion of that branch of the revenue is due to the neutrality of the United States during the continuance of war in Europe. Yet if the revenue of 1802, the only year of European peace since 1792, be the basis on which to form an estimate, this, with an addition of ten per cent., the increase of population for three years, and of near three hundred thousand dollars computed revenue of New Orleans, will give near eleven millions and a half.

The revenue arising from the sale of public lands has been greater during the year ending 30th September, 1805, than that of any preceding year. During that period, besides one hundred and forty-five thousand acres sold to persons claiming a right of pre-emption, four hundred and seventy-four thousand acres have been disposed of at the ordinary sales, making altogether, with the preceding sales, from the time when the land-offices were opened in 1800 and 1801, near two millions of acres. The actual payments by purchasers, which, during the year ending 30th September, 1804, had amounted to four hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars, and had not, in any one previous year, exceeded two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, have, during the year ending 30th September, 1805, amounted to five hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, of which five hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars were paid in specie, and the residue in stock of the public debt. The specie receipts from that source may, for the ensuing year, be safely estimated at five hundred thousand dollars.

The permanent revenue of the United States may, therefore, without the duties on postage, and other small incidental branches, be computed, for 1806, at - -	12,500,000
The payments during the same year, on account of the temporary duties, constituting the Mediterranean fund, to the 31st March next, are estimated at nine hundred thousand dollars, and about one hundred thousand may be expected from the arrears of internal duties and direct tax, and from other incidental branches, making, for temporary and incidental receipts - - - - -	1,000,000
Balance in the treasury, which, on the 30th September last, amounted to four millions five hundred and seventy-five thousand six hundred and fifty-four dollars, will (as the receipts and expenditures of the present quarter may be considered as nearly equal) be diminished, at the end of this year, only by the payments on account of the American claims, assumed by the convention with France, and as the whole amount of those claims unpaid on the 30th September last, will, in this estimate, be stated among the expenditures of 1806, the whole of the above mentioned balance may be added to the receipts of that year, viz. - - - -	4,575,000
Making, in the whole - - - -	18,075,000

EXPENDITURES.

The expences of 1806, defrayed out of those resources, are either permanent or temporary, viz. the permanent expences are estimated at eleven million four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and consist of,

1. The annual appropriation for payment of the principal and interest of the public debt, of which more than one-half will go to the discharge of the principal, and the residue to the payment of interest - - - -		8,000,000
2. For the civil department, and all domestic expences of a civil nature, including invalid pensions, light-house and mint establishments, surveys of public lands, the third instalment of the loan due to Maryland, and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to meet claims allowed by congress		1,150,000
3. For expences incident to the intercourse with foreign nations, including the permanent appropriation for Algiers		200,000
4. For the military and Indian departments, including the permanent appropriations for certain Indian tribes		1,030,000
5. For the naval establishment, exclusive of the deficiencies for the service of 1804 and 1805, estimated at six hundred thousand dollars - - - -		1,070,000
		11,450,000
The extraordinary demands for 1806, are		
The navy deficiencies of 1804 and 1805	600,000	
Balance of American claims assumed by the French convention, unpaid the 30th September last - - - - -	3,400,000	
		4,000,000
Making altogether - - -		15,450,000

It hence appears, that the permanent revenues of the United States will, during the ensuing year, exceed the permanent expenditures by more than one million of dollars, and that the money in hand, with the temporary resources of the year, will, after leaving the sum always necessary to keep in the treasury, discharge the navy deficiencies, and the whole amount of the claims assumed by the convention with France, the large receipts of last year rendering it unnecessary to recur to the loan authorised by law.

MEDITERRANEAN FUND.

The additional duty of two and a half per cent. on goods paying duties ad valorem, which constitutes the Mediterranean fund, amounted, during the six last months of 1804, to five hundred and sixty-three thousand and thirty-eight dollars. The amount of the duty accrued, during the year ending on the 30th June, 1805, was nine hundred and ninety thousand dollars. This product will, it is true, be diminished by subsequent exportations; but from a view of the value of goods imported in 1803 and 1804, charged with that duty, the fund may be estimated at nearly nine hundred thousand dollars a year. The fund will, therefore, ultimately produce, during one year and nine months, commencing the 1st July, 1804, and ending the 31st March, 1806 - - - 1,575,000

The expences heretofore charged on that fund have been

Paid in 1804, to the said department, under the act constituting the fund - -	525,000	
Paid in 1805, to the said department, under the second section of the act of 25th January, 1805	590,000	
Making a total of - - -		1,115,000

and leaving a surplus of four hundred and sixty thousand dollars, but which will be more than absorbed by the navy deficiencies above mentioned. The monies actually received or to be received into the treasury on account of that fund, prior to the 1st January, 1806, are about six hundred thousand dollars. The residue will be received between that day and the 31st March, 1807; and credit has been taken for a sum of nine hundred thousand dollars, on that account, in the preceding estimate of the receipts of 1806.

PUBLIC DEBT.

The payments on account of the principal, during the year ending on the 30th September, 1805 -	4,377,898 63
The two last instalments due to Great Britain, discharged during the same period - - -	1,776,000 00
Making - - - -	6,153,898 63

As the exportation of the specie necessary to discharge the last mentioned instalment would have been sensibly felt, it was found eligible to pay it in London, in conformity to the act of the 3d of March, 1805, and this was effected, at par, by the bank of United States.

Payments on account of the public debt, from the 1st of April, 1801, to the 30th of September, 1805 -	17,954,790 49
Carried forward	17,954,790 49

Brought forward		17,954,790 49
Paid to Great Britain, in satisfaction of what the United States might have been liable to pay, by the sixth article of the treaty of 1794		2,664,000 00
Balance in the treasury on the 1st of April, 1801	1,794,052 59	
On the 30th of September, 1805	4,575,654 37	
Making an increase of	2,781,601 78	
Which, deducting proceeds of sales of bank shares	1,287,600 00	
Leaves for the increase from the ordinary revenue		1,494,001 78
Making a difference in favour of the United States, during four years and a half, of		22,112,792 27

During the four years, commencing on the 1st of April, 1801, and ending on the 31st of March, 1805, there has been paid into the treasury,

By duties on tonnage and foreign merchandise		45,174,837 22
By all other sources, including 1,596,171 dollars and 43 cents, from the sales of bank shares and public vessels		5,492,629 82
		50,667,467 04

1. Less than one-third of this whole has defrayed all the current expences of the United States, viz.

For the civil list, and all domestic civil expences	3,786,114 79	
For the military establishment and Indian department	4,405,192 26	
For the naval establishment	4,842,635 15	
For the expences attending the intercourse with foreign nations	1,071,437 84	
Amounting to		14,105,380 04
2. Near one-third was necessary to pay the interest on the public debt, viz.		16,278,700 95

Part of that sum (3,160,000 dollars) was paid on account of the interest on the deferred stock, a charge which commenced only in 1801, and was therefore in addition to the annual sum wanted before that year for the payment of interest on the public debt.

3. More than one-third, and which may be considered as the surplus revenue of the United States during that period, has been applied towards the extinguishment of the debt, viz.

On account of the principal	16,317,663 92	
In payment of debts contracted before the 1st of April, 1801, under the British treaty and the French convention	2,963,782 64	
		19,281,446 56
		49,665,527 55

While one third of the national revenue is absorbed by the payment of interest, a persevering application of the resources afforded by seasons of

peace and prosperity to the discharge of the principal, in the manner directed by the legislature, is the only mode by which the United States can ultimately obtain the full command of their revenue, and the free disposal of all their resources. Every year produces a diminution of interest, and a positive increase of revenue. Four years more will be sufficient to discharge, in addition to the annual reimbursements on the six per cent. and deferred stocks, the remainder of the Dutch debt, and the whole of the eight per cent., navy six per cent., five and a half per cent., and four and a half per cent. stocks. As the portion of the public debt which shall then remain unpaid will consist of the six per cent., deferred, and Louisiana stocks, neither of which can be reimbursed except at the periods and in the proportions fixed by contract, and of the three per cent. stock, which its low rate of interest will render ineligible to discharge at its nominal value, the rapidity of the reduction of the debt, beyond the annual reimbursements permitted by the contracts, will, after 1809, depend on the price at which purchases may be effected. And should circumstances render it eligible, a considerable portion of the revenue now appropriated for that purpose may then be applied to other purposes.

For the Literary Magazine.

DUTIES OF THE SEVERAL PORTS OF THE UNION.

THE following statement of payments made into the treasury of the United States, by the several collectors of customs, during four years, commencing April 1, 1801, and ending March 31, 1805, exhibits the amount of revenue of the respective ports in the Union.

Ports.	*Payments.*
New York	12,862,020 87
Philadelphia	7,777,965 14
Boston	6,408,400 26
Baltimore	3,861,963 08
Charleston	3,031,639 54
Norfolk	1,761,673 77
Salem (Mass.)	1,034,498 07
Savannah	914,039 73
Providence	781,556 12
Portland	545,265 66
Newhaven	510,637 15
Petersburg	510,506 17
Portsmouth	484,513 41
Alexandria	467,761 23
Newburyport	400,614 30
Newport	390,916 70
Middletown	382,757 31
Wilmington (N. C.)	319,110 07
Richmond	290,032 43
New London	282,049 88
Wilmington (Del.)	230,327 87
Kennebunk	168,984 64
Newbern	146,429 95
Edenton	129,505 57
Bristol (R. I.)	106,600
Gloucester	104,049 61
Bath	96,927 19
Tappahannock	93,249 97
Marblehead	92,439 48
Wiscasset	89,422 45
Fairfield	72,900 46
New Bedford	71,227 50
Washington (N. C.)	67,234 64
Biddeford	61,941 62
Nantucket	58,395 41
Plymouth	57,256 99
Waldoborough	52,932 96
Penobscot	51,366 63
Dighton	35,200 61
Georgetown (S. C.)	33,786 59
Michilimackinack	33,005 05
Camden	32,900
Fort Adams	26,900
York (Mass.)	26,698 72
New Orleans	23,791 83
Edgartown	21,879 21
Detroit	18,132
Georgetown (Col.)	15,950
Barnstable	15,042 58
Hudson	14,200 43
Snowhill	12,156 48
Brunswick	11,318 54
Beaufort (N. C.)	10,000
Folly Landing	8,900

Cherrystone	7,134	63	Champlaine	1,200	
East River	6,624		Allburgh	1,145	
Great Egg Harbour	5,700		Bridgetown	1,000	
Perth Amboy	5,150		Havre de Grace	950	
Beaufort (S. C.)	4,500		Frenchman's Bay	614	48
Vermont	4,022	83	Ipswich	600	
Oxford	3,840	56	Machias	500	
St. Mary's	3,561	27	Chester (Md.)	350	
Massac	3,400		Dumfries	340	
Vienna	2,500		Passamaquoddy	212	42
Sag-Harbour	2,456	76	Louisville	20	
Burlington	2,152				
Yorktown	1,500		Total	45,174,837	22
Palmyra	1,370				

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

Some of the Red Men from the Osages and Panis nations, being lately on a visit to Dr. Mitchill at Washington city, entertained him with their vocal and instrumental music. Two of their songs were immediately translated. One of them is on *friendship;* the subject of the other is *war.* In both, the main and leading sentiments are aboriginal; and the paraphrases and embellishments are as few as the nature of composition allowed. They seem to show, that justice has not hitherto been done to the intellectual or poetical powers of our Indian natives.

O-SAGE.

Washington Jan. 7, 1806.

No. I.

SONG OF THE OSAGES ON FRIENDSHIP,

After having made their visit to the president of the United States, at Washington, the seat of the national government, in December, 1805.

I.

MY comrades brave and friends of note!
You hither came, from lands remote,
To see your GRAND EXALTED SIRE,
And his sagacious words admire.

II.

The "Master of your life* and breath"
Averted accidents and death,
That you might *such a sight* behold,
In spite of hunger, foes, and cold.

III.

Ye RED MEN! since ye here have been,
Your GREAT WHITE FATHER ye have seen,
Who cheer'd his children with his voice,
And made their beating hearts rejoice.

IV.

Thou CHIEF OSAGE! fear not to come,
And leave awhile thy sylvan home:
The path we passed is clear and free,
And wide and smoother grows for thee.

V.

Whene'er to march *thou* feel'st inclin'd,
We'll form a lengthening file behind,
And dauntless from our forests walk
To hear our GREAT WHITE FATHER'S talk.

* The Supreme Being is called by them the *Master of life*, or *Master of breath.*

No. II.

SONG OF THE OSAGES ON WAR:

Being one of their compositions intended to inspire martial ardour, on entering into hostilities. Sung at Dr. Mitchill's, the same evening with the former, and immediately reduced to writing for translation.

I.

SAY, warriors, why, when arms are sung,
And sound from every martial tongue,
Do thoughts of death intrude?
Why weep the common lot of all?
Why fancy you yourselves may fall,
Pursuing or pursued?

II.

Doubt not Tewàsalàgè's care
To lead you forth, and show you where
The enemy's concealed:
His single hand shall make th' attack,
And drive the cunning lurkers back,
Or stretch them on the field.

III.

Proceeding with embodied force,
No nations can withstand our course,
Or check our bold career;
Though, if they knew MY warlike fame,
The terrors of MY form and name,
They'd quake, or die, with fear.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE WORD LAST.

PAINFUL source of many a sorrow,
Sound precluding hopes to-morrow,
Sad finisher of life's repast,
What shadows all our joys appear,
When thou com'st lagging in the rear,
And whisp'ring tell'st thou art the LAST!

Whate'er is giv'n us from above,
Blessings of friendship and of love
Thy baleful shade doth overcast;
The tears that parting cheeks bestrew,
The broken voice that sobs adieu,
Belongs to thee, thou cruel LAST.

Time on his rapid pinions flies,
The world recedes before our eyes,
And awful death approaches fast;
Revolving suns each year proclaim
The solemn hour that bears thy name
Thou dreaded, formidable LAST!

Yet, that I may not shrink from thee,
Let virtue keep my bosom free
From dread of future and of past;
Then, when my transient day is o'er,
And life, exhausted, yields no more,
I need not fear thy moment, LAST.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE LADY-COW.

In the Darwinian style.

THEY who a twofold apparatus share,
Natives of earth, and habitants of air,
Like warriors stride, oppress'd with shining mail,
But furl'd beneath their silken pennons veil;
Deceiv'd, our fellow-reptile we admire,
His bright endorsement, and compact attire,
When lo! the latent springs of motion play,
And rising lids disclose the rich inlay;
The tissued wing its folded membrane frees,
And with blithe quavers fans the gath-'ring breeze;
Elate towards heaven the beauteous wonder flies,
And leaves the mortal wrapp'd in deep surprize.

So when the guide led Tobit's youthful heir,
Elect, to win the seven times widow'd fair,
Th' angelic form, conceal'd in human guise,
Deceiv'd the search of his associate's eyes,
Till swift each charm bursts forth like issuing flame,
And circling rays confess his heavenly frame;
The zodiac round his waist divinely burns,
And waving radiance o'er his plumage burns:
In awful transports wrapt, the youth admires,
While light from earth the dazzling shape aspires.

For the Literary Magazine.

SONG.

AH! credit not the rival swain,
Who whispers in thy jealous ear,
That other maids my vows obtain,
And call my passion insincere.

I own, dear maid, I love to seek
The plain, where sports the virgin choir;
And oft the form, the blushing cheek,
The charms of many a fair admire.

But though each love-inspiring dame
My eye with earnest gaze surveys,
Ah! cease, my love, thy swain to blame,
Because he gives each beauty praise.

By blending ev'ry virgin's grace,
A something like thyself I see;
For all the charms of ev'ry face
Are surely, Celia, found in thee.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE INVITATION.

To Miss L. E., of W.

FROM whence, ah say! the lengthen'd sigh,
Which slowly heaves my Lucy's breast?
And why the lucid, tearful eye,
That speaks her gentle heart opprest?

The flatt'ring tale can I believe?
For such it is, dear girl, to me:
'Tis not in candour to deceive;
Say, are we, Lucy, dear to thee?

Inquiry cease! Did not the tear
That trickled down thy lily cheek,
At our adieu, say we were dear,
As plain as eloquence could speak?

And sure thy cheek, as cold as clay,
The simplest mind could not mistake;
The hand which on thy bosom lay
Said, too, that parting made it ache.

Yet of those feelings be aware,
And check them in their pliant spring;
So powerful now, they'll prove a snare,
Thy gentle heart, in time, unstring.

A long, a tedious winter past,
And oft we sigh'd, and spoke of thee;
This gloom, I said, won't always last,
In spring we shall our Lucy see.

So sure I was that May would bring
The darling girl we hold so dear;
When, oh! behold it's on the wing,
And yet our Lucy is not here!

'Tis thus delusions oft betray
The heart most willing to believe;
But why, my Lucy, this delay?
Do not our anxious hopes deceive!

More fair would seem the woodbine bow'r,
Wast thou, dear girl, reclin'd beneath;
More sweet would bloom the jasmine flow'r,
If wak'd to life by Lucy's breath.

Though frolic mirth may not attend
To bid thee welcome to the vale,
Yet each will clasp their lovely friend,
And love maternal bid thee hail.

SABINA.

May 30th, 1805.

The North American Indians from the south of the Missouri, and from thence to the Northern Ocean, have no idea of poetry as it derives its character from rhyme or measure. Their songs are short enthusiastic sentences, subjected to no laws of composition, accompanied by monotonous music, either rapid or slow, according to the subject, or the fancy of the singer. Their apologues are numerous and ingenious, abounding with incidents, and calculated to convey some favourite lesson. Their tales, too, generally inculcate some moral truth, or some maxim of prudence or policy. In one the misfortunes of a great chief are so linked with his vices, and wind up so fatally at last, that a man of worth whom he sought to oppress, is, by his own agency, made the instrument of his destruction, and established as his successor. The private virtues of this successor, particularly his respect for the other sex, the want of which was the great vice of his predecessor, is made the foundation of his fame and prosperity. In another, the particular duties of women are enforced, by showing how certain women who deviated from ordinary rules were persecuted by the *manitoo* of the woods; in the progress of which they are made to owe their safety, in various trials, to some particular act of female discretion or delicacy, which they had before neglected. The Indians have their Circe, as well as the Greeks; she is very seducing, and the fate of her votaries very terrible; the strokes of the pencil by which she is drawn are masterly; but the tales respecting this lady are only calculated for the ears of men. This people, worthy of a better fate, are gradually degenerating and wasting away. I have already seen an Indian nation so degraded, that it cannot produce a single orator. Half a century will efface their best peculiarities, and, so multiplied are the causes of their decline, perhaps extinguish them altogether.

E.

For the Literary Magazine.

REVIEW.

Letters from Europe, during a Tour through Switzerland and Italy, in the Years 1801 *and* 1802. *By a Native of Pennsylvania.* 2 *vols.* 8vo.

Continued from vol. IV, p. 470.

THE greatest part of these volumes is occupied with Italy. The author makes no considerable halt on his journey from the summit of the Alps to Florence. We meet, in this course, with some useful remarks upon the best mode of travelling in this celebrated country; a few travelling anecdotes; rapid sketches of the plains of Lombardy, the borders of the Po, of the cities of Placentia, Parma, and Modena, of Bologna, its cathedral church, with its pictures and sculptures; a dominican monk; the passage of the Appennines, and a view of Tuscany. The author then enters Florence, where he appears to have staid some time, and to have been very industrious in examining the monuments of arts, of which, notwithstanding the depredations of the French, it still contains a vast number. The squares, streets, temples, palaces, libraries, museums, and pictures of Florence, are briefly enumerated and described. The cathedral church, being the principal curiosity, detains the author's attention longer than any other object. Then follows a short political and economical view of Tuscany. We have also a curious sample, in a note, of the mode in which religious ideas are employed for popular convenience. Though this passage may be liable to objection, on one account, yet the information it contains is highly characteristic, and every judicious reader will regret that these pages have so few of such original and direct observations upon manners; particularly as, in these he gives us, the writer's style is agreeable and interesting.

Some remarks are made upon *improvisatori*. The author makes light of the merit or difficulty of this impromptu poetry. The facilities afforded by the nature of the language, and the little intrinsic merit of these performances, will, he thinks, naturally and fully solve this poetical mystery.

In the journey from Florence to Rome, the author stops at Sienna long enough to take a hasty view of the cathedral. A continued journey affords some observations which, though few, are not without value. Rome at length appears, and here the author makes an abode of considerable duration, and gives us a view of this great city, principally confined to its monuments of architecture, sculpture, and painting: a view which, in most respects, is brief and scanty. This brevity, however, arises from the multiplicity of objects compared with the limits to which the author confines himself. In so small a space, such numerous objects could not fail to be crowded, and no single one could expect a very large share of attention. The author's taste and judgment, however, merits no small praise for selecting and arranging his subjects, and for placing them in interesting and instructive points of view.

On St. Peter's church he has dwelt longer and more minutely than on any other monument. In this he has shown his judgment, since this is not only the most important object at Rome, but former travellers have given us no adequate or intelligible account of it. They furnish us, in general, with cold and frigid details, which, as they flow from vague and indistinct ideas in the transcriber, make no other impression on the reader. This author, on the contrary, gives us a picture, full, particular, and glowing, and such a one as is pleasing and intelligible to the popular reader, while it is instructive to the connoisseur and artist.

Our traveller makes a tour through this church, in which he conducts us through its principal recesses, and from the pavement to the summit of the lanthorn. The enthusiasm with which he is inspired by this deliberate and successive survey of this stupendous edifice, communicates itself to his style, which, on this topic, has an unusual portion of splendour and elegance. The description of the building terminates with a brief history of its erection.

The account of this church is all eulogy. We have no critical remarks upon the style or the materials of this edifice. The writer, no doubt, intended a general and popular description, in which such remarks would, perhaps, have been unseasonable. There is, however, some observations in a note (vol. 1, p. 223), which may be deemed exceptions to this remark, and which are liable to some objection.

He says, "Travellers have remarked, as a fault, the monotonous simplicity of the front of St. Peter's; and they have compared it, with derogation, to the variegated facade of St. Paul's; overlooking the sublime idea of Paul V, and Charles Maderne, to render the cathedral of Christendom a monument of Christ and his apostles. This obliged them to divide the frontispiece by a *regular intercolumniation*, upon the twelve piers of which should stand the twelve apostles, thus emphatically indicated as the pillars of the church."

The architectural travellers whom we have met with have invariably condemned the facade of St. Peter's, for *the want of simplicity:* instead of twelve columns, regularly intercolumniated, and *proportionally* surmounted, which was the grand idea of the first architect, we have eight half columns and four pilasters, forming only nine intervals, no two of which, on the same side, are correspondent in their breadth. Four of the central columns support a most diminutive and contemptible pediment, and the whole colonnade, if such a motley range of columns and pilasters merits that name, is surmounted by a

huge and disproportioned attic. The facade of St. Paul's has infinitely more simplicity and regularity, though consisting of two stories, and of columns and pilasters. The simplicity lies not in number, but in arrangement.

We have, in the next chapter, an account of the appendages of this temple. In a short digression, the author attacks the catholic interpretation of scripture, on which the papal authority is founded. He gives an account of the chief mosaic paintings of several tombs.

From St. Peter's, the author leads us to the papal palace of the Vatican, whose galleries, chambers, chapels, libraries, and museums, are agreeably and circumstantially described.

After bestowing suitable attention upon these principal objects, the traveller proceeds, with more haste and brevity, through the remains of ancient edifices, some modern temples and palaces. Having taken a rapid, but particular view of these, he retires, in fancy, to a convenient eminence, and gives us a general view of this famous capital, in which modern appearances are combined with reliques of antiquity. This sketch has considerable merit.

After this comparatively long detail of architectural wonders, the author gives us sketches of life and manners. They appear to be drawn from immediate observation, and are characteristic and amusing. A good deal is said about the Roman mendicants, and pleasing anecdotes occur respecting them.

We have next a chapter on the ceremonies of the Roman church, in which are more particularly described the papal functions at the celebration of Christmas; and the author relates an adventure which befel him in a nocturnal ramble, among the ruins of the Coliseum, which is followed by a lively picture of the ceremonies used at the consecration of the reigning pope: with this concludes the first volume.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

FOREIGN NEWS, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

IT appears from the report of the baron Von Kotzebue, in his recent travels through Italy, that the business of unrolling the Herculanean MSS. proceeds at Portici, under the direction of M. Hayter, with success and rapidity.

One hundred and thirty manuscripts have already been unrolled, or are unrolling; and M. Hayter does not despair of being able to decypher the six hundred manuscripts which are still extant. Eleven young persons are constantly employed in unfolding the manuscripts, and two others in copying or drawing them, all under the direction of M. Hayter, and at the expence of his royal highness the prince of Wales. Another work has been discovered of Philodemus, treating on the vices which border on virtues; besides a work of Epicurus, of Phædrus, Demetrius Phalerus, and Colotos; the last in reply to Plato on friendship. Among seven Latin manuscripts, M. Hayter has found a historical work, written in the style and manner of Livy; and, among the Greek ones, the entire works of Epicurus, in the best state of preservation.

Mr. Humboldt is beginning to publish the results of his late travels, with an affectation that deserves to be reprobated. He begins with some expensive numbers of botany, and thence proceeds to some other numbers of zoology and geology, promising that he will condescend also to give to the public an *abridged* account of his travels, adapted to general reading. His condescension does not, however, terminate here: for he tells the world that he may, probably, in a few years, publish a full account of his travels, but that the *abridged* account may satisfy curiosity till he has leisure to gratify it fully!

Mr. Irving, author of a work on English Composition, and of the

Lives of the Scottish Poets, is engaged on a Life of the celebrated George Buchanan.

Mr. William Close has invented an apparatus for raising water, by means of air condensed in its descent through an inverted syphon. This syphon has its higher orifice placed in a situation to receive both air and water at the same time. The air, being conveyed by the velocity of the aqueous column to the lowest part of the syphon, and collected in a vessel, is employed as the medium for conveying pressure to raise water in another part of the apparatus. Mr. C. finds from experiments that a machine constructed upon this principle will raise water for domestic purposes, and although it will not perform half as much work as a bucket-engine by a forcing-pump, yet it may be kept continually employed, and is subject to very little wear, as its operation will almost be performed without friction.

Mr. Stothard has found that the elasticity of the steel in watch-springs, &c., is greatly impaired by taking off the blue with sand-paper, or otherwise; and, what is still more striking, that it may be restored again by the blueing process, without any previous hardening or other additional treatment.

It is not generally known that green succulent plants are much better preserved after a momentary immersion in boiling water than otherwise. The treatment is adopted for the economical preservation of cabbage and other plants which are dried for keeping, as it destroys the vegetable life at once, and seems to prevent an after process of decay or mortification, by which the plant would have been more considerably changed, if it had not been so suddenly killed.

The following is a method for preserving wood in damp situations. Take twelve pounds of resin beat in a mortar, three pounds of sulphur, and twelve pints of whale-oil; let them be melted together over a fire; ochre powder may be added to give it a proper colour. Of this preparation two coats are to be applied, after which the wood will not be subject to injury by humidity. The first coat should be laid on lightly, having been previously heated; the second, after an interval of two or three days; a third may be added, if, from the peculiarity of the situation, it be judged expedient.

Mr. Davies Giddy has lately described a singular fact of the invisible emission of steam and smoke together from the chimney of a furnace; though either of them, if separately emitted, is visible as usual. "The flue," says he, speaking of a steam engine, "for conveying off the smoke and affording a draft, was made of rolled iron; and the steam, which wholly escapes from these machines uncondensed, was conducted into the same tube about a foot above its insertion into the boiler: when the engine began to move, neither steam nor smoke were seen to issue from the flue; and when fresh coal was added, nothing more than a faint white cloud became apparent, and that only for a short time. The register was slowly closed, and a condensation of steam manifested itself at a small distance from the chimney, and in the same quantity as if it had proceeded immediately from the boiler. The experiment was reversed, and the steam gradually confined to the boiler, when the smoke became visible, till it equalled in quantity and appearance that commonly produced by a similar fire. These trials were repeated a number of times, with unvarying success. Pains were taken to ascertain whether, and in what degree, the draft was affected by the admission of steam into the flue, and it was found that, while the engine worked, the fire brightened each time the steam obtained admission into the chimney." To elucidate this fact, Mr. Nicholson contrived the following experiment. "A small glass tube was stuck through a cork, and this was pressed into the neck of the retort in which water was boiling over a

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE DR. CURRIE, OF LIVERPOOL.

By Dr. Aikin.

DR. JAMES CURRIE was born at Kirkpatrick-Fleming, in Dumfriesshire, on May 31st, 1756. His father was the established minister of that parish, whence he afterwards removed to that of Middlebie. Dr. Currie was an only son: of six sisters, two alone are now surviving. He received the rudiments of learning at the parish school of his native place, whence he was transferred to the grammar school of Dumfries, one of the most reputable seminaries of the kind in Scotland. His original destination was for a commercial life, and he passed some years of his youth in Virginia, in a mercantile station. Disliking this profession, and unwilling to be a witness of the impending troubles in the American colonies, he quitted that country in 1776, and, in the following year, commenced a course of medical study at the university of Edinburgh, which occupied him almost without interruption for three years. A prospect of an appointment in the medical staff of the army, which would not admit of the usual delay of an Edinburgh graduation, induced him to take the degree of doctor of physic at Glasgow. He arrived, however, in London too late for the expected place; but still determining to go abroad, he had taken his passage in a ship for Jamaica, when a severe indisposition prevented his sailing, and entirely changed his lot in life. He renounced his first intention; and, after some consideration respecting an eligible settlement, he fixed upon the commercial and rapidly increasing town of Liverpool, which became his residence from the year 1781.

The liberal and enlightened character which has long distinguished many of the leading inhabitants of that place, rendered it a peculiarly favourable theatre for the display of the moral and intellectual endowments for which Dr. Currie was

conspicuous, and he soon rose into general esteem. Indeed, it was not possible, even upon a casual acquaintance, for a judge of mankind to fail of being struck by his manly urbanity of behaviour, by the elegance and variety of his conversation, by the solid sense and sagacity of his remarks, and by the tokens of a feeling heart, which graced and dignified the qualities of his understanding. No man was ever more highly regarded by his friends; no physician ever inspired more confidence and attachment in his patients.

In 1783, Dr. Currie made a very desirable matrimonial connexion with Lucy, the daughter of William Wallace, Esq., an Irish merchant in Liverpool. Of this marriage a numerous and amiable family was the fruit, by which his name promises to be worthily perpetuated. His professional employment rapidly increased; he was elected one of the physicians of the infirmary, and took his station among the distinguished characters of the place of his residence.

His first appearance from the press was on occasion of the lamented death of his intimate friend Dr. Bell, a young physician, of great hopes, settled at Manchester. His elegant and interesting tribute to the memory of this person was published in 1785, in the first volume of the Transactions of the Manchester Philosophical and Literary Society, of which they were both members. He was elected a member of the London Medical Society in 1790, and communicated to it a paper on Tetanus and Convulsive Disorders, published in the third volume of its memoirs. In 1792 he became a fellow of the Royal Society. A very curious and instructive account of the remarkable effects of a shipwreck, communicated by him to that body, was published in the Philosophical Transactions of that year.

The mind of Dr. Currie was not made to be confined to a narrow range of speculation, and nothing interesting to human society was indifferent to, or unconsidered, by him. The war with France, consequent to its great revolutionary struggle, was regarded by him, as it was by many other philanthropists, with disapprobation, with respect as well to its principles, as to its probable effect on the happiness of both countries. A pamphlet which appeared in 1793, under the title of A Letter, Commercial and Political, addressed to the Right Hon. William Pitt, by Jasper Wilson, Esq., was generally understood to proceed from his pen. The energy of language, the weight of argument, and the extent of information, displayed in it, drew upon it a large share of notice. It soon attained a second edition, and various answers attested the degree of importance attached to it in the public estimation. One of the respondents took the unwarrantable liberty of directly addressing Dr. Currie, in print, as the author, at the same time affecting the familiarity of an intimate acquaintance, although no correspondence between them had subsisted for a number of years. It can scarcely be doubted, that this infringement of the rules of liberal controversy was made with the malignant purpose of exposing Dr. Currie to popular odium, and injuring him in his profession. He felt it as such; but the particular line of his principal connexions, together with the solid basis of the character he had established, enabled him to despise the efforts of party malice.

The greater distinction a professional man acquires from pursuits not belonging to his profession, the more necessary it becomes for him to bring himself into notice as a successful votary of the art or science to which his primary attention is due. Of this point Dr. Currie was very far from being neglectful. To those who employed him he was abundantly known as a skilful and sedulous practitioner, and the medical papers he had already published gave him reputation among his brethren. This reputation was widely extended, and raised to an emi-

nent degree, by a publication which first appeared in October, 1797, entitled "Medical Reports on the Effects of Water, Cold and Warm, as a Remedy in Febrile Diseases; with Observations on the Nature of Fever, and on the Effects of Opium, Alcohol, and Inanition." The practice of affusion of cold water in fevers, which is the leading topic in this work, was suggested to the author by Dr. Wright's narrative in the London Medical Journal of his successful treatment of a fever in a homeward-bound ship from Jamaica. Dr. Currie copied and greatly extended it, and investigated the principles by which its use should be directed and regulated. He discovered that the safety and advantage of the application of cold was proportionate to the existing augmentation of the animal heat; and he found the thermometer a very valuable instrument to direct the practitioner's judgment in febrile cases. He may therefore be considered as the principal author of a practice which has already been attended with extraordinary success in numerous instances, and bids fair to prove one of the greatest medical improvements in modern times. The work, which contained many ingenious speculations and valuable observations, was very generally read and admired. A new volume was added to it in 1804, consisting of much interesting matter on different topics, especially in confirmation of the doctrine and practice of the former volume respecting cold affusion. The free and successful employment of this remedy, in the scarlatina, was one of its most important articles. The author had the satisfaction of receiving numerous acknowledgments of the benefit derived from his instructions, both in private and in naval and military practice. He himself was so much convinced of the utility of the methods he recommended, that a revision of the whole work, for a new edition, was one of the latest labours of his life.

Dr. Currie might now, without danger to his professional character, indulge his inclination for the ornamental parts of literature; and an occasion offered in which he had the happiness of rendering his taste and his benevolence equally conspicuous. On a visit to his native country, in 1792, he had become personally acquainted with that rustic son of genius, Robert Burns. This extraordinary, but unfortunate man, having, at his death, left his family in great indigence, a subscription was made in Scotland for their immediate relief, and at the same time a design was formed of publishing an edition of his printed works and remains for their emolument. Mr. Syme, of Ryedale, an old and intimate friend of Dr. Currie, strongly urged him to undertake the office of editor; and to this request, in which other friends of the poet's memory concurred, he could not withhold his acquiescence, notwithstanding his multiplied engagements. In 1800, he published in 4 vols. 8vo. "The Works of Robert Burns, with an Account of his Life, and a Criticism on his Writings; to which are prefixed, some Observations on the Character and Condition of the Scottish Peasantry." These volumes were a rich treat to the lovers of poetry and elegant literature, and Dr. Currie's part in them, as a biographer and critic, was greatly admired, as well for beauty of style as for liberality of sentiment and sagacity of remark. If any objection was made to him as an editor, on account of unnecessary extension of the materials, the kind purpose for which the publication was undertaken pleaded his excuse with all who were capable of feeling its force. Its success fully equalled the most sanguine expectations. Repeated editions produced a balance of profit, which formed a little fortune for the destitute family; and Dr. Currie might congratulate himself with having been one of the most effectual friends of departed genius that the annals of British poetry record.

Every plan for promoting liberal studies and the improvement of the

human mind, had in him a zealous and active supporter. In the formation of those literary institutions, which have done so much honour to the town of Liverpool, he, with his intimate and congenial friend, the distinguished author of the Lives of Lorenzo de Medici and Leo X., stood among the foremost; and their names were always conjoined when mention was made of the worth and talents which dignified their place of abode. No cultivated traveller visited Liverpool without soliciting Dr. Currie's acquaintance, and his reception of those introduced to him was eminently polite and hospitable.

In his Life of Burns, remarking upon that partiality for their own country, which appears almost universally in the natives of Scotland, he has observed, that "it differs in its character according to the character of the different minds in which it is found; in some appearing a selfish prejudice, in others a generous affection." He was himself a striking exemplification of this fact; for the sentiment in him was principally shown in the kindness with which he received all his young countrymen who came recommended to his notice, and the zeal with which he exerted himself to procure them situations suited to their qualifications. Indeed, a disposition in general to favour the progress of deserving young persons was a prominent feature in his character. He loved to converse with them, and mingled valuable information with cheering encouragement.

Though externally of a vigorous frame of body, Dr. Currie had a predisposition to those complaints which usually shorten life; and in the year 1784, he had experienced a pulmonary attack of an alarming nature, from which he was extraordinarily recovered by the use of horse exercise, as related by himself, in his case inserted in the 2d volume of Dr. Darwin's Zoonomia. He was, however, seldom long free from threatenings of a return, and his health began visibly to decline in the early part of 1804. In the summer of that year he took a journey to Scotland, where, among other sources of gratification, he had that of witnessing the happy effects of his kindness on the family of Burns. His letters on this occasion were delightful displays of benevolence rejoicing in its work. He returned with some temporary amendment; but alarming symptoms soon returned, and in November he found it necessary to quit the climate and business of Liverpool. How severely his departure was felt by those who had been accustomed to commit their health, and that of their families, to his skill and tenderness, can only be estimated by those who have experienced a similar loss. He spent the winter alternately at Clifton and Bath; and, in the month of March, appeared to himself in a state of convalescence, which justified his taking a house in Bath, and commencing the practice of his profession. From the manner in which his career opened, there could be no doubt that it would have proved eminently successful; but the concluding scene was hastily approaching. As a last resource, he went, in August, to Sidmouth, where, after much suffering, which he bore with manly fortitude and pious resignation, he expired on August 31st, 1805, in the 50th year of his age. His disease was ascertained to be a great enlargement and flaccidity of the heart, accompanied with remarkable wasting of the left lung, but without ulceration, tubercle, or abcess.

For the Literary Magazine.

WHAT IS FAME?

THERE are few speculations more amusing, and, at the same time, in some degree, mortifying, than the different notions of the celebrity of individuals, entertained in different ages and countries. Biographical records are full of exam-

ples of local and temporary fame, which are lost in utter obscurity as soon as the place or period is changed; and an *illustrissimus* on one side of a mountain or river is often reduced to *nobody* on the other side. A paragraph in the "Diary of Linnæus," published by Dr. Maton, lately struck me as affording a remarkable instance of this partial estimate. It is a quotation from a certain Suhm, in *Hist. Lit. Actis Nidrosensibus inserta.* "Of those who have gained the praise of the learned world, six only are mentioned as *immortal*, the highest appellation that can be bestowed on philosophers: . *Galileo*, *Newton*, *Leibnitz*, *Boerhaave*, *Linne*, and *Gram.*" With the first five names no man of reading can be unacquainted; but who is *Gram?* I take it for granted that he is a German, but in what department he has acquired this extraordinary celebrity I cannot guess.

For the Literary Magazine.

SAPPHO VINDICATED.

THE first after Alcman, whose devotion to love particularly claims notice, is Sappho, the poetess of Mytilene. Her character has been the subject of so much controversy, that it may seem impossible to allege any new argument to rescue it from the abhorrence with which her supposed irregularities have loaded her name. Yet we may be better inclined to listen to what has been said in her vindication, when it is considered that some of the fables recorded of her are full of the most palpable absurdities and anachronisms. At least, when we are told by grave authors that Anacreon, Archilochus, and Hipponax were among her gallants, we may be disposed to hesitate in admitting every other story that has been circulated to her prejudice. The existence of another Sappho, a native of Eressus, of infamous character, may explain some of these inconsistencies; and we may, I should imagine, without being called discourteous, transfer to a prostitute who has been dead for 2500 years the calumnies which have been injuriously levelled against the fame of an exalted spirit that will live for ever.

With regard to her love for Phaon, it is not surprising that a woman of so ardent an imagination as our poetess should be hurried away, by the violence of passion, to a conduct generally reputed irregular and disgraceful; and, as she soared above her sex in the wonderful endowments of her mind, so perhaps it is hardly fair to judge her by the common standard of female propriety. On these grounds we may admit the probability and palliate the extravagance of this unfortunate attachment; but I think it impossible to allow, without unquestionable proofs, the utter depravity of a soul so noble.

The remonstrances which Sappho made to her brother Charaxus on a disgraceful and ruinous connection he had formed with an Egyptian courtezan, are strongly demonstrative of the strength of her affection for him, and of the purity of her own heart and understanding. It is customary with those who take an unnatural delight in blackening the human character, to dwell on acts of hypocrisy and duplicity, and to represent it as a common thing in men to conceal in themselves, by severely reprehending in others, the very vices to which they are conscious of being most addicted. But whatever we may read or hear of such men, they are, to the honour of our nature, very seldom to be met with in real life, especially among those whose minds have been enlarged by liberal pursuits, or whose hearts are expanded by the powers of their fancy, and the warmth of their imagination.—Sappho is all fire and enthusiasm: her whole soul is breathed out in every strain she sings. She calls

on Venus herself to administer wine to her associates, and thus addresses the heavenly cup-bearer:

Come, smiling Venus! hand around
The golden cup with nectar crown'd;
Present thy goblet from above
To all who have the soul to love:
Come, and the draught thy hands supply
Inspire with thy divinity.

Is it possible that such a woman was a hypocrite, or that, while she was reproving the vice and folly of a beloved brother, she was conscious herself of being the most dissolute and abandoned of her sex? No author earlier than the Augustan age alludes to those infamous stories which the writings of Ovid have circulated to her prejudice. Must the character of this divine poetess be loaded with every species of obloquy and reproach on so slight a foundation as the weak fancy of a profligate Roman?

On the same single authority has the person of Sappho been injuriously stigmatised. Let us see what a Grecian poet, Democharis, says of her picture, which may at least be sufficient to counterbalance the other:

Whoe'er he was whose art this picture plann'd
'Twas plastic Nature led his skilful hand.
The glittering moisture of the eye is seen,
As if the power of Fancy dwelt within;
The warm carnation of the features glows
With Nature's roses, shines with Nature's snows,
While the bright smiles and lips' nectareous dews
Tremble with love, and glisten with the muse.

Of the sublime ode preserved by Longinus, Ambrose Philips's beautiful translation will never be equalled by any future attempts. Yet it has been very justly observed, that that exquisite little poem fails in giving an adequate idea of the fire of the original. There is as much difference between them as between the soul of Sappho and that of a tender European lover. I will therefore venture to present a translation which appears to me more literal, retaining the four first lines of Philips, which it seems impossible to render more exactly.

"Blest as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile."
'Tis this has set my heart on fire,
And thrill'd my bosom with desire;
For when I see thy form arise,
All voice and sound that instant dies;
My trembling tongue has lost its pow'r;
Slow subtle fires my skin devour;
My sight is fled; around me swim
Low dizzy murmurs; every limb
Cold creeping dews o'erspread; I feel
A shivering tremor o'er me steal;
Paler than grass I grow; my breath
Pants in short gasps; I seem like death.

I will conclude these observations on the Mytilenian poetess with the following epigram:

Come, Lesbian maids, to Juno's royal dome,
With steps that hardly press the pavement, come;
Let your own Sappho lead the lovely choir,
And to the altar bear her golden lyre.
Then first in graceful order slow advance,
And weave the mazes of the holy dance,
While, plac'd on high, the heav'n-wrapt maid shall pour
Such strains that men shall wonder and adore.

It may not be amiss to introduce, after these specimens, one of a different species of composition, by way of variety. It is among the Pastorals of Bion.

Mild star of Eve, whose tranquil beams
Are grateful to the queen of love;
Sweet planet, whose effulgence gleams
More bright than all the pow'rs above,
And only to the moon's clear light
Yields the first honours of the night.

All hail, thou soft, thou holy star,
Fair glory of the midnight sky!
And when my steps are wand'ring far,
Leading the shepherd minstrelsy,
Then if the moon deny her ray,
Oh light me, Hesper, on my way!

No savage robber of the dark,
No foul assassin claims thy aid
To point his dagger to its mark,
Or guide him in his plund'ring trade.
My gentler errand is to prove
The transports of requitted love.

For the Literary Magazine.

ERINNE.

ERINNE, the fair contemporary of Sappho, has been usually called a Lesbian; but there are some who make the island of Teos, and others that of Telos, the place of her birth. Though her life was short, it was sufficiently extended to procure her an immortal fame. "The rose," says Achilles Tatius, in the Loves of Clitophon and Leucippe, "is therefore called the most beautiful of flowers, because it is most short-lived." He says also, "There are two kinds of beauty, the one pure and celestial, the other gross and earthly." The latter adheres to the body in which it resides, is fixed in the form of a face or of a bosom, in the regular arch of an eye-brow, the just symmetry of a nose, or the unfading coral of a lip. Its very essence consists in the features in which it dwells. There is no attempt at escaping, no struggling to aspire. Hence the body which it inhabits undisturbed, and almost unanimated, generally lasts on earth during the longest term that is allotted to man, and, when at last it dies, the beauty which once dwelt there perishes also, and is buried with it in the earth. This is gross, earthly beauty. The other owes its origin to Heaven, always aspires to the place of its birth, and is only shown to us in the world before it is called back again to its home. It can hardly bear to be united to a mortal form. It seems always anxious to break its prison, and mount into the skies. Hence the fire that enlightens the eyes, that seems trying to escape, and that darts its lustre upwards into heaven. Hence the "eloquent blood" that mounts into the face, that animates the countenance with colours perpetually varying and always lovely; hence the quick irregular pantings of the breast; and hence the glistening moisture of the lips and eyes, which look as if the soul were always on the wing to escape, and fluttering between the speech and the sight.

It is certain that some degree of melancholy always accompanies our admiration of premature genius or of extraordinary sensibility in early youth. The thread of life seems too finely drawn to last; and we generally anticipate the speedy loss of so much loveliness and sweetness. Such was the fate of the beautiful Erinne. A poetess from her cradle, in the short space of eighteen years she established a reputation which her admirers have not hesitated to place on a level with that of the great father of epic poetry. Yet during all this time she was apparently occupied only in those domestic concerns which in that age were the universal employments of the high-born as well as of the cottage maiden. She courted neither fame nor honour; but the muses themselves descended to her; they inspired her soul with raptures unknown to her laborious companions.

Scarce nineteen summer suns had shed
Youth's roses o'er the virgin's head,
While by a guardian-mother's side
Her customary tasks she plied;
Bade her rich silks the loom prepare,
Or watch'd the distaff's humble care:
Her modest worth the Muses knew,
Brought her rich talents forth to view;
With their own fires they fill'd her soul,
Bade her young eye in trasport roll,
And (ah! too soon from human eyes!)
Bore her, their handmaid, to the skies.

She died at the age of nineteen, unmarried, and left behind her not more than three hundred verses, on

which the highest praises are bestowed by her admirers. An ode to Fortitude, which bears her name, or, more properly, a fragment of that ode, is preserved; and we have two or three other poems of hers, which recommend themselves by an elegant and affecting simplicity, but yet more by the remarkable resemblance which they bear to the circumstances of her own death. The following is on one of her companions of the name of Baucis, which I have changed in my translation, as not being suitable to an English ear.

I mark the spot where Juliet's ashes lie.
Whoe'er thou art who passest silent by
This simple column, grac'd by many a tear,
Call the fierce monarch of the shades severe.
These mystic ornaments too plainly show
Th' unhappy fate of her who lies below.
With the same torch that Hymen gladly led
Th' expecting virgin to the nuptial bed,
Her widow'd husband lit the funeral pyre,
And saw the dreary flames of death aspire.
Thou too, oh Hymen, bad'st the jocund day
That hail'd thy festive season, die away,
Chang'd for the sigh of woe and groan of deep dismay.

She seems to have lingered round the spot endeared by the tomb of her beloved associate, and has described to us the very emblems that ornamented the sepulchre.

Say, thou cold marble, and thou weeping urn,
And sculptor'd Syrens that appear to mourn
And guard within my poor and senseless dust,
Consign'd by fond affection to your trust;
Say to the stranger, as he muses nigh,
That Juliet's ashes here lamented lie,
Of noble lineage; that Erinne's love
Thus mourns the partner of her joys above.

The Anthologia contains many epitaphs on this amiable poetess; that of Antipater Sidonius is worthy of our attention.

Few were thy notes, Erinne, short thy lay,
But thy short lay the muse herself has giv'n;
Thus never shall thy memory decay,
Nor night obscure that fame which lives in heav'n;

While we, th' unnumber'd bards of after-time,
Sink in the solitary grave unseen,
Unhonour'd reach Avernus' fabled clime,
And leave no record that we once have been.

Sweet are the graceful swan's melodious lays,
Though but a moment heard, and then they die;
But the long chattering of discordant jays
The winds of April scatter through the sky.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMORIAL OF THE MERCHANTS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

To the President of the United States, and the Senate and House of Representatives, &c. &c.

YOUR memorialists beg leave respectfully to approach the government of their country, on subjects of great importance, which have affected their minds with the deepest anxiety and alarm.

Confiding in the justice and friendly dispositions of the government of Great Britain, and entertaining a correspondent expectation that no unusual restrictions would be imposed on neutral commerce, without adequate motives and the most ample notice; presuming, especially, that commercial enterprises, commenced under the sanction of established principles, would on no account be affected by a change of

system; your memorialists have employed a vast capital in importing various colonial productions, the surplus of which, exceeding the demands of this country, they have been accustomed to export freely to the different markets of Europe.

After this commerce had been prosecuted without restriction, for several years, and had attracted a great proportion of their wealth; after their insurers had assumed immense responsibilities, grounded on an opinion that this trade was strictly regular; having never received the slightest intimation, that it could be deemed incompatible with the rights of a belligerent nation, they have been suddenly confounded, by unexpected intelligence of the arrestation, on the high seas, of a large portion of their property, which had been embarked with the most unsuspecting confidence.

The feelings of your memorialists are not only excited by the losses which they have actually sustained, in consequence of a measure unsusceptible of previous calculation, but also from the state of uncertainty in which they are placed with respect to future commercial operations.

Your memorialists have heretofore believed, that commerce between the United States and colonies subject to the enemies of Great Britain, when *bona fide* prosecuted on their own account, would be perfectly safe from interruption: they have also believed, that all articles, which might be securely *imported* into the United States, might be as securely *exported;* with the exception well understood, both in respect to the import and export trade, of commerce with places blockaded, or in articles contraband of war.

In a recent interpretation of what is considered by the tribunals of Great Britain as a *direct trade* between the colonies and the parent countries of their enemies, your memorialists perceive, with concern, the developement of a principle, which, if conceded on the part of the United States, must prove fatal to their commercial importance.

It is understood to have been decided, that whenever it appears to be the intention of the importer of colonial produce to export the same to Europe, or whenever it is so exported by the original importer, such intention or exportation shall be evidence of a *direct trade*, and subject the property, though neutral, to confiscation.

Your memorialists consider it their bounden duty to themselves and their country, to express their most decided opposition to this decision.

As to the evidence arising from the supposed intention of an importer, they readily admit, that the great quantities of colonial produce which are acquired by means of the American commerce, exceeding the demand for consumption in the United States, will fairly justify *a general presumption* that the surplus is ultimately destined for European markets. They assert, however, that the *intention* of a merchant, in respect to the *future destination of his property*, must, from the nature of things, be inconclusive. All plans of business, formed by individuals, are liable to be affected by circumstances, not to be foreseen or controlled. These plans are, therefore, necessarily revokeable by those who form them; and an *intention*, which has *not been executed*, proves nothing more than might justly be inferred from a general presumption, arising from the course of our commerce. To apply such an intention in a particular case, to the prejudice of an individual; to presume that he has voluntarily incurred an immense risk, which, consistently with the success of his main object, he might have fairly avoided, and to involve him in ruin for prosecuting a trade which, if undertaken with a different motive, would have been declared lawful; would be, in the opinion of your memorialists, to confound and reverse the best established principles of reason, equity, and law.

Your memorialists contend for no innovations on the law of nations;

and, except where special treaties have prescribed a different rule, they admit that they may lawfully be restrained from transporting the property of the parties engaged in war. In the recent decision, which prohibits an importer of colonial produce from exporting it to Europe, they, however, perceive with concern, either a nugatory and vexatious regulation, or a meditated blow at what they deem an incontestible and valuable right.

Heretofore there existed clear and obvious circumstances of discrimination between the *direct trade*, which Great Britain has assumed the right of denying to neutrals, and the indirect or *circuitous trade*, which she admits to be lawful. The direct trade could be performed by a single shipment or voyage; whereas the circuitous trade subjected the property to double freights and insurances, to deductions in favour of the revenue, and various other expences in this country.

If the arrival of a ship in the country to which it belongs, the landing of the cargo, the inspection of the custom-house, the payment or security of duties, do not terminate a voyage, then we confess our ignorance on a point which, never having been before questioned, has been assumed by us as an acknowledged truth. If the entry for exportation, the embarkation of merchandize, the reinspection of the custom-house, the bond for securing a delivery in a foreign country, and a public clearance, do not indicate the commencement of a new voyage, then we are yet to learn the meaning of the expression. If all the formalities and sanctions established for the security of our revenue; if operations of immense magnitude, transacted with the greatest publicity, and without any motive for concealment, are considered as unreal representations, and merely colourable and fraudulent contrivances to cover an illicit trade between the colonies and the parent countries of the enemies of Great Britain; then it becomes necessary, both in regard to our characters and interests, to enquire whether the new regulations establish a more definite criterion for the discovery of truth.

We repel with indignation the suggestion, that the trans-shipment of property for a foreign market, by the original importer, is evidence of fraud or chicane; or that, unsupported by other circumstances, it can justify a suspicion that it is other than neutral. In our opinion, any discrimination between the rights of an importing merchant and a vendee in the United States is manifestly fallacious, as it virtually asserts that the former can exercise only an imperfect dominion over property lawfully acquired, and possessed in this country, while, at the same time, he can convey to the latter a title to a privilege not enjoyed by himself: in short, that a trade is unlawful, when the advantage is to result to one person, but may be rendered lawful, by being participated with another.

If the new doctrine is executed in the mildest form, its operation must be highly injurious, by originating new questions for litigation, and, of course, subjecting all our commerce to new hazards of interruption. We presume not, however, to comprehend to what extent, or in what manner, the principle will be applied: we perceive that the ancient land-mark has been removed, but we seek in vain for a beacon to direct our course. If we enquire whether a *bona fide* sale and delivery of merchandize, by an importer, being a citizen, to another known citizen of the United States, for a valuable consideration, will, as in ordinary cases, be conclusive evidence of a transfer of property, and the answer is affirmative; then we complain that our ships have been detained, the rates of insurance enhanced, and our property confiscated, for the establishment of a rule, which, when once understood, will become nugatory, and cease to produce any commercial or political effect. If, on the other hand, this evidence is not to be deemed conclusive, we profess

ourselves to be utterly at a loss to discover what proofs of ownership and neutrality of property can, with safety, be relied on.

But these embarrassments, though perplexing and vexatious, are not those which principally occasion our solicitude. We are compelled to consider the late decisions of the British tribunals as preliminary steps towards a system for controlling the importations and exportations of colonial productions, and thereby annihilating the most lucrative branches of our foreign commerce.

If we owed this trade solely to the favour of Great Britain, still we might ask, what urgent motive, what imperious necessity, required that the favour should be rescinded, at a period when our commerce was spread over the ocean, and when a change so essential might destroy its security, and subject us to incalculable losses?

We deny, however, that the rights of commerce, as claimed by us, are to be deemed favours; on the contrary, if the law of nations is other than a temporary rule, prescribed by an arbitrary will, and enforced by power, then we appeal to its most universal and inviolable principle, in our defence. This principle is, *that the goods of a neutral, consisting of articles not contraband of war, in a neutral vessel, employed in a direct trade between neutral countries and ports of a belligerent country, not invested or blockaded, are protected.*

In the controversies which have existed at different times, for extending the privileges of neutral vessels, and limiting the grounds of capture, we take no part; we appeal to the old law. If neutral rights can be reduced within more confined limits than this law prescribes, we perceive not how, amidst the collisions of national interests, any neutral commerce can exist, even in our native productions.

If it be intimated, that neutrals should be confined to a commerce with such places, and in such articles only as were allowed in peace, by the municipal regulations of the countries engaged in war, the doctrine may be repelled by the notorious fact, that no such principle has governed the conduct of nations, during any wars in which they have been engaged; all were free to vary, and all, in fact, have varied, their commercial systems: whatever theoretical opinions may therefore have been advanced, there has existed no such practical rule, and to set up such a rule, under the unparalelled circumstances of the present war, must infallibly destroy the commerce of this country.

It is a well known fact, that the people of the United States export to foreign countries a greater proportion of the aggregate annual value of the products of their industry than any other people of the globe; they are consequently most deeply interested in the security and freedom of their trade: in short, being almost exclusively an agricultural and commercial people, those parts of our country which, from recent settlement, or from other circumstances, are wholly agricultural, are more immediately interested than any other, as they are in a greater degree dependent on foreign supplies, and consequently most liable to be affected by any vibrations of the commercial system.

As our manufactures do not flourish in proportion to the progress of our population, wealth, and luxury, the necessity of extending our commerce is constantly increasing.

The basis of all our trade is the aggregate value of our native productions, exceeding what are consumed in the United States: these are exported to various countries, from which we receive supplies for domestic use, or other articles for exportation. A very great proportion of all the results of our commerce with the world centre in the dominions of Great Britain, and we receive almost exclusively from that country our cloathing and other necessary manufactures.

By the events of the late and pre-

sent war, many countries with which we prosecuted an increasing trade, have been either diverted from manufacturing pursuits, or have been greatly impoverished, or conquered and subjected to the colonial system of Great Britain.

With these preliminary facts in view, we request permission to detail some of the most important consequences of the assumed rule, *that neutrals may be restrained, in time of war, to their accustomed trade in time of peace.* The injustice of such a rule, in relation to the United States, will be more manifest: the individuals employed in commerce would not alone be affected; all the internal relations of our country would be disturbed; the interests of those districts which are most remote from our principal ports would, in proportion to their dependence on foreign supplies, be most severely depressed.

The effects of war cannot be confined to the countries engaged in war. The value of money, the price of labour, the rates of freight and insurance, are by war enhanced throughout the world; all articles of merchandize, both of export and import, are variously affected, in their qualities and value, by new wants, by the relinquishment of former pursuits, and by the new direction which is thereby given to the industry of different nations. Other consequences result from the effects of war: as the impoverishment of some, and the aggrandizement of other countries; also from the acknowledged right of belligerent nations to interdict commerce in contraband articles, and to institute blockades. This last right is highly injurious to neutrals, as it frequently restrains them from proceeding to the best markets. It is obviously impossible, therefore, to confine the United States, in time of war, amidst all these changes and disadvantages, to their *accustomed trade in time of peace, without destroying all trade.*

If, in consequence of the war, certain articles usually exported from the United States, to countries from which we received necessary supplies, cease to be demanded in those countries, may we not export other articles, and thereby obtain the supplies we need?

If articles, usually imported into the United States in time of peace, cease to be demanded by us in time of war, in consequence of our ability to obtain substitutes which we prefer, shall we be required to renounce our export trade, by being forbid to import other articles for consumption or for commerce? or shall we be compelled to receive in exchange articles which we do not require?

If, in consequence of an increased demand for our exports to particular countries, we obtain, in exchange, articles of commerce exceeding our domestic wants, shall it be required that the surplus perish on our hands?

If Great Britain permits commerce between her subjects and the colonies of her enemies, may we not, with the consent of those colonies, participate in the same commerce?

If our commerce with the enemies of Great Britain may now be confined to the system established in time of peace, may we not apprehend that the principle will be retaliated, in respect to our commerce with the colonies of Great Britain? In that case, what can ensue but war, pillage, and devastation?

These are not imaginary suppositions; they illustrate the most important principles of our commerce; they evince the necessity of a circuitous trade, to enable us to realize the great value of exports in our native productions, by which alone we acquire the power to liquidate the balance against us, in our commerce with Great Britain: they demonstrate that the position against which we contend is not a rule of the law of nations: the law of nations ordains no rule which is unequal and unjust.

But still we have other and more forcible objections: the concession which is required would deprive us of many advantages, connected with

our local situation, our enterprize, our wealth, and our fortune; it would require us to divert much of our capital and industry to new employments; it would amount to an abandonment of views, as a commercial people, and might involve us in dangerous controversies, by virtual admission, that any essential articles of supply may, at the pleasure of a belligerent nation, be placed in a state of inhibition, equivalent to being declared contraband of war.

Hitherto we have regarded it as a peculiar felicity incident to our neutral situation, that it was equally beneficial to ourselves, and to all the parties with whom we are connected; the articles exported by us to the enemies of Great Britain, being convenient supplies, promised to secure to our ships in their ports a welcome reception and hospitable treatment. As the direct returns for these exports were inconsiderable, and as the products were almost exclusively remitted to Great Britain, and thereby applied in payment for manufactures purchased on our account, we considered ourselves sure of receiving from them, at least, that degree of protection which was recommended by a regard to mutual interests.

It is, however, with much surprise that we have recently discovered, that the very circumstances upon which our hopes of security were reposed, have been urged as arguments to justify an invasion of our rights, and that, having totally suppressed the external commerce of her enemies, Great Britain is now counselled to appropriate to herself that of her friends. If it be true that, as exporters of certain articles to the ultimate markets, our interests are in collision with hers; yet it ought to be recollected, that it is a particular and minor interest only which suffers, and that the disadvantage is a necessary consequence of her colonial system; that the general results of our commerce are greatly in her favour; that they invigorate her manufacturing interests, which are the great basis of her wealth; and that these interests can never be promoted by the impoverishment of her best customers. Surely the security of neutral rights ought not to diminish as their value is augmented; surely a maritime preponderancy, which enables its possessor to blockade any of the ports of its enemies, conveys no just title to a monopoly of the commerce of the world!

In the list of our complaints we cannot forbear to enumerate the humiliating and oppressive conduct of ships of war, in the vicinity of our coasts and harbours. We respect the principle, and emulate the conduct of Great Britain, in regard to her own jurisdiction, and we wish merely to claim for ourselves the same measure of justice which she exacts from others.

But while we contend that we ought not to be exposed to humiliating inquisitions in the verge of our port, which, by means of secret connections with our city, may be rendered conducive to the indulgence of partiality, favour, or malice, we disavow every wish to divest the belligerent nations of their rights. If, in particular instances, the American flag, and the character of an American merchant, have been prostituted to unworthy purposes, we declare the individuals thus guilty to be our enemies, and we wish not to screen them from the just consequences of their misconduct. We also assert, that a comprehensive view of our commerce affords conclusive evidence, that the proportion which can possibly belong to the enemies of Great Britain is an object unworthy the attention of a great power, especially if, in a rigorous pursuit of its strict rights, it incurs the hazard of forfeiting the esteem of its friends.

If, therefore, the mode in which the American commerce is prosecuted is allowed by the law of nations; if irrefragable evidence arises from our situation, wants, and necessary connections with the rest of the world, that it is almost exclu-

sively grounded on American capital; if the suggestions that we are the mere agents of foreigners are ungenerous insults, contrived as apologies for injuries; if frauds in relation to foreign trusts are not more frequent in this country than in Great Britain; and if no government is able wholly to prevent them; then our conclusion in the present, as in all other cases, ought to be deduced from general facts, and not from particular exceptions. This conclusion is, that the American commerce is one of the great links which connect those interests of civilized nations, which wars ought not to disturb; that to break this link will be to destroy all commerce; and, therefore, that a serious misunderstanding with Great Britain would prove fatal to the most important interests of both countries.

This view of the subject, while it excites our anxiety, furnishes also a resource for our hopes. We wish only for justice; and believing that a commercial nation, which disregards justice, thereby undermines the citadel of her power, we rely on the effect of mutual interests and wishes in promoting a cordial explanation and fair adjustment of every cause of misunderstanding: in particular, we rely on the government of our country, that our rights will not be abandoned, and that no argument in favour of a usurpation will ever be derived from our acquiescence.

If our personal interests and local attachments have not greatly misdirected our opinions, the defenceless situation of the port of New York ought to excite the anxious solicitude of every friend of his country. Our river is the only commercial avenue to a fertile and populous country, which is rapidly rising into importance. It is here that one third of the revenue of the union is collected; and this proportion is understood to be relatively increasing. But while we are grateful for these distinguished advantages of nature, our satisfaction is diminished by reflecting on their insecurity; for in proportion as the resources of the country accumulate to this point, is the hazard, that they may present a temptation to rapacity, and become the prize of violence. Without recurring to the experience of past times for proofs that no nation can long maintain an extensive commerce, without well defended sea ports, and an efficient military marine, we are admonished by the new and portentous aspect of Europe, and the alarming prevalence of piracy in the West Indies, that energetic measures of defence have become indispensably necessary.

We presume not to express any opinion respecting the degree of force, of which the permanent navy ought to consist; and being sensible that delays must attend the construction of suitable defences for our port, we shall rest satisfied when we perceive that these measures are commenced, in a manner and upon a scale which will assure to us an efficient completion.

Such, however, is the present organized force of the United States, that we should consider it inconsistent with the honour, interests, or security of our country, to parley with the pirates of the West Indies, whose conduct being inconsistent with any known rules of lawful warfare, cannot have been authorized by any civilized nation towards another nation, in a state of peace. Our vessels, while pursuing a lawful trade, have been piratically seized, their cargoes have been forcibly taken away and distributed, without even the form of a trial; the vessels in many instances sunk and destroyed, and the crews stripped of all their property: all these outrages have been exercised upon innocent and defenceless men, aggravated by unprecedented circumstances of insult, oppression, and barbarity. Some of these violences have been committed on vessels which were captured within sight of our harbours; and the great scene of these unparalleled enormities is the island of Cuba, which commands

the only avenue by which we preserve a commercial connection with our brethren of the western states: a connection which we cherish with ardour, as a source of mutual advantage, and a bond of permanent union.

But it is not on account of our pecuniary losses alone that we complain. The constancy and valour of the seamen of the United States are justly themes of patriotic exultation. From their connection with us, we consider their cause as our cause, their rights as our rights, and their interests as our interests; our feelings are indignant at the recital of their wrongs; and we request, in addition to the protection of a naval force, that, at least in the American seas, our brave countrymen may be permitted to display their energy in their own defence.

Your memorialists conclude with remarking, that they deem the present situation of public affairs to be peculiarly critical and perilous, and such as requires all the prudence, the wisdom, and energy of government, supported by the co-operation of all good citizens. By mutual exertions, under the benign influence of Providence upon this hitherto favoured nation, we hope the clouds that threaten to obscure its prosperity may be dispelled; and we pledge our united support in favour of all measures adopted to vindicate and secure the just rights of our country.

Signed by the unanimous order, and on behalf of a general meeting of the merchants of the city of New York, convened on the 26th December, 1805.

JOHN BROOME,
Chairman.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMORIAL OF THE CORPORATION OF NEW YORK TO CONGRESS, ON THE SUBJECT OF DEFENCE.

The Memorial of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of New York, most respectfully representeth:

THAT the peculiarly defenceless situation of this city has for a long time occasioned great anxiety among its inhabitants, and that the present critical posture of national affairs has greatly increased this solicitude.

It is well known that we can be approached by hostile vessels in two ways: that frigates of force can proceed through the Sound, totally uninterrupted by any fortifications; that ships of the line can, by way of Sandy Hook, with a favourable wind, arrive here in a few hours from the ocean, and that there is nothing to oppose their progress but a few works on Governor's and Ellis's islands, which are totally inadequate to repel the attacks or prevent the advances of an enemy.

It is equally well known, that this city, in relation to the internal and external commerce and the revenues of the country, is very important to the union; and that it is in a situation the most defenceless of any, must be universally acknowledged.

At the beginning of the revolutionary war, this place was among the first attacked by the enemy; and it is highly probable that, on the commencement of hostilities with a maritime power, the first blow will be aimed at it. Invited by its proximity to the ocean, by its unprotected situation, by its extensive commerce and great wealth, and by the distressing consequences which would result to the revenues and general prosperity of the country, an enemy would have every inducement to make it the earliest and principal object of attack.

Without intending to draw invidious comparisons between this and the other commercial cities of the union, and without presuming to question, in the remotest degree, the sincere disposition of congress to extend the protecting arm of the national government to us, in common with the other citizens of the United States, we have been emboldened by our confidence in your

honourable body, and have been induced by the threatening aspect of our foreign relations, and by our regard for the welfare of this city and its inhabitants, to appeal, in the most earnest manner, to the constitutional guardians of the common defence and general welfare, and most respectfully to pray, that prompt and efficient measures may be taken for putting this city and port in an adequate state of defence.

DE WITT CLINTON,
Mayor.

For the Literary Magazine.

WHO IS THE BEST WRITER?

EVERY superior writer addicts himself to some peculiar manner. Long loved, long pursued, and, at length, obtained, this enamoured object of his passion excludes, by its constancy, every deviation from the established excellence; to dissimilar beauty he often becomes insensible, and he bestows comparative merit on any performance, from its proximity to, or distance from, his favourite manner. Without imputing to them degrading passions, we may thus account for the opposite and erroneous opinions of great men, on their different labours. It is not probable that Milton envied the genius of Dryden, when he contemptuously called him a rhymer; but it is more evident, that Milton's notions of poetry were not congenial to the manner of Dryden. The witty Cowley despised the natural Chaucer; the classical Boileau the rough sublimity of Crebillon; the forcible Corneille the tender Racine; the refined Marivaux the familiar Moliere; the artificial Gray the simple Shenstone; and the plain and unadorned Montaigne the rich and eloquent Cicero. Each, enslaved to his peculiar manner, was incapable of conceiving the diversities of beauty, but attached himself to one single and darling portion.

Whenever an uncommon species of composition appears, which displays a new mode of excellence, and places a new model in the school of taste, the slowest and the last to chaunt their pæans to him will be writers themselves. To envy this cannot always be imputed, but is generally derived from a want of the proper taste for that manner, which taste can only be gradually formed. One reason, perhaps, why writers sometimes are inimical to a foreign excellence, may be attributed to the jealousy of trade, because every new manner is a kind of hostility against those already established. But some men are not always influenced by this prejudice, and yet are equally inimical to the new production.

There are two poets, who, it cannot be denied, have created an original manner, and, at their first appearance in public, met a similar fate among critics. When Gray's Odes were published, they delighted two men of poetical taste, Warburton and Garrick, while they were ridiculed by two men of poetical genius, Colman and Lloyd. At a still later period, Churchill animadverted with severity on the poetry of Gray; and Goldsmith and Johnson were as inimical to that manner as Churchill himself, though by no means admirers of the genius of Churchill. That manner has now become fixed, and is justly valued by men of taste. In neither of these instances can the critics be justly censured; but it may confirm the judicious observation of Johnson, that, after all the refinements of criticism, the final decision must be left to common readers, unperverted by literary prejudices.

The same error frequently induces men, when they contrast their labours with others, to consider themselves as superior, and of course to be stigmatized with the most unreasonable vanity. Goldsmith, for example, might have contrasted his powers with those of Johnson, and, without any perversion of intellect, or inflation of vanity, might consider himself as not

inferior to his more celebrated and learned rival.

Goldsmith might have preferred the felicity of his own genius, which, like a native stream, flowed from a natural source, to the elaborate powers of Johnson, which, in some respect, may be compared to those artificial waters which throw their sparkling currents in the air, to fall into marble basons. He might have considered that he had embellished philosophy with poetical elegance, and have preferred the paintings of his descriptions to the terse versification and the pointed sentences of Johnson. He might have been more pleased with the faithful representations of English manners in his Vicar of Wakefield, than with the borrowed grandeur and the exotic fancy of the oriental Rasselas. He might have believed, what many excellent critics have believed, that in this age comedy requires more genius than tragedy, and, with his audience, he might have infinitely more esteemed his own original humour, than Johnson's rhetorical declamation. He might have thought that with inferior literature he displayed superior genius, and, with less profundity, more gaiety. He might have considered that the facility and vivacity of his pleasing compositions were preferable to that art, that habitual pomp, and that ostentatious eloquence which prevail in the operose labours of Johnson. No one might be more sensible than himself that he, according to the happy expression of Johnson, when his rival was in the grave, "tetigit et ornavit." Goldsmith, therefore, without any singular vanity, might have concluded, from his own reasonings, that he was not an inferior writer to Johnson; all this not having been considered, he has come down to posterity as the vainest and the most jealous of writers; he whose dispositions were the most inoffensive, whose benevolence was the most extensive, and whose amiableness of heart has been concealed by its artlessness, and passed over in the sarcasms and sneers of a more eloquent rival, and his submissive partisans. This character of Goldsmith may explain that species of critical comparison, which one great writer makes of his manner with that of a rival.

We can hardly censure men for this attachment to their favourite excellence. Who but an artist (I use the word in a large and conspicuous sense, in which the votaries of the pen, pencil, and chisel are included) can value the ceaseless inquietudes of arduous perfection; can trace the remote possibilities combined in a close union; the happy arrangement and the striking variation? He not only is affected by the performance like the man of taste, but is influenced by a peculiar sensation, for, while he contemplates the apparent beauties, he often traces in his own mind those invisible corrections, by which the final beauty was accomplished; it is the practical hand alone that is versed in, and the eye of genius alone that can discriminate many daring felicities, many concealments of art, and many difficulties overcome. Hence, it is observed, that artists do not always prefer those effects which influence an unprejudiced and uncorrupted taste; but rather those refinements which form the secret exultation of art; and the minuter excellences which consist in the mechanical, as a certain critic terms it, are often preferred to those more elevated ones which arise from the ideal. It is this indulgence for refinement which at length terminates in the corruption of art.

But a disposition for selecting one branch of art in preference to another, is perhaps the only road to its summit. We must not, therefore, calumniate artists if they neglect the various schools of beauty. It is not difficult for a man of taste, whose hand reposes while his head ever thinks; whose creative powers are at rest, but whose perceptive faculties are habitually exerted; and who, in the tranquillity of his closet, has only to gaze at pictures, but not to blend colours, and

to meditate on poems, but not to compose verses; it is not difficult for this elegant idler to form the most various views of beauty in art; to trace with the same lively gratification its diversities, and to feel no displeasure from the most incongruous manners. Such a one may be supposed to hover with ecstasy round the ideal of a Raphael, and a Pope, or to mix with the grotesque caricatures of a Hogarth or a Butler. This versatility of taste is generally denied to the man of genius; and while men of taste are often unanimous in their opinions, we shall frequently observe that the greatest artists give the most discordant decisions. Johnson said that his notions on manuscripts proved generally erroneous; and this circumstance has happened to many eminent writers.

It would therefore seem that the most unfit person to decide on a performance is an artist himself; and that the genuine merits of a work are candidly adjusted and correctly estimated by men of taste, and rarely by men of genius; and this opinion I hold, though with much diffidence, in opposition to one who was both artist and critic. Dr. Burney, in his Life of Metastasio, says, "It is possible for a man of learning, study, and natural acumen, to be a good critic on the works of others, without genius for producing original works themselves, similar to those which they were able to censure: as was the case with Longinus, Bentley, Bossu, and others; yet still, *cæteris paribus*, the opinion of practical poets and practical artists of every kind will have more weight in the scale of criticism than those of mere theorists."

P.

For the Literary Magazine.

REMARKS ON STYLE.

THE history of English style, since the birth of its first elegance, may, perhaps, be traced in the following concise manner.

When national literature has attained a certain point, there arises a simple elegance of style, which, in its further progress, displays richer ornaments, and often becomes refined to a vicious excess. It may be traced through four stages or schools.

The first writers who attempt elegance, and polish the asperities of language, excel in natural sweetness and amiable simplicity. But the style is not yet disciplined, for it still retains many colloquial terms, and many negligent expressions, which either were not such in the writer's day, or his ear, not yet accustomed to uniform elegance, received no pain from familiar and unstudied expressions. In time, these defects became visible; yet, as these writers are placed among the first classics of their nation, they are regarded with veneration, and often pointed out as models to young writers. Among such authors we may place Tillotson, Swift, and Addison.

The second school introduces a more diffuse and verbose manner: these writers solicit the ear by a numerous prose, and expand their ideas on a glittering surface. As elegance can only be obtained by diffusion, its concomitant is feebleness, and an elegant writer enervates his sentiments. Beauty is inconsistent with force. Elevated emotions these writers rarely awaken, but a graceful manner in composition is their peculiar charm. Their genius may be supposed to be somewhat impaired by the excursions of their predecessors, and they attempt to supply, by the charms of amenity, and a copious diffusion of beautiful expression, the demand for novelty, as well as that taste for elegance of diction, which the public now possess. Among these pleasing writers may be ranked sir William Temple, Usher, Melmoth, and many others.

Satiated with nerveless beauty and protracted periods, a third

school appears, the votaries of artificial embellishment and elaborate diction; at once magisterially pompous and familiarly pointed; concise and swelling; sparkling and solid; massy and light. Sometimes they condense ideas, by throwing into one vast thought several intermediate ones; sometimes their rotundity of period is so arranged, that the mind, with the ear, seems to rise on a regular acclivity. The glare of art betrays itself; while sometimes the thoughts are more subtile than substantial, more airy than penetrating; the expressions new, and the ideas old. This school abounds with mannerists; such are Johnson, Hawkesworth, Robertson, and Gibbon.

When this taste for ornamented prose prevails, a fourth school arises, composed of a humbler race; a generation of imitators. As it is less difficult to collect words than to create ideas, this race becomes versed in all the mysteries of diction; trivial thoughts are ridiculously invested by magnificent expressions; and they consider that blending the most glaring colours, without harmony or design, is an evidence of higher art. They colour like the distracted painter in Bedlam, who delighted in landscapes of golden earths and vermilion skies. They tell us that their colours are vivid, and we only perceive that they are bestowed upon chimeras. These fantastic novelties flourish in the warmth of a fashionable circle, but once placed in the open air, are killed by the popular gale. Writers of this class are not to be mentioned, as they are all dead *authors*, though, as men, they may still live.

Every period of literature has its peculiar style, derived from some author of reputation; and the history of a language, as an object of taste, might be traced, as has been attempted by Godwin, through a collection of ample quotations, from the most celebrated authors of each period. We should as rarely find an original style as an original genius, and we should be enabled to perceive the almost insensible variations which at length produce an original style.

Those who have long been attached to the first school of natural elegance, with all its imperfections, abhor the ostentatious opulence of the third, and are more inclined to favour the second. Thus Cicero complains that he was reproached by his contemporaries for too florid a style; yet afterwards, in Quintilian's time, the style of Cicero is censured for dryness and deficiency of ornament. Such is the usual progress of style in every literary nation; and if we insert the name of Addison instead of Cicero, and Johnson instead of Quintilian, it becomes our own.

The third school is, however, the most popular, for the public has greater refinement than in the preceding periods.

Some distinguish between taste and refinement; this distinction is not very obvious. Refinement is only a superior taste, according to those who are fond of embellished diction; but it is considered as a vicious taste, by the advocates for simplicity of language. They differ in their acceptation of the term, and the former therefore smile, when the latter censure refinement of diction.

Refinement in style is of no remote date. The prose of Pope is nearly as refined as his verse; and this taste he appears to have borrowed from some of the French writers, particularly from Fontenelle, whose reputation was then very high, and who has carried the *bel esprit* to its finest excess. By the *bel esprit* is meant a manner of writing which displays unexpected turns of thought; the art of half concealing a sentiment, that the reader may have the pleasure of guessing it; brilliant allusions, epigrammatic points, and delicate strokes: a mode of writing as dangerous as pleasing, yet adapted to concise compositions. No prosaic writer, in Pope's day, approached

his refinement; the best writers then, and for some time after, are blemished with colloquial barbarisms and feeble expressions. Steele, Tillotson, and others, have written with a slovenly carelessness; Addison and Dryden delight by an agreeableness of manner. When Addison describes the powers of beauty, his suavity, grace, and mellifluence give new conceptions of our language; and Dryden has mellow richness, enchanting negligence, and facility of thought. They alike threw into their style a gaiety of fancy, which is equivalent to all the charms of refined expression, and yet are they by no means free from impurities of style. To Johnson may be attributed the establishment of our present refinement; and it is with truth he observes of his Rambler, "that he had laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations, and that he has added to the elegance of its construction, and to the harmony of its cadence." This refinement in style Johnson appears partly to have borrowed from the most elegant French writers, whose beauties he has sometimes transposed and frequently imitated, as Gibbon and Hume have more evidently done. All the refinements of style exist among that refining people, and the Lectures of Blair are often judicious repetitions of what may be found in their critics, or happy examples which are drawn from their writers.

Refinement in style, with many, includes in the very term a censurable quality in composition. But this criticism is unjust. Refinement may indeed be vicious, as simplicity may be; refinement is not less offensive to a reader of taste, when it rises into affectation, than simplicity sinking into insipidity. But we must not confound refinement of style with its puerile excess, nor is it just to censure refinement because it differs from simplicity.

Amidst these complications of taste some argue in favour of a natural style, and reiterate the opinion of many great critics, that proper ideas will be accompanied by proper words. But this observation, though supported by the first authorities, is not perhaps sufficiently clear. Writers may think justly and write offensively; and a pleasing style may accompany a vacuity of thought. Does not this evident fact prove that style and thinking have not that inseparable connection which many great writers have pronounced? Milton perhaps imagined that his beautiful thoughts were naturally allied to beautiful expression when he says,

> Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
> Harmonious numbers.

But are there not beautiful conceptions which may not voluntary move beautiful expressions? Writing is justly called an art; and experience confirms what Rousseau says, that it is not an art easily acquired. Thinking may be the foundation of style; but it is not the superstructure; it is not the ornaments. The art of presenting our thoughts to others is often a work of some time and labour; and the delicate task of correction, reserved only for writers of fine taste, proves that there are several modes of clothing ideas; vulgar readers are only susceptible of rough and palpable strokes; but there are many shades of sentiment, which to seize on and to paint is the pride and the labour of a fine writer.

In the third school we observe a race of writers who may be called mannerists in style. Such writers, however great their powers, rather excite the admiration than the affection of a man of taste; because their habitual art dissipates that illusion of sincerity which we love to believe is the impulse which places the pen in the hand of an author. Two eminent literary mannerists are Cicero and Johnson. We know these great men considered their eloquence as a deceptive art; of any subject it had been indifferent

to them which side to adopt; and, in reading their elaborate works, our ear is more frequently gratified by the ambitious magnificence of their diction, than our heart penetrated by the pathetic enthusiasm of their sentiments.

The sophistry of Johnson in conversation appears to have been his favourite amusement; but Cicero is more censurable, since, in the most solemn acts of life, and before the tribunal of justice, he confesses to have protected and saved the life of many a criminal by the power of his eloquence. This, indeed, will be considered as no crime in modern courts, where, without his eloquence, they share his guilt. Plutarch gives one anecdote relative to the orator's exultation. He said to Munatius, "Dost thou think thou wast acquitted for thy own sake, and not because I threw a veil over thy manifest crimes, so that the court could not perceive thy guilt?"

Writers who are not mannerists, but who seize the appropriate tone of their subject, appear to feel a conviction of what they attempt to persuade their reader. It is impossible to imitate with uniform felicity the noble simplicity of a pathetic writer; while the peculiarities of a mannerist are so far from being difficult, that they are displayed with nice exactness by middling writers, who, though their own natural manner had nothing interesting, have attracted notice by such imitations. We may apply to some monotonous mannerists these verses of Boileau:

Voulez vous du public meriter les amours?
Sans cesse en ecrivant varier vos discours.
On lit peu ces auteurs nés pour nous ennuier,
Qui toujours sur un ton semblent psalmodier.

Would you the public's envied favours gain?
Ceaseless in writing, variegate the strain;
The heavy author who the fancy calms,
Seems in one tone to chaunt his nasal psalms.

It may perhaps surprise some, that, among the literary refinements of the present age, may be counted above forty different styles, as appears by a rhetorical dictionary. The facility of acquiring a style produces our numerous authors; and hence we abound with writers, but have few thinkers. A style deficient in thought cannot form a perfect composition; for we may compare style to the mechanic or executive part of painting, while thinking is the fine ideal or inventive. And this distinction, if just, will settle a question long agitated, whether there is any distinction between style and thought. Raphael, who excelled in the ideal, was not so perfect in some part of the mechanic as Titian; and we might venture to say, that Johnson, who excelled in the mechanic, did not equal the ideal of Addison.

Webb, an advocate for simplicity, has two lines on the style of Hooker, the last of which has great felicity of conception:

Thy language is chaste, without aims or pretence;
'Tis a sweetness of breath from a soundness of sense.

He censures refinement as a studied advantage in the manner, without an adequate motive in the thought. Allison considers every composition as defective, in which the expression of the art is more striking than the expression of the subject, or in which the beauty of design prevails over the beauty of character or expression. A judicious critic would not have the style withdraw the attention from the thought.

I mean not to oppose the warm admirers of simplicity. A beautiful simplicity itself is a species of refinement; and no writer more solicitously corrected his works than Hume, who excels in this mode of composition. But is it not an evident error in men of taste to form a passion for any peculiar style, since all the intermediate species of diction between simplicity and refine-

ment are equally beautiful when they are suitable to the subject? We often enquire if an author's style is beautiful or sublime; we should rather desire to know whether it is proper. These varieties of diction, which the advocates for simplicity consider as so many aberrations from rectitude of thinking, form, on the contrary, the very existence of just thought. Simplicity, however pure, can never cause the strong emotions of an ornamented diction; an ornamented diction can never give the rapid and lively graces of gaiety; nor can a rapid style embellish flowery and brilliant conceptions. Every style is excellent if it be proper, and that style is most proper which can best convey the intentions of the author to his reader.

There appears, in every style, a certain point, beyond which, or which not attained, it is defective. The simplicity of the first school degenerates into frigidity and vapidness; the beauty of the second protracts into languor and tediousness; and the grandeur of the third swells into turgidity and vacuity. But though this point may be difficult to describe, a fine *tact* long practised instantaneously discovers it. We soon decide on the style of an author, but not on his thoughts; and we often find that the one may be excellent, while the other has nothing uncommon.

Hume, who has all the refinement of simplicity, highly approves of Addison's definition of fine writing, who says, that it consists of sentiments which are natural, without being obvious. This is surely no definition of fine writing, but of fine thinking. The elegant author has omitted the magical graces of diction; the modulation of harmonious cadences; the art of expressing, with delicacy, delicate ideas, and painting sublime conceptions in the magnificence of language. Shenstone has hit upon the truth, for fine writing he defines to be generally the effect of spontaneous thoughts and a laboured style. Addison was not insensible to these charms, and he felt the seductive art of Cicero when he said, that "there is as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in Cicero's language, and that of a common author, as in seeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the sun." This is not less true than finely expressed; and what shows style to be independent of thinking is, that even common thoughts are found to give pleasure, when adorned by expression.

I must therefore dissent from the admired definition of Addison, because it does not define its object. In this age of taste, or refinement if you please, a composition which should consist of natural, yet not obvious, sentiments, would fail to attract, if unadorned by the felicities of diction. Simplicity may be too obvious, and refinement too obtrusive; whatever is obvious disgusts, whatever is obtrusive offends. We may apply to style in general the beautiful description which Milton gives of Eve presenting herself to Adam,

Not OBVIOUS, not OBTRUSIVE she.

It appears that the advocates for simplicity of style are not sufficiently sensible to the varieties of diction. What would they think if we should venture to say, that style may have a marvellous influence over the human mind? Longinus makes a musical arrangement of words a part of the sublime; and he adds, that many have acquired the reputation of fine writers, whose chief merit consisted in the charm of their periods. This observation every man of taste knows to be just. We have writers who, without exhibiting much vigour of conception, or energy of genius, delight by a magical delicacy. Such a writer is Melmoth, whose style, in Fitzosborne's Letters, has peculiar suavity and amenity, without either depth of thinking or vigour of expression;

and their merits were, therefore, entirely lost on the athletic powers, and the artificial taste for style, of Johnson, who spoke with contempt of those beautiful compositions. An eloquent style has a pathetic influence on the mind. Men of taste, who are unbiassed by any particular style, can alone be sensible to its finest strokes, and are often in raptures when others are insensible. The practised eye in painting sees pictures the uninitiated can never behold. An ancient artist, contemplating the famous Helen of Zeuxis, felt all the enthusiasm of extreme sensibility; when another wondered at his raptures he said, "Could you take my eyes, you would be as much delighted."

After all, it is style alone by which posterity will judge of a great work, for an author can have nothing truly his own but his style; facts, scientific discoveries, and every kind of information, may be seized by all, but an author's diction cannot be taken from him. Hence, very learned writers have been neglected, while their learning has not been lost to the world, by having been given by finer writers. It is, therefore, the duty of an author to learn to write as well as to learn to think; and this art can alone be obtained by familiarising himself to those felicitous expressions which paint and embellish his sensations, which give a tone congruous to the subject, and which invest our thoughts with all the illusion, the beauty, and motion of lively perception or pathetic eloquence.

Q.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. VII.

January 1st, 1806.

THE new year has just commenced; I am awake at the very moment when the end of the last and the beginning of this unite; I hear the loud noise of guns fired in celebrating the beginning of this important period. To many, this seems to be a joyful occasion. Can they be glad that another year of their lives is gone? Do they rejoice that the "life's fitful fever" approaches nearer to its termination? or are they happy that one more year of enjoyment has passed, and another is probably begun? Perhaps they delight in the prospect of another year, which hope promises to produce more enjoyment than the preceding; perhaps they are joyful and grateful for having successfully combated all the difficulties which marked its progress; perhaps they celebrate it from the antiquity of the custom; and, perhaps, from all these motives combined. The most ancient nations, of whom history has preserved any traces, seem to have celebrated the return of certain fixed periods. It is, perhaps, useless to enquire into the origin of this custom; yet we know it is still followed by those who value ancient customs more than the dictates of good sense. It is easy to account for the celebration of the return of certain periods. There are some which bring to the mind some pleasing remembrance; the birth of a son, the day of marriage, the salvation of a state, a great victory over its enemies, a providential deliverance from calamity, or its emancipation from bondage. Thus the Swiss preserve the remembrance of many eventful portions of their history, and thus we recal that day to recollection which gave us birth as an independent people. In cases like these, the adherence to an ancient custom is subservient to useful purposes; but whether there is a good reason, and a natural one, for celebrating the beginning of a year, or not, I am unable to say, and too indolent to enquire.

I hear the bells, in joyful jingle, welcoming that stranger, whose life has just commenced, and whose end is fixed in the records of that bald, winged, imaginary being, whose

slow, but steady flight, mortals disregard till it is nearly ended.

But to what thinking being does not this returning æra bring reflections of a serious nature? reflections which, for a time, cannot fail to produce a most salutary effect: for my own part, I feel disposed to indulge a train of serious and solemn thoughts on this occasion; I feel the most lively emotion of gratitude for the ills I have escaped, for the benefits I have received, and the experience I have gained during that period whose end I have just witnessed; and, while I congratulate myself, I cannot help remembering my country; I compare its situation with that of others; I see it still enjoying the blessings of peace and liberty, while these are suffering all the horrors and all the miseries of war, and groaning beneath the iron yoke of oppression: I compare my native land to a person standing on the margin of the storm-vexed ocean, who sees the mariner's vessel beaten by the restless billows, and driven along at the mercy of the blast, while he views the scene with pity for the woes of others, and gratitude for his own security.

But when reflection recals the remembrance of the many errors I have committed, which cannot now be repaired; the prodigal waste I have made of those moments which can never return; the resolutions I have made at every beginning of this important portion of the little life of man; when I propose to amend my life and conduct, &c.; while wishing to be able to put in execution every virtuous resolve; memory holds up to view the vows I made at the commencement of the last year; tells me they have been slighted, neglected, forgotten: I feel mortified at the imbecility of human nature, and the vanity of human resolutions.

When I remember that the year which is just gone is numbered with those which have previously occupied the immeasurable abyss of eternity; that at its beginning it appeared so long, its end so very remote, and is now already passed away; that another considerable portion of my life is elapsed, and I proportionably nearer to that period when I shall cease to be; how unprepared I am for that awful change; can I be altogether joyous on the occasion? does there not appear to be more cause for humility than exultation, for gravity than rejoicing, and for self-examination than carelessness and levity.

But it will be said, I am indulging egotism; true: nevertheless, while describing the effect which certain agents produce by their action on my mind, I likewise describe their effects on those of many others; not that all minds are alike, but, I think I can venture to say, they resemble each other as much as faces; and while among millions we can scarcely find two exactly alike, yet we find ourselves at a loss to describe the difference. The reason why all do not reflect in the same serious manner on occasions like the present, is not because they have not the power of reflection, but because they do not exercise it. A thousand causes may contribute to banish thought, or lead it to dwell on subjects of a lighter nature; but if any one sits down and estimates the reasons why he should be grave or gay, he will find the most weighty to rest with the former.

Among other causes for serious reflections, and even for those of a mournful cast, is the recollection of those friends who commenced the last year with us, some of whom are, perhaps, lost to us by the difference of their pursuits, some separated by the common incidents of life, some by the loss of that purity of character which once adorned them, some by our own folly and ill treatment, our own disregard to those virtuous principles, that fidelity, that sincerity, which marked the early stages of our friendship, and some who were then fresh and blooming, alive to all the blessings of life, and are now laid in the cold and silent mansions of the dead; when, to the severity of our losses this way, we add

the reflection, that we are all hastening to that quiet and undisturbed retreat of "busy bustling man," where all the passions, which once agitated and tormented him, are laid for ever at rest, that, even before this year is completed, we may be "gathered unto our fathers," or witness the departure of many of our friends, who now rejoice at its commencement, but will never behold its termination, every gay thought then vanishes, and reflection rests solely on the most momentous subjects.

Of what service can your Reflectors be to the world, says my gay friend Lycario, if, instead of amusing your readers, you only lead them to reflect on such mournful subjects. You had better let those who can, rejoice in peace. According to your own account, there is but little occasion for rejoicing. But what does this signify? If you see a person who can be pleased with a rattle, would you take it from him, or enter into a sober discussion upon the trifling nature of his amusement? would you tell him there is no music, no harmony, in the noise it makes? If you did, you would spend your time to little purpose; and, when you had convinced him, you would then deprive him of an innocent pleasure. If I wrote Reflectors, I would select gayer subjects, or I would treat the one you have now chosen in a more lively manner. You shall then write one for me, said I. He agreed; and, if my friend keeps his word, my readers will, probably, be consoled for the solemnity of this, by the gaiety of the next paper.

VALVERDI.

For the Literary Magazine.

VARIETIES.

Adventures of a Picture.

A PAINTING, which had been for some years at a broker's shop in Lewes, England, for sale, was lately purchased by Mr. Dunn, of the Star inn, who paid a guinea for it, and caused it to be hung up to cover a blank space on one of his staircases. In this situation, the picture was seen by a connoisseur, who purchased it of the landlord for 15 guineas, and he is said to have since diposed of it for 700l. This picture, which is accounted one of the best productions of the pencil of Rubens, or of his equally eminent disciple, Vandyke, is the portrait of a lady of a noble English family, and her two children, in the costume of the middle of the 17th century; and, although it has of late years been through a variety of hands, and sold, by some, at so low a price as half a crown, it is still in good preservation.

Liverpool Society.

In addition to the literary and scientific establishments already existing in Liverpool, a society has just been instituted, which, if actively supported, cannot fail to advance the progress of some of the most important branches of human knowledge. The principal subjects to which the society proposes to direct its investigations, are medicine, anatomy, and chemistry, as well as physics in general, and occasionally every branch of natural philosophy. The establishment will be conducted on nearly the same plan as the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, and other institutions of a similar nature. The members propose to assemble once a fortnight, and at each meeting the subjects of the succeeding night's discussion is to be proposed and approved. The question is to be opened by a written memoir, to be produced and read by any of the members, after which, the investigation is to be continued by the oral communications of such persons as chuse to deliver their opinions. Most of the principal gentlemen of the faculty in town, and some others of distinguished talents, have already offered their support, and there can be no doubt but that the society will become in

a short time eminently useful in the increase and diffusion of valuable science.

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A new Use of Fire.

Mr. M. Gregson, of Liverpool, has lately published the result of some interesting investigations relative to the uses of articles consumed by public fires. He collected from the ruins of the warehouses destroyed by the great fire of Liverpool, in 1802, a quantity of wheat, burnt sugar, rice, flour, and cotton; the sugar he reduced to a fine powder, and made into a water colour paint; it also answered as a varnish ground, an oil colour, and a printing ink. The burnt wheat answered the same purposes; and the fine American flour he made into excellent paste. Thus, though the articles damaged by the above fire sold for little more than 13,000l., Mr. G. expresses his conviction, that had his method been adopted, a saving of 44,000l. might have been made upon the grain alone. The Society of Arts have voted him their gold medal for his observations.

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English Inland Navigation.

Nearly all the great works on the important and extensive line of inland navigation of England, the Grand Junction Canal, are now completed. The stupendous embankment between Woolverton and Cosgrove, near Stoney Stratford, is now opened for the use of the trade; by this great work nine locks by its side, four down and five up, are avoided, and one level sheet of water is formed, from Stoke-Bruern, to some miles south of Fenny Stratford, as well as on the Buckingham branch, extending to within a mile of that town. The arches under this embankment for the passage of the Ouse river, which were said to be sinking soon after the centres were struck, have happily proved sufficient, and the embankment seems to possess great stability. The branch and iron railway that is to conect the Grand Junction Canal with the New River at the town of Northampton, as also with the Leicestershire and Northamptonshire Union Canal, are proceeding with great spirit. This new junction is expected to prove of great importance to Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, and all the adjoining counties, as well as to the company, who now, under new and happier auspices, seem to be rapidly retrieving their affairs.

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The fleeces of Spanish or Merino sheep are not debased in quality by the English climate, as has been satisfactorily proved by Dr. Parry and Mr. Tollett; the importation of Spanish wool was become uncertain, and the price greatly enhanced. The quantity imported in 1800 was upwards of 8,090,000lb.; in 1803 it had declined to 4,700,000lb.; but had again risen in 1804 to upwards of 7,000,000lb.; and in the course of the year 1805 the importation had been considerably short of the last in the corresponding months.

Mr. Tollett, who has sheep from his majesty's flock, has sold their wool at 6s. 4d. per lb. when brought to the state of imported Spanish wool, and had sold his fleeces entire at 4s. 3d. per lb. In a political point of view, it is highly desirable to save the large sums which are paid to foreigners for wool; the value of Spanish wool, rated at the custom-house price of 3s. 6d. per pound, amounts to upwards of 620,000l. per ann. The increased price within a few years has promoted the improvements of the quality of the English wool.

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Population of Dublin.

From an Essay on Population recently published, by the Rev. Mr. Whitelaw, which the author affirms to be the result of an actual survey, taken in 1798, with great care and precision, and comprehending the

general returns of the district committees in 1804, it appears, that in 1798, the total population of the city of Dublin including the garrison was 182,370, and that in 1804 it amounted exclusive of the garrison to 167,899. At the former period the number of inhabited houses was 16,401, and at the latter 15,645; consequently the return of 1798 exceeds that of 1804 by 756 houses. From Mr. Whitelaw's lists it likewise appears that there is a majority of 20,247 females.

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Agricultural Exploit.

Wm. Brooks, a respectable farmer at Aylesbury, England, lately undertook to plough an acre and a half of clover ley, chain measure, in 8 hours. Considerable wagers were depending, which were decided in favour of Mr. Brooks, who performed it in six hours and ten minutes with the old Buckinghamshire foot-plough, drawn by four horses at length. Mr. B. continued for an hour and eight minutes longer, in which time he ploughed a rood and seven poles more. The ploughing was done to the entire satisfaction of the judges, amidst a numerous concourse of spectators.

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Threshing Machine.

At a late annual show of cattle in Sussex, England, Mr. Lester, of Piccadilly, exhibited his new portable hand threshing machine, which is so great an improvement on the one he exhibited there last year, that compared with it, one man will do as much work as a horse, which was verified by the following trial against time. One man working the machine threshed five sheaves of wheat in five minutes; the straw of which weighed thirty-one pounds, yielding one gallon and three quarts of wheat. This machine, which is the first that has been made of the kind, will do nearly double the above work when driven by a horse.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ADVERSARIA,

Or Winter Evening Amusements.

NO. XIII.

MY studies this evening afford me a character, which I am confident the ladies will admire, and I therefore hope the sighing Strephons will endeavour to imitate it.

A lady, upon being reproached with insensibility, and an unnatural coldness of disposition, made the following reply. It may be added, that the original is in the French language.

The austere coldness and insensibility you reproach me with, and perhaps think a constitutional defect, is neither the effect of prudery, nor the melancholy scruples of a silly saint. Believe me above such little motives of action; believe that my blood often circulates with rapidity; believe that I know there is but one spring in the year of life, and that love is combined with and attached to humanity; nay, I will even permit you to believe that Cupid, in certain attire, has as many charms in my eyes as in those of the rest of my sex; yet, after all these confessions, which I make with pleasure and openness, as artifice and disguise are only the refuge of little minds, for which I have no occasion, I tell you, that, as much as I honour love, *I despise lovers*, and detest their perfidious flames, their deceitful arts, with their false vows, alas! often but too much credited by our amiable and credulous sex, merely because they feel no trace of such perfidy in their own gentle bosoms.

But if you would see my frigid system vanish into air, let Fortune throw into my way such a man as my imagination sometimes creates, and whom I am afraid is only to be found there:—however, take my mental picture of him.

He must have a gentle though lively temper, to hide a strong and masculine mind.

His expressions of attachment must neither be dictated by avarice nor vanity, but proceed directly from a feeling heart.

He must be well informed without pretensions, serious without melancholy, free without licentiousness, and, in short, carry nothing to excess but love and prudence; nay, he may charm all my sex, and adore —but me.

He must hide his passion in public, as I desire no other proofs of it there but *a passing glance* to convey the feelings of his heart, which nobody must observe but me.

In private he may make up for public restraint, by breathing a chaste and delicate passion; and, if he merit it, he may probably hear of a reciprocal flame, pure as the love that fans it.

To render this union of heart more durable, he must be my guide, my friend, my counsellor, and my lover, so that, when near him, my mind may acquire elevation and grandeur.

Yes, I confess it, should Fortune throw such a man in my way, my coldness would vanish at his approach, like snow in sunshine, and I would accompany his footsteps at all times, and in all places; but whether in a cottage or a palace, I would never deign to bestow a thought.

Till that idol of my heart and mind be realized, I desire not to please, and shall persevere in my coldness, which never cost me an effort.

The group of admirers whom my feeble charms attract are not flattering to me; I despise their sentiments, with their little arts to please, and yawn at their incense.

Let them seek the weak and the vain, who will listen to their sighs and sufferings; the zephyr bends the reed, but has no effect on the steady oak.

Few writers have thrown more light on the ancient history of England than the famous FROISSART. His chronicle commences with the accession of Edward III, and ends with the death of Richard II, comprising a period of seventy-three years. Like almost every other writer, he has numerous and obvious imperfections. But what Plutarch has remarked of a passage in Xenophon may, with equal justice, be applied to this author. Froissart does not describe a march, a battle, a siege, or a pursuit, but he places them before our eyes. By the first stroke of his artless yet magic pen, we are transported into the tumult of action, and forget that we continue in the closet. He has not, indeed, attempted the higher walks of eloquence. He is neither a Thucydides nor a Sallust, nor does he display the judgment and accuracy of Polybius, but he deserves to be termed the Xenophon of his age. Replete with materials, it is true that he has inserted a multiplicity of particulars, which are no longer interesting at the distance of four centuries; but, wherever his subject rises equal to his abilities, full without redundancy, intelligent and instructive without ostentation, he charms by that pathetic simplicity of manner, that minute but happy selection of circumstances, which animates the page of the admired Athenian. Nor is it the least honourable part of his praise, that he appears to have been entirely divested of national and of personal prejudice, and that, without any vestige of parade or ostentation, he frequently discovers the traces of a heart tenderly alive to the softer feelings.

While we are hourly oppressed with a fresh multitude of insipid compilations from compilations, we are in the most serious danger of forgetting the very existence of those inestimable writers from whom all our sources of information are originally derived. Of the numerous treatises on Roman affairs, which

English, and, still more, French idleness has dragged into light, a numberless majority make not the most distant approaches to classical merit; and yet of the greater part of Greek and Roman historians, an entire and decent translation will be sought for in vain in either language. After such mournful evidence of our stupidity, it is hopeless to add, that an accurate version of Froissart would be an important acquisition to the literary world.

His memoirs exhibit a beautiful portion of feudal history; and the liberal mind will observe, with peculiar pleasure, that they are not deformed by the madness of theological rancour. They do not exhibit the horrid farce of nations exterminating each other for antiquated systems of faith, in the wildest degree absurd, or absolutely unintelligible. This venerable veteran was not to disgust us by the detail of controversies and of martyrdoms, where learning is frivolity, and fortitude at best but the frenzy of ignorance. Nor were a cock-fight and a card-table, a masquerade and a horse-race, to limit the amusements and ambition of a brave and proud nobility. Neither his father nor his fellow-soldiers would have admired his magnanimity. Glowing with the most exalted sentiments of personal independence and heroic fame, it was to vindicate the importance of his family, or the beauty of his mistress, that the knight couched his lance, and rushed into the field. The rough but manly features of the soul displayed an interesting dignity; the passions blazed into their wildest effort; and, though reason and humanity cannot always approve, the tear of sensibility and the eye of curiosity, twinkling by the midnight lamp, attest what we admire.

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Allan Ramsay certainly deserves to be placed first in the rank of Scottish poets. He appears to have studied Dryden with much attention, since his verses flow with the most pleasing volubility. A vein of solid good sense, a nice discrimination of character, a nervous elegance, and a pathetic simplicity of expression; in a word, the genuine language of nature, of passion, and of poetry, place his pastoral comedy of the Gentle Shepherd almost beyond our praise. From the closet of the philosopher to the maid at her distaff, the poet's eloquence enraptures every heart, and irresistibly commands our tears. It is true that here are no licentious tales, no amorous suicides, no wire-drawn soliloquies, no pedantic ill-pointed epithets, no raving despot, such as never existed but in the distempered fancy of modern dramatists.

But the Gentle Shepherd does not rest its reputation on the caprice of a theatrical audience. Were all the copies of Ramsay's comedy destroyed, the grateful memories of his countrymen would eagerly supply the loss. Many of his readers have almost the whole poem by heart, and what other Scottish author can boast such indelible admiration?

It deserves to be remembered, that the first circulating library in Scotland was kept by Allan Ramsay. He frequently mentions his original profession, and, to those who are weak enough to despise it, we may reply, that Ramsay "was not a man who could become mean by a mean employment."

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Shakespeare has a thought in one of his plays, which appears to have pleased him so much that he has twice imitated it.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.
Titus Andronicus.

She's beautiful, and therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.
First Part of Henry VI.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
Richard III.

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The pleasure derived from a taste for reading can be estimated only by those who possess it. What more delightful than to know that, in every vicissitude of fortune to which fate has doomed us, we shall still find a friend. In the deepest gloom of adversity, or amid the transports of joy, a book will teach the resignation of fortitude, or give a proper degree of moderation to the ebullitions of mirth. With such a taste, properly regulated, we shall be constantly surrounded by companions, who never leave us until we are weary, and who will return with alacrity at our call. They inform, they amuse and instruct, by relating the habits and manners of their various countries; they teach us how kingdoms have been subverted and heroes exalted; they hold out a beacon to caution us against the impetuosity of the zealot, and the hypocrisy of the patriot; and, if we would listen to the voice of the muse, we are conducted to the fragrant bowers, where they breathe their sweetest inspirations.

Selden has well observed, that "patience is the chiefest fruit of study. A man that strives to make himself a different thing from other men by much reading, gains his chiefest good, that, in all fortunes, he hath something to entertain and comfort himself withal."

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Darkness is a great aid to thinking. This will appear from what most men experience relative to their thoughts during the night. The silence and obscurity of the midnight hour are most friendly to abstraction, and often when sleep forsakes us, and we muse, our thoughts surprise by the vividness of fancy. If, at that moment, in the words of an elegant poet, we do not

"Snatch the faithless fugitives to light,"

if memory does not chain the children of imagination, they are scattered, and fly the beams of the morning. It is in that unregarded period of our existence that men of moderate capacities feel an extraordinary expansion, and men of genius some of their most original and felicitous conceptions.

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Leonard Welsted was one of the heroes of the Dunciad; but the acrimony of Pope was too bitter when directed against this young poet. He is the author of some imitations of Horace, which evince talents very superior to those of a dunce. His ode, "The Genius," would not disgrace the pen of any writer; it is really sublime.

I think it probable that Thomson derived the hint of his charming episode of "Damon and Musidora" from a love tale of Welsted's, called "Acon and Lavinia." The very happy and comprehensive praise of the maid, who was, "when unadorned, adorned the most," was certainly suggested by the following lines:

The Persian loom and glittering tissue scorn'd,
She boasts more envied graces unadorn'd;
No aid from cost she needs; for Nature's care,
With a free hand, indulg'd her to be fair.

Acon and Lavinia:
I. E. H.

Baltimore.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANYTE.

BESIDES Sappho and Erinne, seven other names of female poets are mentioned in an epigram by Antipater of Thessalonica, who compliments the fair assembly with the title of the earthly muses. Of these, Anyte receives the honourable title of the female Homer. We cannot judge of the propriety of this ap-

pellation by the little poems which are transmitted to us in the Anthologia; but I will present two or three specimens of these, in order to give the English reader as much knowledge of her merit as it is possible at this time to obtain.

ON A STATUE OF VENUS ON THE SEA COAST.

Cythera, from this craggy steep,
Looks downward on the glassy deep,
And hither calls the breathing gale,
Propitious to the vent'rous sail;
While Ocean flows beneath serene,
Aw'd by the smile of Beauty's queen.

In this sad tomb, where Phillida is laid,
Her mother oft invokes the gentle shade,
And calls, in hopeless grief, on her who died
In the full bloom of youth and beauty's pride,
Who left, a virgin, the bright realms of day,
On gloomy Acheron's pale coasts to stray.

It will strike every reader as a remarkable circumstance, that the subject of the foregoing epigram, melancholy and poetical as it is in itself, should have proved the theme of so many epigrams, especially of the female poets of Greece. Out of the very few pieces preserved of Sappho and Erinne, no less than four are elegies on the premature fate of some fair companion of their youth. There are two or three more by Anyte to the same purpose. The following has some little variety:

Unblest Antibia calls this mournful strain,
The loveliest virgin of Diana's train.
Gay gallant youths ador'd her as their god,
And lordly suitors waited on her nod;
But, to resist the power of Fate, how vain
Is Beauty! Flow afresh my mournful strain!

N.

For the Literary Magazine.

HISTORICAL CHARACTERS ARE FALSE REPRESENTATIONS OF NATURE.

WE accustom ourselves to pay too liberal an admiration to the great characters recorded in modern, to say nothing of ancient, history. It seems often necessary to be reminded, that the most interesting history is generally the most elegantly written, and that whatever is adorned by elegance is the composition of art. Charmed and seduced by the variegated tints of imagination, the scene is heightened, and the objects move into life; but while we yield ourselves to the captivating talent of the artist, we forget that the whole representation is but a picture, and that painters, like poets, are indulged with a certain agreeable licentiousness. Hence we form false estimates of the human character, and, while we exhaust our sensations in artificial sympathies, amidst characters and circumstances almost fictitious, for the natural events and the natural calamities of life, we suppress those warmer emotions we otherwise should indulge. The human character appears diminutive, when compared with those we meet with in history; yet am I persuaded that domestic sorrows are not less poignant, and many of our associates are characters not inferior to the elaborate delineations which so much interest in the deceptive page of history. The historian is a sculptor, who, though he displays a correct semblance of nature, is not less solicitous of displaying the miracles of his art, and therefore enlarges his figures to a colossal dimension. Let us also reflect, how often a shameful partiality dictates to the historians who possess the best information. Procopius, in his Secret Anecdotes, pourtrays Justinian and Theodora as the vilest, and, in his history, as the most virtuous personages. Eginhard is a perpetual flatterer of Charles

the Great; Eusebius of Constantine; Paulus Jovius of Cosmode Medicis; Sandoval of Charles V; and Hume of the Stuarts.

The ancient historians compiled prodigies, to gratify the credulous curiosity of their readers; but since prodigies have ceased, while the same avidity for the marvellous exists, modern historians have transferred the miraculous to their personages. Children read fables as histories, but the philosopher reads histories as fables. Fabulous narratives may, however, convey much instruction.

It is the pleasing labour of genius to amplify into vastness, to colour into beauty, and to arrange the objects which occupy his meditations, with a secret artifice of disposition. Voltaire tells us, that no writers, but those who have composed tragedies, can throw any interest into a history; that we must know to paint and excite the passions; and that a history, like a dramatic piece, must have situation, intrigue, and catastrophe: an observation which has great truth, but which shows that there can be but little truth in such agreeable narratives. Every historian communicates his character to his history; if he is profound and politic, his statesmen resemble political deities, whose least motion is a stratagem, and whose plot contains the seeds of many plots. If he is a writer, more elegant than profound, he delights in descriptive grandeur; in the touching narratives of suffering beauty, and persecuted virtue. If he possesses a romantic turn, his heroes are so many Arthurs, and the actions he records put a modest adventurer into despair. No writers more than the historian, and the professed romancer, so sedulously practice the artifice of awakening curiosity, and feasting that appetency of the mind, which turns from simple truth to spirited fiction. We scarce glance at the glittering of a star, but we gaze with delight on the coruscations of a meteor. We therefore suffer ourselves to become interested with those objects which should interest us least.

The historian, seizing this inclination of the mind, delights it with that imaginary force, and fantastic grandeur, of which, while pleased with the emotions, we perceive not the extravagance. Popular prejudice assists the illusion, and because we are accustomed to behold public characters occupy a situation in life that few can experience, we are induced to believe that their capacities are more enlarged, their passions more refined, and, in a word, that nature has bestowed on them faculties denied to obscurer men. But who, acquainted with human nature, hesitates to acknowledge, that most of the characters in history were persons whom accident had seated upon a throne, or placed with less favour around it? Had Alfred been a private person, like the Man of Ross, his various virtues might only accidentally have reached us; and had Richard III been a citizen of London, he had been led unnoticed to the gibbet.

This pernicious prejudice, which peoples the mind with artificial beings, and enfeebles the sympathies of domestic life, will disappear when we come to those few facts in history, which the art of the historian can no longer disguise, and which, refusing the decorations of his fancy, present the sublime personages of history in the nudity of truth. Let the monarch lose his crown, and the minister his place; let the casque fall from the hero, and the cap from the cardinal; it is then these important personages speak in the voice of distress, are actuated by passions like our own, and come to us with no other claim on our feelings than that common sensibility which we owe to humanity. Here, indeed, the lessons of history become instructive, because they teach that every other portion of history has received the romantic gilding of the pencil; that the sagacity of the statesman is not so adroit, as not to be entangled in its own nets; that

the ardour of the hero is often temerity which escaped, and, sometimes, temerity chastised; and that, in general, great characters owe much more to fortune than to nature; that singular coincidences have formed singular events; but that, whenever the delusion of the historian ceases, these illustrious persons appear to have been actuated by passions similar to our own, and that their talents are not superior to those whose obscure actions languish in a confined sphere. It is observed, by Montesquieu, that "most legislators have been men of limited capacities, whom chance placed at the head of others, and who have generally consulted merely their prejudices and their fancies."

It is, indeed, useful to pause over those passages which give the very feelings of the illustrious persons to whom they relate, and if, to some, these may seem to humble the great, they will also elevate us; or, rather, they will reinstate human nature in that just equality in which we are all placed. The phantom of history will vanish, but the human form will remain palpable and true.

Few circumstances are more curious in history than the unadorned recitals of some memoirs. Thomas Heywood, in his "England's Elizabeth," has noticed an instance, that one of the most celebrated characters felt the same agitation, and expressed the same language, which an inferior prisoner would have experienced. This writer gives her meditations in the garden during her imprisonment, in which the natural passions are not entirely lost in the distortion of the language. During her confinement at Woodstock, hourly dreading assassination, she used to sit at the grate of her prison window, morning and evening, listening and shedding tears at the light carolling of the passing milkmaids. Among other insults she received in travelling, the high winds having discomposed her dress, she desired to retire to some house to adjust herself; but this she was refused, and was compelled to make her toilette under a hedge! A kindred anecdote is mentioned by sir Walter Raleigh, of Charles V, who, just after his resignation, having a private interview with some ambassador, and having prolonged it to a late hour after midnight, called for a servant to light the ambassador on the stairs; but they had all retired to rest; and the emperor, yet the terror of Europe, was compelled to snatch a candle and conduct the ambassador to the door. It is thus that majesty, unrobed of factitious powers, convinces even the slow apprehension of the vulgar, that the breast of grandeur only conceals passions like their own; and that Elizabeth dressing under a hedge, and Charles lighting the ambassador on the stairs, felt the same bitter indignity, which they are doomed to feel much oftener.

If it were possible to read the histories of those who are doomed to have no historian, and to glance into domestic journals as well as into national archives, we should then perceive the unjust prodigality of our sympathy to those few names, which eloquence has adorned with all the seduction of her graces. We should then acknowledge, that superior talents are not sufficient to obtain superiority, and that the full tide of opportunity, which often carries away the unworthy in triumph, leaves the worthy among the shoals. It is a curious speculation for observing men, to trace great characters in little situations, and to detect real genius passing through life incognito. How many mothers of great characters may address their sons in the words of the mother of Brasidas! he was indeed a great and virtuous commander, but she observed *that Sparta had many greater Brasidas's.* Some obscure men, whom the world will never notice, had they occupied the situation of great personages, would have been perhaps even more illustrious. There are never wanting, among a polished people, men of superior talents or superior virtues; every

great revolution evinces this truth; indeed, at that perilous moment, they show themselves in too great numbers, and become fatal to each other, by their rival abilities.

Robertson, who is so pleasing a historian, and, therefore, whose veracity becomes very suspicious, confesses, however, that "in judging of the conduct of princes, we are apt to ascribe too much to political motives, and too little to the passions which they feel in common with the rest of mankind. In order to account for Elizabeth's present, as well as her subsequent conduct towards Mary, we must not always consider her as a queen, we must sometimes regard her merely as a woman." This is precisely what the refining ingenuity of this writer does as rarely as any historian; and Robertson appears to have been more adapted for a minister of state, than the principal of a Scots college. He explains projects that were unknown, and details stratagems which never took place. We often admire the fertile conceptions of the queen regent, of Elizabeth, and of Bothwell, when, in truth, we are defrauding Robertson of whatever praise may be due to political invention.

But we, who, however charmed with historic beauty, revere truth and humanity, must learn to reduce the aggravated magnitude of the illustrious dead, that we may perform an act of justice to the obscure living. The sympathy we give to a princess ravished from her throne, and dragged by traitors to wet with tears the iron grates of her dungeon, we may with no less propriety bestow on that unfortunate female, whom unfeeling creditors have snatched from maternal duties, or social labours, to perish by the hour, in some loathsome prison. If we feel for the decapitation of a virtuous and long persecuted statesman, we are not to feel less for that more common object, a man of genius, condemned to languish in obscurity, and perish in despair. A great general dies in the embrace of victory, and his character reaches posterity in immortal language: but he probably conducted hundreds whom nature intended for generals, but whom fortune made foot soldiers. What heroes may be found in hospitals! Katharine, the queen of Henry VIII, is an object of our tenderest sympathy; but why should our sensibility be diminished, when we look on those numerous females, not less gentle, nor less cruelly misused, who, without the consolations of sovereignty, are united to despots, not less arbitrary and brutal than Henry? The sorrows of the Scottish Mary, the refined insults of a rival sister, the grin of scorn, and the implication of infamy, may penetrate our hearts; but we forget that there are families, where scenes not less terrible, and sisters not less unrelenting, are hourly discovered; and that there are beauties, who, without being confined to the melancholy magnificence of a castle, or led to the dismal honour of an axe, equally fall victims, or to fatal indiscretion, or to fatal persecution.

The fascination which thus takes possession of us in historical narratives is, therefore, the artifice of the historian, assisted by those early prejudices of that superiority which we attach to great characters. He who possesses the talent of fine writing is, indeed, in possession of a deceptive art: and I have often been tempted to think, that men of genius, who have ever appeared, by the energy of their complaints, to be endowed with a peculiar sensibility of sorrow, and who excel in the description of the passions, do not always feel more poignantly than others, who, without the power of expressing their sensations, expanding their sentiments, and perpetuating their anguish, are doomed to silent sorrow; to be crazed in love without venting effusions in verse, and to perish in despair without leaving one memorial of their exquisite torture.

But I will not close this essay without observing, that it is not to every illustrious character, recorded in history, that we can pay too pro-

digal a tribute of admiration. There are men, who throw a new lustre on humanity, and hold a torch of instruction which brightens through the clouds of time. It has boldly been said, by old Montaigne, that man differs more from man, than man from beast. But speculations on human nature must not be formed on such rare instances. Besides, even of characters like these, their equals may be found among obscure individuals, and some of the noblest actions have been performed by unknown persons; as that miner, who, in some Italian war, animated by patriotic fervour to direct the explosion, rushed into the mine he had formed. This action is the summit of heroism.

Familiar objects of distress, and familiar characters of merit, want only, to form a spectacle as interesting as the pompous inflation of history can display, those powers of seducing eloquence, which disguise the simplicity of truth with the romantic grandeur of fiction. Nations have abounded with heroes and sages; but because they wanted historians, they are scarce known to us by name; and individuals have been heroes and sages in domestic life, whose talents and whose virtues are embellished in no historical record, but traced, in transient characters, on the feeble gratitude of the human heart. R.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON PREFACES.

I DECLARE myself infinitely delighted by a preface. Is it exquisitely written? no literary morsel is more delicious. Is the author inveterately dull? it is a kind of preparatory information, which may be very useful. It argues a deficiency in taste to turn over an elaborate preface unread; for it is the odour of the author's roses; every drop distilled at an immense cost. It is the reason of the reasoning, and the folly of the foolish. I agree with the Italians, who call these little pieces *La salsa del libro;* the sauce of the book.

I do not wish, however, to conceal, that several writers, as well as readers, have spoken very disrespectfully of this species of literature. That fine writer, Montesquieu, in closing the preface to his Persian Letters, says, "I do not praise my Persians; because it would be a tedious thing, put in a place already very tedious of itself; I mean a preface." Spence, in the preface to his Polymetis, informs us, that "there is not any sort of writing which he sits down to with so much unwillingness, as that of prefaces; and as he believes most people are not much fonder of reading them, than he is of writing them, he shall get over this as fast as he can." Pelisson warmly protested against prefatory composition; but when he published the works of Sarrasin, was wise enough to compose a very pleasing one. He indeed endeavoured to justify himself for acting against his own opinions, by this ingenious excuse, that, like funeral honours, it is proper to show the utmost regard for them when given to others, but to be inattentive to them for ourselves.

Notwithstanding all this evidence, I have some good reason for admiring prefaces; and barren as the investigation may appear, some literary amusement can be gathered.

In the first place I observe, that a prefacer is generally a most accomplished liar. Is an author to be introduced to the public? the preface is as genuine a panegyric, and nearly as long a one, as that of Pliny's on the emperor Trajan. Such a preface is ringing an alarum bell for an author. If we look closer into the characters of these masters of ceremony, who thus sport with and defy the judgment of their reader, and who, by their extravagant panegyric, do considerable injury to the cause of taste, we discover that some accidental occurrence has occasioned this vehement affection for the author, and which, like that of

another kind of love, makes one commit so many extravagances.

Prefaces are indeed rarely sincere. It is justly observed by Shenstone, in his prefatory essay to the Elegies, that "discourses prefixed to poetry inculcate such tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greatest advantage. The fabric is first raised, and the measures by which we are to judge of it are afterwards adjusted." This observation might be exemplified by more instances than some readers might chuse to read. It will be sufficient to observe, with what art both Pope and Fontenelle have drawn up their Essays on the nature of Pastoral Poetry, that the rules they establish might be adapted to their own pastorals. Has accident made some ingenious student apply himself to a subordinate branch of literature, or to some science which is not highly esteemed? look in the preface for its sublime panegyric. Collectors of coins, dresses, and butterflies, have astonished the world with eulogiums which would raise their particular studies into the first ranks of philosophy.

It would appear that there is no lie, to which a prefacer is not tempted. I pass over the commodious prefaces of Dryden, which were ever adapted to the poem, and not to poetry, to the author, and not to literature. The boldest preface-liar was Aldus Manutius, who, having printed an edition of Aristophanes, first published, in the preface, that Saint Chrysostom was accustomed to place this comic poet under his pillow, that he might always have his works at hand. As, in that age, a saint was supposed to possess every human talent, good taste not excepted, Aristophanes thus recommended became a general favourite. The anecdote lasted for near two centuries; and what was of greater consequence to Aldus, quickened the sale of his Aristophanes. This ingenious invention of the prefacer of Aristophanes, at length, was detected by Menage.

The insincerity of prefaces arises whenever an author would disguise his solicitude for his work, by appearing negligent and even undesirous of its success. A writer will rarely conclude such a preface without betraying himself. I think that even Dr. Johnson forgot his sound dialectic in the admirable preface to his dictionary. In one part he says, "having laboured this work with so much application, I cannot but have some degree of parental fondness." But in his conclusion he tells us, "I dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise." I deny the doctor's "frigidity." This polished period exhibits an affected stoicism, which no writer ever felt for the anxious labour of a great portion of life, addressed not merely to a class of readers, but to literary Europe.

But if prefaces are rarely sincere or just, they are, notwithstanding, literary opuscula, in which the author is materially concerned. A work with a poor preface, like a person who comes with an indifferent recommendation, must display uncommon merit to master our prejudices, and to please us, as it were, in spite of ourselves. Works ornamented by a finished preface, such as Johnson not unfrequently presented to his friends or his booksellers, inspire us with awe; we observe a veteran guard placed in the porch, and we are induced to conclude, from this appearance, that some person of eminence resides in the place itself.

In prefaces an affected haughtiness and an affected humility are alike despicable. The first is called by the French, "*La morgue litteraire*," the surly pomposity of literature. This has been frequently practised by writers who have succeeded in one or two works, while the failure of their other productions appears to have given them a literary hypochondriasm. Such a prefacer first informs us, that he is above the reach of censure; and censure therefore redoubles its vigilance. Secondly, that he has al-

ready received the approbation of the discerning; that is to say, five or six gentlemen, whom he admits to his manuscript recitatives. And thirdly, that he cares very little for the mob; which is a kind of expression for those who exchange sterling money for counterfeit genius. To such we may answer, that no writer can ever be placed above censure; that, after all his self-eulogies and self-consolations, his readers, and not the five or six gentlemen, can alone give him a solid reputation. I shall notice, as a model of this "*morgue litteraire*," Dr. Armstrong. His "Art of Preserving Health" is one of the most terse and classical compositions in the language; but most of his other verse evinces nothing but barren labour. In his lively "Sketches" he acquaints us, in the preface, that "he could give them much bolder strokes, as well as more delicate touches, but that he dreads the danger of writing too well, and feels the value of his own labour too sensibly, to bestow it upon the mobility." This is pure milk compared to the gall in the preface to his poems. There he very modestly tells us, that "he has at last taken the trouble to collect them. What he has destroyed would, probably enough, have been better received by the great majority of readers. But he has always most heartily despised their opinion." The truth is, he is only showing an undue resentment for some unfortunate productions. St. Jerome entitled the preface to his Version of the Scriptures *Prologi galeati*, prefaces that wear a casque. These *armed* prefaces were long necessary in times of literary controversy: an author then either replied to, or anticipated a reply to the attacks of his opponent.

The public are treated with another kind of contempt, when an author, instead of "destroying," like Dr. Armstrong, professes to publish his puerilities. This Warburton did, in his pompous edition of Shakespeare. In the preface he informed the public, that his notes "were among his *younger amusements*, when he turned over these *sort of writers*." This ungracious compliment to Shakespeare and the public merited that perfect scourging which our haughty commentator received from the sarcastic canons of criticism. Scudery was a writer of some genius, and great variety. His prefaces are remarkable for their gasconades. In his epic poem of Alaric he says, "I have such a facility in writing verses, and also in my invention, that a poem of double its length would have cost me little trouble. Although it contains only eleven thousand lines, I believe that longer epics do not exhibit more embellishments than mine." And to conclude with one more student of this class, Amelot de la Houssaie, in the preface to his translation of the Prince of Machiavel, instructs us, that "he considers his copy as superior to the original, because it is every where intelligible, and Machiavel is frequently obscure." I have seen, in the playbills of strollers, a very pompous description of the triumphant entry of Alexander into Babylon; had they said nothing about the triumph, it might have passed without exciting ridicule, and one might not so maliciously have perceived how ill the four candle-snuffers crawled as elephants, and the triumphal car discovered its want of a lid. But, having pre-excited attention, we had full leisure to sharpen our eye. To these imprudent authors and actors we may apply a Spanish proverb, which has the peculiar quaintness of that people: *Aviendo firegonado vino, venden vinagre;* having cried up their wine, they sell us vinegar.

A ridiculous humility in a preface is not less despicable. Many idle apologies were formerly in vogue for publication, and formed a literary cant, of which now the meanest writers perceive the futility. A literary anecdote of the Romans has been preserved, which is sufficiently curious. One Albinus, in the preface to his Roman History, inter-

cedes for pardon for his numerous blunders of phraseology; observing, that they were the more excuseable as he had composed his history in the Greek language, with which he was not so familiar as his maternal tongue. Cato severely rallies him on this, and justly observes, that our Albinus had merited the pardon he solicits if a decree of the senate had compelled him thus to have composed it, and provided he could not have obtained a dispensation. The confession of the ignorance of the language we employ is like that excuse which some writers form for composing on topics, of which they acknowledge their inability. A reader's heart is not so easily mollified; and it is a melancholy truth for literary men, that the pleasure of abusing an author is generally superior to that of admiring him. One appears to display more critical acumen than the other, by showing, that, though we do not chuse to take the trouble of writing, we have infinitely more genius than the author. These suppliant prefacers are described by Boileau.

Un auteur a genoux dans une humble preface
Au lecteur qu'il ennuie a beau demander grace;
Il ne gagnera rien sur ce juge irrité,
Qui lui fait son procès de pleine autorité.

Low in a humble preface authors kneel;
In vain, the wearied reader's heart is steel.
Callous, that irritated judge with awe,
Inflicts the penalties and arms the law.

The most entertaining prefaces, in our language, are those of Dryden; and though it is ill-naturedly said, by Swift, that they were merely formed

"To raise the volume's price a shilling,"

yet these were the earliest commencements of English criticism, and the first attempt to restrain the capriciousness of readers, and to form a national taste. Dryden has had the candour to acquaint us with his secret of prefatory composition; for in that one to his Tales, he says, "the nature of preface-writing is rambling; never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learnt from the practice of honest Montaigne." There is no great risk in establishing this observation as an axiom in literature; for, should a prefacer loiter, it is never difficult to get rid of lame persons, by escaping from them; and a reader may make a preface as concise as he chuses.

It is possible for an author to paint himself in amiable colours, in this useful page, without incurring the contempt of egotism. After a writer has rendered himself conspicuous by his industry or his genius, his admirers are not displeased to hear something relative to him, from himself. Mr. Hayley, in the preface to his Poems, has conveyed an amiable feature in his personal character, by giving the cause of his devotion to literature as the only mode by which he could render himself of some utility to his country. The animation of the whole passage is a testimony of the zeal of its writer; and who, recollecting the perseverance of his studies, the justness of his taste, and the elegance of his verse, can refuse the wreath of poetical honour? There is a modesty in the prefaces of Pope, even when this great poet collected his immortal works; and in several other writers of the most elevated genius, in a Hume and a Robertson, which becomes their happy successors to imitate, and inferior writers to contemplate with awe.

S.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE CHARACTER AND PRIVATE LIFE OF MR. NECKER, WRITTEN BY HIS DAUGHTER, MADAME DE STAEL.

Continued from vol. IV, p. 428.

AMONG statesmen, are to be reckoned Cicero, chancellor de l'Hospital, and chancellor Bacon,

who, in the midst of political agitations, have never lost sight of the great interests of the soul, and of their own thoughts; but my father suffered his work to appear at a moment particularly unfavourable to the opinions he maintained, and all Mr. Necker's precision in matters of calculation was necessary to rescue him from the imputation of a visionary, in employing himself on such a subject. There is, in all periods, a virtue which is deemed silliness; it is that which is truly a virtue, because it can answer no purpose of speculation.

The second administration of Mr. Necker, from the 25th of August, 1788, to the 14th of July, 1789, was precisely the period when a party among the French started into action. The history of the revolution proves that this party was always mistaken as to its true interests, the tendency of events, and the characters of men; but it seems already acknowledged, by all who know the character and conduct of Mr. Necker, that he never harboured a thought of promoting a revolution in France. In theory, it was his belief, that the best social order of a great state was a limited monarchy, resembling that of England: this opinion predominates in all his writings; and whatever may be a reader's political creed, it cannot, I think, be denied that a love of order and liberty shines in them with the united force of wisdom and elevation of soul: but my father's political opinions were, like himself, entirely controlled by morals; he had duties towards his king as a minister; he feared the consequences of any insurrectional movement whatever, which might endanger the repose and the lives of men; and if he was to be reproached as a statesman, in the vulgar sense of the word, it was in being as scrupulous in his means as in his ends, and in placing morality not only in the object desired, but also in the road to its attainment. How could a man of such a character, being the king's minister, suffer himself to be the instrument of a revolution which was to subvert the throne? Without doubt he loved liberty; where is the man of genius and character that does not! But duty always appeared to him more celestial in its origin, than the noblest of human sentiments; and in the order of duties, the most imperious are those which connect us individually; for the more extensive the relation, the less precise is the obligation.

In accepting the helm of affairs, Mr. Necker told the king, that if the government should ever fall into circumstances that might seem to require the severe and violent will of a Richelieu, he was not the man to suit him; but that if reason and morals were enough, he might yet render him good service. When enlightened men shall study the French revolution, when all those who have had a part in it shall no longer exist, the political conduct and writings of Mr. Necker will revive a question, old it is true, but always worthy the attention of mankind: Whether virtue is compatible with politics; whether it can ever be of advantage to nations that the small number who govern them should sometimes depart from the strict line of moral rectitude? The answer to this question is the verdict on the life of Mr. Necker; but supposing he be on this point condemned as a public man, surely that condemnation is glorious which only implies an excess of virtue: it is a suit which it would be honourable to lose, and on which an appeal might successfully be made to the experience of ages, to that experience which alone is equally weighty with that court on which it is to pass judgment, the conscience of an honest man.

Mr. Necker has continually repeated, in his writings, that the convocation of the states general was solemnly promised by the king, previous to his going into office; that the doubling of the numbers of the third estate was so far urged by the times, that the king must have shown himself uselessly unjust and dangerously unpopular, had he refused it.

Yet, what was my father's aim, in so earnestly repressing some of the claims he might have to the enthusiasm and gratitude of a great portion of the French nation? Was it to achieve the favour of the party called aristocratic? He had not sought that favour when that party was powerful; no doubt he disclaimed it still more in proscription and misfortune, but still he had never written any of those irrevocable maxims on political points which alone conciliate outrageous parties; he has always held those moderate ideas which so much irritate that class of men whose violent opinions are their arms and their standard. "Why then (I have often said to him) do you seek to diminish your merit in the eyes of the popular party; you, who have no pretensions to gain over their opponents?" "I wish (would he answer me) to express the truth, without ever considering my personal interest; and if I have any desire relating only to myself, it is, that it may be generally known, that I will never suffer myself, be my individual opinions what they may, to take any step as a minister, contrary to the obligations which, by my office, I have contracted with the king." And what more eminent proof could my father give of this respect for his duty to the king, than his conduct of the 11th of July, 1789!

It was known that in the council Mr. Necker had opposed the order that had been given, to collect German and French troops at Versailles and at Paris; it is known that he was disposed towards a reasonable accommodation with the commons, who, not having provoked any recourse to force, had not revealed the secret of the insurrectionary disposition of the troops, and had not annihilated the royal authority in teaching the people that the army was no longer in its hands; but a party which confidence constantly ruined, and who always ascribed to certain men difficulty which consisted in the general state of things; this party, I say, persuaded the king that it was sufficient to change the ministry in order to smooth all these difficulties; and this inconsiderate measure, this vehement act, without any real force, without resolution of character to sustain it, led the way to the 14th of July, and from the 14th of July to the overthrow of the royal authority.

On the 11th of July, just as my father was going to sit down at table with a large company, the minister of marine came to his house, took him apart, and gave him a letter from the king, which ordered him to give in his resignation, and to quit France without noise. Every thing was conveyed in these words, *sans bruit;* in fact, the public was then so agitated, that if my father had suffered it to be discovered that he was exiled for the cause of the people, the nation at that moment would have elevated him to a very eminent degree of power. If he had nourished in his soul a spark of faction, if he had suffered the natural impulse of such a moment to betray him, his departure would have been impeded, he would have been brought in triumph to Paris, and all that the ambition of man could desire would have been at his command. The first cockade which was worn at Paris, after his departure, was green, because it was the colour of his livery: two hundred thousand armed men repeated the name of Mr. Necker in all the streets of Paris, whilst he himself was flying from the popular enthusiasm more carefully than a criminal would shun the scaffold. Neither his brother, myself, nor his most intimate friends, were informed of his resolution. My mother, whose health was very weak, took no woman with her, no travelling habit, for fear of awakening suspicion. They took the carriage in which they had been accustomed to take an airing of an evening, they travelled night and day as far as Brussels, and when I joined them three days afterwards, they still wore the same dress in which, after dining with a numerous party, and when no person suspected their mo-

tions, they had silently withdrawn from France, from their home, from their friends, and from power. This dress, all covered with dust, the assumed name which my father had taken that he might not be recognized in France, and consequently retained by that affection which he had every where excited, all these circumstances impressed me with that respect which impelled me *to prostrate myself before him on entering the inn where we met**. Ah! that respect! I have never ceased to experience it in the most trifling circumstances of his domestic life, as well as in the greatest events of his public career. Justice, truth, elevation, simplicity of heart, in the minutiæ of his private life, formed his entire character.

It has been said, there are no heroes to those who see them familiarly, because the greater part of men, who have sustained a great political part, have not possessed any family virtues; but when you find the man of simplicity in the man of eminence, the just man in the powerful man, the good man in the man of genius, the man of sensibility in the illustrious man, the nearer you see him the more you admire him, the more plainly you discover the image of that Providence who presides in the starry heavens, yet disdains not to adorn the lily, or watch over the life of a sparrow.

My father has often been praised in the writings of his wife and daughter, though it had been easy for us to understand and to attain to that modesty in common, which is imposed on families; but we saw into his heart, and discovered in it virtues so constant and so natural, virtues so strictly in harmony with his public speeches and conduct, that our hearts felt a necessity of expressing that sort of domestic worship which was the business of our life. Oppressed by gratitude and love, we braved that vain spirit of ridicule which might be directed against the truth of our sentiments.

In quitting Versailles, Mr. Necker had not even taken a passport, to avoid admitting any individual into his confidence; he scrupulously rejected every pretext and every motive that might retard his journey. When arrived at Valenciennes, the governor of that city would not let him pass through without a passport; my father showed him the king's letter, the governor read it, and at the same time recognized my father, from the print of him he had over his chimney; he let him pass, sighing over the irreparable misfortunes which were to result from his departure.

It had been proposed to the king to arrest my father, because nobody could believe that he would take such direct precautions against that enthusiasm which he had excited; but the king, who has never failed to do justice to the perfect probity of Mr. Necker, expressed his assurance that he would secretly depart, if he ordered him. It is clear the king was not deceived.

In the morning of the 12th of July, I received a letter from my father, which announced his departure, and desired me to go into the country, lest I should receive on his account some expressions of public homage at Paris. In fact, deputations from all quarters of the city came the next morning to my house, and held the most exalted language on my father's flight, and on what was necessary to be done to compel his return. I hardly know what line of conduct my age and my enthusiasm might have prompted me at that time to pursue; but I obeyed the will of my father; I immediately retired to some leagues distance from Paris. A fresh courier from him instructed me in his route, of which he had still made a mystery to me in his first letter, and on the 13th of July I set out to join him.

My father had chosen Brussels as a less distant frontier than that of Switzerland, an additional precaution, that he might not augment the

* This lady's account of her father is no bad picture of herself.

EDITOR.

chance of being recognized. During the four and twenty hours that we passed together, to make preparation for the long journey he had yet to make through Germany to return to Switzerland, he recollected that, a few days previous to his exile, Messrs. Hope, bankers, of Amsterdam, had required him to guarantee from his private fortune, from his two millions deposited in the royal treasury, a supply of grain, which was indispensable for the consumption of Paris in this year of scarcity. The troubles of France excited great anxiety among foreigners, and the personal security of Mr. Necker affording them the most perfect confidence, he did not hesitate to give it: on arriving at Brussels, he was fearful the news of his banishment might alarm Messrs. Hope, and that they would suspend their supply. He wrote to them from that place, to renew his guaranty. Exiled, proscribed as he was, he exposed the greater part of what still remained to him, to preserve the inhabitants of Paris from the evil which the embarrassment and inexperience of a new minister might occasion them. Oh! Frenchmen! Oh! France! it is thus that my father has served you!

During the first labours of the short-lived successors of Mr. Necker, the principal secretary of finance, Dufrene de Saint Leon, was called on to present, in the ministerial correspondence, the answer of Messrs. Hope, which accepted of the first security my father had offered them. I do not know what the successor thought of this mode of serving the king without emolument, and of risking too his personal fortune for the good of the state; but can there be an instance of more nobleness, of more antique patriotism, than even during exile to confirm such a sacrifice, to be so far exempt from sentiments the most natural to man, the desire that their successor should cause them to be regretted, and that their absence should be grievously felt?

My father set out, accompanied only by Mr. de Stael, to go to Basle, through Germany: my mother and I followed more slowly, and at Frankfort we were overtaken by the messenger who brought letters from the king and the national assembly. These letters called Mr. Necker to the ministry for the third time. We seemed then to have reached the summit of prosperity: it was at Frankfort that I learnt this news, at that same Frankfort where a very different destiny awaited me fourteen years afterwards.

My mother, far from being dazzled with this success, had no desire that my father should accept his recal: we joined him at Basle, and there he made his determination. He suffered me to hear him speak relative to the motives of his decision: and I protest it was with profound grief that he resolved to return. He had learnt the events of the 14th of July, and felt perfectly aware that his part was about to change, and that it was the royal authority and its partizans that he would then have to defend. He foresaw that, in losing his popularity in order to support the government, he should never possess a sufficient power over its chief, surrounded as he then was, to direct him entirely in what he deemed most expedient. At length futurity, such as it was, presented itself to him. One duty, one hope, combated all his fears: he believed that his popularity might yet serve for some time to preserve the partizans of the old regime from the personal dangers that threatened them; and he even flattered himself, for an instant, with the hope of bringing the constituent assembly to make such conditions with the king as might give to France a limited monarchy. This hope, however, was far from being firm. He told himself, and he told us all, the chance that could annihilate it. But he dreaded his own reproaches, if by refusing his endeavours to stem the evil, he might have to accuse himself of all those calamities which he had not tried to prevent. This fear of remorse was all-powerful in

the life of my father: he was inclined to condemn himself whenever success did not attend his endeavours, he was continually passing a new judgment on his actions*. It has been thought he was proud, because he never bent either beneath injustice or power: but he was humbled by inward regret, by the most delicate temper of mind, and his enemies may learn with certainty that they have had the mournful success of bitterly disturbing his repose, whenever they have charged him with having been the cause of a misfortune, or with having been incapable of preventing it.

It is easy to conceive that with so much imagination and sensibility, when the history of our life is found to be mingled with the most terrible political events, neither conscience nor reason, nor even the esteem of the world, can entirely satisfy the man of genius, who, in solitude, anxiously directs his thoughts towards the past. I would advise the envious to direct their spleen against fortune, beauty, youth, all those gifts which serve to embellish the exterior of life; but the eminent distinctions of the mind produce such ravages in the bosom that invites them, the human destiny can so rarely harmonize with this superiority, that it is a very unfit object of hatred.

Yet, what a moment of happiness was this journey from Basle to Paris, journeying as we did, when my father had determined to return. I believe nothing similar to it has ever befallen a man who was not the sovereign of the country! The French nation, so animated in the expression of its sentiments, surrendered itself, for the first time, to a hope it had never before experienced, a hope which it had not yet been taught to limit. To the enlightened class, liberty was known only by the noble sentiments it excited, and to the people only by notions analogous to their troubles and their wants. Mr. Necker then seemed the harbinger of this long-expected blessing. He was hailed at every step by the warmest acclamations; the women fell on their knees at a distance in the fields when his carriage passed; the principal citizens of the different places

* Among the papers of my father's eldest brother, who did not survive him long, a letter has been found explaining so simply and so naturally what my father then experienced, what he confided to his most intimate friend at the most remarkable period of his life, that I have thought it interesting to publish it.

Basle, 24th July, 1789.

I don't know, my dear friend, where you are, having no intelligence from Paris of a late date. I arrived here last Monday, the 20th of this month, and every day I have had some idea of seeing you arrive, because you would have taken this route on finding that I was going to Switzerland from Brussels through Germany. I went before mademoiselle Necker, with M. de Stael for a companion; and we have passed through Germany without accident under borrowed names. Yesterday, mademoiselle Necker and my daughter arrived, who have supported the fatigue of the journey better than I could have hoped. Mr. de St. Leon preceded them by some hours; he had sought me at Brussels, and had followed my route; he has brought me a letter from the king and states-general, pressingly inviting me to return to Versailles and resume my place. These circumstances have made me unhappy; I was just entering port, and I was pleased at it; but this port would have been neither tranquil or serene if I could have reproached myself with having wanted courage, and if I left it to say that such and such a misfortune might have been prevented by me. I return then to France, but as a victim to the esteem with which I am honoured. Mademoiselle Necker partakes this sentiment yet more strongly, and our change of plans is an act of resignation on the part of both. Ah, Coppet, Coppet, I shall perhaps soon have just motives to regret it! but we must submit to the laws of necessity, to the fetters of an incomprehensible destiny. In France all is in motion; a scene of disorder and sedition is just opening at Strasburg. It appears as if I were just about to plunge into the gulf. Adieu, my dear friend!

we passed through took the places of postillions, to drive our horses, and, in the cities, the inhabitants unharnessed them and drew the carriage themselves. One of the generals of the French army, called the bravest of the brave*, was hurt by the crowd in one of these triumphal entries; in fact, no man who has not filled the throne has ever experienced, in an equal degree, the affection of the people. Alas! it was I who enjoyed it for him, it was me whom it intoxicated; nor ought I to remember these days without gratitude, whatever may be now the afflictions of my life; but my father's sole occupation, from that moment, was to assuage the consequences of a triumph so formidable to all those who were of the vanquished party.

My father's first step, on arriving at Basle, was to seek out madame de Polignac, who had always shown herself his determined opponent, but who interested him at this moment, for she was proscribed. He never ceased, during his journey, to render services to persons of aristocratic opinions, who were flying in great numbers from Paris; many requested letters from his hand to enable them to pass the frontiers without danger. He gave them to all who were exposed to danger, although in doing so he was aware how far he committed himself. For it must be observed, in order fully to estimate his conduct in this respect, that my father, both by nature and by his habits of mind, possessed an unusual prudence, and did scarcely any thing at the impulse of the moment. It was a quality of his mind unfavourable to action, that it was too perceptible of uncertainty; he calculated every chance, and never, in the giddiness of speculation, overlooked the possibility of an obstacle; but, whenever the idea of a duty presented itself, all the mathematical powers of his reason stooped to this supreme law; and, whatever might be the consequences of a resolution that virtue dictated, it was the only case in which he decided without hesitation.

In almost every place where my father stopped during his journey, he spoke to the people who surrounded him, on the necessity of respecting property and persons. He required of those who manifested most affection for him, to prove it by fulfilling their duties: he accepted of his triumph from a religious devotion to virtue, to humanity, to the public good. What is the nature of men, if these are not the means of acquiring their esteem and respect? what is life, if such a conduct does not secure the divine blessing?

Ten leagues from Paris, people came to tell us that the baron de Besenval, one of the men most within the danger of the popular fury, was brought back a prisoner to Paris, which would infallibly expose him to be assassinated in the streets. Our carriage was stopped in the road, and my father requested to write to the persons by whose authority the baron de Besenval was conducted to Paris, that he would take upon him to warrant the suspension of the orders they had received from the commune of Paris, and to indemnify them in keeping the baron de Besenval where he was. Such a requisition was hazarding much, and my father was not ignorant how soon the favour which springs from popularity is destroyed; it is a sort of power that must be enjoyed without being used. He wrote it nevertheless upon his knees in his carriage; the least delay might cost the baron de Besenval his life, and my father would never have forgiven himself for not having prevented the death of a man, when he had it in his power. I do not know what may be said politically of this profound respect for men's lives; but I should think the human race can have no interest in stigmatizing it.

When arrived at Versailles, it was necessary my father should go to the commune of Paris, to account

* General Junod.

for his conduct in the affair of Mr. de Besenval; he went there, and my mother and myself followed him. All the inhabitants of Paris were in the streets, at the windows, or on the roofs; all cried out, *Vive M. Necker!*

My father went to the Hotel de Ville; in the midst of these acclamations he delivered a speech, the only object of which was to request favour towards M. de Besenval, and that the amnesty might be extended to all persons of his opinions. This speech drew over the numerous auditors who listened to it; a sentiment of pure enthusiasm for virtue and goodness, a sentiment excited by no interest, by no political opinion, seized on nearly two hundred thousand Frenchmen, who had assembled in and about the Hotel de Ville. Ah! who would not then have passionately loved the French nation! Never did it prove so great as on that day, when its sole intention was to be generous, never more amiable than on that day, when its natural impetuosity sprung freely towards a virtuous end. Fifteen years have elapsed since that day, and nothing has enfeebled its impression, the strongest I have ever experienced. My father also, in the various events which have happened since, has continually felt, at the name of France, that indefinable emotion, which can only be explained to Frenchmen; not, indeed, that many of the events of the revolution have tended to preserve such a constant esteem towards this great nation; but it is so favoured by heaven, that it is natural to expect it will, one day, merit the blessings it has received.

Very few women exist who have had the happiness to hear a whole people repeat the name of the object of their tenderest affection, but they will not contradict me when I assert, than nothing can equal the emotion which the acclamations of the multitude then excited. All those looks, which seem for the moment animated with the same sentiment as your own, those numerous voices which vibrate in your heart, that name which ascends to the skies, and seems to return to heaven, after having passed the homage of the earth; that electricity altogether inconceivable, which men communicate to each other, when they feel together the sentiments of truth; all those mysteries of nature and society, added to that greatest of mysteries the sensation of love, crowd on the soul, and it sinks under the strength of its emotions. My father was at the summit of his glory; a glory which he made subservient to the hopes he most cherished, to humanity, to indulgence; but from that day, ever memorable to his friends and to the nation itself, commenced the reversal of his destiny.

Almost all great men have a point of prosperity, which seems to have wearied fortune; but might not one who had never harboured in his heart one project of personal benefit, one selfish desire, have hoped for a more constant prosperity? He did not obtain it; Providence did not guide the French revolution in the path of justice; my father, in following it, was of necessity foiled. The very night of his triumph at the Hotel de Ville, at the instigation of M. de Mirabeau, the amnesty pronounced in the morning was repealed in the sections, and of that great day all that remained to my father was the pleasure of having saved the life of the old baron de Besenval. Still that was much: alas! we are so little acquainted with the anguish of a cruel death, that to have averted it from a single man was enough to preserve for ever in his mind the inexhaustible solace of an honourable recollection. And will it not always be read in history with pleasure, that there existed a great statesman, who thought morality, sensibility, and goodness, perfectly compatible with the talents necessary for the government of an empire? will it not be more pleasing to reflect that this man was accessible to generosity, and to pity; and those who suffered misery of whatever description in the vast

country of France, could say—if he knows it, and can relieve us, we shall be relieved!

A year of scarcity, such as had not occurred for near a century, combined in 1789 and 1790 with the political troubles, and Mr. Necker, by multiplied cares, silent but incessant, by those cares which produce no brilliant glory, but which are incited by a sentiment of duty, saved Paris and many other cities of France from famine; he procured supplies of grain from all parts of the world, employed himself night and day on the subject, and often regretted the impossibility of bestowing on politics all the time they required. But so great was his terror lest Paris should be in want of bread, in the midst of a faction impatient for hostility, that it occasioned him a long and dangerous bilious complaint, the source of those which ultimately abridged his days; for his affections mingled with his politics, and while he governed men, he loved them.

I have read among his papers the letters of the commune of Paris and of the surrounding communes, thanking him for his successful endeavours to preserve them from famine. How many addresses of this kind, on various occasions, have I found, sent from all quarters of France! How agonizing to contemplate them, in spite of the lustre they shed on a memory I so much cherish!

During the last fifteen months of his last administration, Mr. Necker sustained a continual struggle with the executive power, as well out of the constituent assembly as in the midst of it: and his situation became every day so much the more disadvantageous, as the violent men who surrounded the court had excited suspicions there of his intentions; and as he had lost the guidance of those whom he had engaged to defend. Much may be said about firmness of character, and with reason it may be considered as an important quality in those who govern: in the first place I think it easy to prove that in 1789 and 1790 such was the fermentation of men's minds, that no moral power could have allayed it, and, secondly, it is impossible to possess a consistent character for another. A man may lend his mind, he may lend his resources, but there is something so individual in character, that it can only serve for himself. The personal action of the king is not necessary in the constitution of England, but in the other monarchies of Europe, above all in the midst of a great political crisis, a minister never can supply the energy of a king: and the speeches he composes for him often serve only to expose the contrast that exists between what it is intended he should appear, and what he really is.

I must also allow that my father, frugal by principle of all measures of violence and force, repugnant by disposition to all the resources of corruption, had no other arms against the factious than reason; but if he had resorted to other maxims, still I firmly believe that, in the existing circumstances, the king only could have defended the king, and that the words of a minister who was known to be without influence at court, could not have the power of a single word pronounced on the throne.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN SYNONYMOUS WORDS.

Burden, Load.

BURDEN, says the German synonymist Eberhard, is etymologically connected with the verb "to bear," as is "load" with "to load." The one means a weight borne, the other a weight imposed; both include the idea of weight lifted.

"The porter sweats under his burden."

"The waggon creaks beneath its load."

When we are considering in a ship its power of bearing or lifting, we talk of its burden; when we are considering the means of stowing and heaving the cargo, we talk of its loading.

Dr. Trusler says, erroneously, that by burden we understand a weight possible to be borne; but by load, a weight more than we are able to bear.

The following phrases are both usual and correct:

"What do you ask for that load of wood? you have employed plenty of cattle to draw it." "The burden was too much for him; he has got an injury." "You are to carry back the hampers empty; you will have a light load."

Dryden writes,

At every close she made, th' attending throng
Reply'd, and bore the burden of the song.

He evidently considers the word "burden," when it means a bob or chorus, as identical with the word under discussion, and therefore describes it as borne. It ought probably to be written *burdon*, and derives from *bourdon*, Fr. the drone of a bag-pipe, which serves as accessory music, like a chorus. "The burdon of a song."

Breakers, Surges, Billows, Waves, Undulations, Fluctuations.

Those huge waves whose summits break into foam at a distance from the shore are called breakers.

"The breakers in the Bay of Biscay are formidable to mariners."

Those waves which rise higher than others are called surges, from the Latin word *surgere*, to rise.

He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.

Those waves which swell out more than others are called billows. This term is derived from the verb "to bulge," or "to bilge," which is itself a derivative from the substantive "belly;" in Anglo Saxon *bilig*. Bilge-water is the water contained in the belly of a ship.

Bailey is incorrect in deriving billow from *bellen*, to bark or roar. Were he right, billows would signify the noisier waves.

The waves are so called from the Anglo Saxon word *waeg*, which is connected with *weagan*, to weigh. A balancing or oscillatory motion is therefore the radical or essential idea; and a wave may be defined a ridge of water in a state of oscillation.

The wave behind impels the wave before.

From the substantive "wave" comes a verb "to wave;" and from the verb "to wave" comes a frequentative verb "to waver." From "to waver" is formed the verbal substantive "a wavering."

Undulation is identical in form with wavering. From *unda*, wave, comes the frequentative verb *undulare*, and hence the verbal substantive *undulatio*. But as in wave the fundamental idea is oscillation, whereas in *unda* the fundamental idea is swelling, the metaphorical use of wavering and undulation is different; although when applied to sensible objects the meaning of these words is not always distinguishable.

"The waverings of hesitation." "The undulations of pride."

We say "the wavering of boughs," because they oscillate; but not "the undulation of boughs," because they do not upswell. "*Undans Ætna.*" "*Undat equis.*" "*Undulata toga.*"

"Undulated waistcoats are now in fashion." "Through undulating air the sounds are sent."

Fluctuation is derived from *fluctus*, of which the etymon is connected with *fluere*, to flow, and *flumen*, flood. Those waves which flow faster than others are the *fluctus*. Movement, tossing, is the prominent feature described.

"The fluctuations of the tide." "The fluctuations of opinion." "As the greatest part of my estate has hitherto been of an unsteady and volatile nature, either tost upon seas or fluctuating in funds, it is now fixed and settled in substantial acres and tenements."

Clergyman, Parson, Minister, Priest.

There are three ranks of clergymen below that of a dignitary: parson, vicar, and curate. Parson is the first, meaning a rector, or he who receives the great tythes of a benefice. By the word parson then is implied one of a particular class of clergy, whereas by the word clergyman is understood any person ordained to serve at the altar. Parsons are always priests; many clergymen are only deacons. Every bishop, dean, prebend, &c. is a clergyman, though not always a parson.

So far Dr. Trusler, and well; but he omits to notice the remaining synonyms. A minister is one who actually or habitually serves at the altar. The clergyman who delegates his functions is not a minister. The dissenting clergy are all ministers; for as ordination with them confers no indelible character, on ceasing to officiate they revert into laymen. A priest is one of the second order in the hierarchy, above a deacon and below a bishop; it is a title bestowed by specific ordination, which confers a privilege of consecrating the sacrament. Only priests are capable of being admitted to any parsonage, vicarage, benefice, or other ecclesiastical promotion. The word priest is derived from πρεσβυτερος, an elder, a legate, and is applied to the sacerdotal officers of any religion. Minister, means servant, and therefore retains the idea of actual employ. Parson is probably from *parochianus*, and therefore implies one whose rights extend over a parish. Clergyman, like fisherman for fisher, is a somewhat awkward substitute for the *clerc* of our ancestors, which meant a graduate, a man regularly educated.

Continuation, Continuance, Continuity, Continuality.

Continuation, continuance, continuity, continuality, are all derived from *con* and *tenere*, and have consequently for their primary sense or radical idea "a holding together."

Continuation is used of space, continuance of time, continuity of substance, and continuality of motion. Thus we say,

"The continuation of a march." "The continuance of a war." "The continuity of a rampart." "The continuality of explosions." "The Paddington canal is to have a continuation into the Thames." "During our continuance in any office we are industriously to discharge its duties." "As in the natural body a wound or solution of continuity is worse than a corrupt humour, so in the spiritual." "The continuality of the noise in the street makes me wish to remove into the Temple."

Are there adequate grammatical reasons for this practice?

Continuation and continuance derive from the verb "to continue." The formative ending *ation* began in *actio*, signifying "doing." The formative ending *ance* is probably corrupted from an obsolete substantive of the Latins, *entia*, signifying "being." The first therefore has something of a transitive, the second of a passive meaning.

"The continuation of your hostility is unbecoming." "The continuance of my deafness grows tedious."

This accessory idea of action attached to the word continuation renders it fitter for use wherever effort is implied.

"The continuation of the thunderclaps." "The continuation of Rapin's History." "The continuation of the species."

But to all passive substantives an accessory idea of state, condition, duration, easily attaches, which renders the prevalent application of continuance natural and proper.

"The continuance of moonshine." "A longer continuance here is im-

possible." "Continuance in such company is a continuation of his imprudence."

Continuity and continuality derive respectively from the adjectives "continuous" and "continual." The formative termination *ity* began perhaps in *itus*, gait, from "to go." As generosity signifies the quality or property of being generous, so continuity signifies the quality of being continuous, and continuality the quality of being continual. Continuous is derived from the Latin, in which language it means "immediately successive." Continual is derived from the French, in which language it means "incessant." The one is oftener an attribute of substance, and the other of motion.

"Continuous waves." "A continual stream."

The shades of meaning attached to these four words are such as their derivation requires; their habitual employment corresponds with their essential significancy: it is likely, therefore, to be permanent.

For the Literary Magazine.

WHETHER THOSE MANUFACTORIES FROM WHICH A DISAGREEABLE SMELL ARISES ARE HURTFUL TO HEALTH?

TO arrive at the true solution of the problem, we must take a view of the several arts against which a clamour has been raised, and divide them into two classes. The first comprises all those, the processes of which allow aeriform emanations to escape from them into the surrounding atmosphere, either in consequence of putrefaction or fermentation. The second class includes those in which the artist, operating by the aid of fire, developes and evolves in air or vapour various principles, which are more or less disagreeable to respire, and reputed more or less injurious to health.

After examining the nature of the principal manufactories against which considerable prejudice has been excited, we shall find but few, the vicinity of which is dangerous to health.

The manufacture of acids, sal-ammoniac, Prussian blue, sugar of lead, white lead, starch, beer, and leather, as well as slaughter-houses, are not injurious to the health of the vicinity when they are properly conducted.

We cannot say as much for the steeping of hemp, making catgut, laystalls, and, in general, establishments where a large quantity of animal and vegetable matter is subject to humid putrefaction: in all these cases, besides the disagreeable smell which they exhale, miasmata, more or less deleterious, are evolved.

Though the manufactories which we have considered as not injurious to the health of the neighbourhood ought not to be removed, yet police should watch over them strictly, and consult with well-informed persons for prescribing to the conductors the most proper measures for preventing their smoke and smell from being diffused in the vicinity. This end may be attained by improving the processes of the manufactures, raising the outer walls, so that the vapours may not be diffused among the neighbours; improving the management of the fires, which may be done to such a point, that all the smoke shall be burnt in the fire-place, or deposited in the tunnels of long chimnies; and maintaining the utmost cleanliness in the manufactories, so that nothing shall be left to putrify in them, and all the refuse capable of fermentation be lost in deep wells, and prevented from any way incommoding the neighbours.

When new manufactories of Prussian blue, sal-ammoniac, leather, starch, or any other article, by which vapours, very inconvenient to the neighbours, or danger of fire or explosions, are to be established, it would be a just and prudent principle, that they are not to be admitted into cities, or near dwellings,

without special authority; and that, if persons neglect to comply with this indispensible condition, their manufactories may be removed without any indemnification.

We may repeat, 1st. That catgut manufactories, laystalls, steeping of hemp, and every establishment in which animal or vegetable matters are heaped together to putrify in large quantities, are injurious to health, and ought to be remote from towns, and every dwelling-house. 2dly. That manufactories where disagreeable smells are occasioned through the action of fire, as in the making of acids, Prussian blue, and sal-ammoniac, are dangerous to the neighbours only from want of due precautions, and that the care of government should extend only to an active and enlightened superintendance, having for its objects the improvement of their processes, and of the management of the fire, and the maintenance of cleanliness. 3dly. That it would be worthy a good and wise government to make regulations prohibiting the future establishment of any manufacture, the vicinity of which is attended with any essential inconvenience or danger, in towns, and near dwelling-houses, without special authority previously obtained. In this class may be comprised the manufactories of dry night-soil, leather, and starch; founderies, melting-houses for tallow, slaughter-houses, rag-warehouses, manufactories of Prussian blue, varnish, glue, and sal-ammoniac, potteries, &c.

These conclusions were lately adopted by the French Institute, and addressed to government, with an invitation to make them the basis of its decisions.

For the Literary Magazine.

ALLIANCE BETWEEN GRATITUDE AND RESENTMENT.

THERE are several apothegms which from being neatly expressed are easily remembered, from being easily remembered are frequently repeated, and from being frequently repeated are extensively believed, independently of their consonance with fact. Of this kind is Swift's somewhat misanthropic remark, "Men are grateful in the same degree as they are resentful." In consequence of a personal occurrence, I have been for twenty years in the habit of trying this maxim upon the individuals within my range of observation; but I have hardly ever found it to fit. I am come to think that resentment is rather proportioned to the irritability, but gratitude to the tenacity of the memory; that those who acquire quickly are usually resentful, and those who retain distinctly are usually grateful. I invite a comparison of this very different position with experience. Resentment is a more sudden and violent emotion; gratitude a more permanent and gentle impression. Courageous, selfish, and rude natures are more prone to resentment; cautious, benevolent, and refined natures are more prone to gratitude; men are the more resentful, women the more grateful creatures. To resentment the antithetic emotion is fondness, which has also its excesses and its transiency; to gratitude the antithetic emotion is envy, which has also its measuredness and its perseverance.

For the Literary Magazine.

ZURICH AND LAVATER.

From the American Letters.

AS you approach Zurich, a manufacturing town of ten thousand people, beautifully situated at the north end of the lake which bears its name (a charming expanse of water, ten leagues in length and one in breadth), the neighbouring hills rise into a stupendous amphitheatre, sloping gradually down to the lucid arena, which is every where bordered with vine-

yards and pasture grounds, dotted with alternate villas, villages, and towns, and pointed with the glistening spires of the capital, at one end, and the snowy peaks of Schweitz and Glarus at the other.

The transparent Limmat flows from the lake through the middle of the town, and a broad wooden bridge serves alike for a market place, and a public walk, where walking is not quite so fashionable an amusement as it is in France and England. The principal inn (where we had the good fortune to find the pleasantest apartments unoccupied) encroaches upon one side of the bridge, fronts the outlet of the lake, and presents between the tall spires of the churches on the right and left the distant chain of Alpine summits, white with the frost of ages.

Here we have pitched our tents, as from this commanding station we can reconnoitre Switzerland, and direct scouting parties at will, to scale the walls of the mountain, explore the defiles of the glacier, or lodge in ambush among the islands of the lake, or the thickets of the valley.

Zurich was the first town in Switzerland that separated itself from the prescriptive corruptions of *mother church*. It was here that the moderate and charitable Zuinglius, originally a priest of Glarus, had ventured to preach against vows, pilgrimages, and votive offerings, before the effervescence of reformation had been provoked by the unlimited sale of indulgences.

The communion had been peaceably substituted for the mass, by a resolution of the magistrates, as early as the year 1524: but the reformers of Zurich, being unhappily seized with the rage for propagating the principles of *good will to men* by the arguments of fire and sword, instituted a protestant crusade against the neighbouring cantons of Schweitz and Uri; and at the battle of Kappel, Zuinglius himself (I blush for the inconsistency of the minister of the gospel) fell a victim to misguided zeal, in defending, at the commmand of the magistrates, another banner than that of *the Prince of peace*.

The streets of Zurich are narrow and crooked; but there is a beautiful little square, the court-yard of a forsaken convent, upon the brow of a neighbouring eminence, to which we often walk of an evening to see the last beams of sunshine linger upon the white peaks that overlook the farther extremity of the lake. Sometimes at high noon, in pensive guise, we rove along the double rows of lime trees which border the junction of the Sill and the Limmat, and cast a *night of shade* upon the tomb of Gesner, the pastoral poet, who was buried, at his own request, in one of the thickets of the grove.

In the library of Zurich is preserved the original manuscript of Quintilian, from which the first modern edition was printed. It was discovered on the revival of learning, together with several other sole copies of the classics, among the musty legends of the benedictine abbey of St. Gall, where the neglected ancients had slumbered in tranquillity a thousand years.

In the arsenal was exhibited, until the French revolutionists destroyed the political relique, a bow and arrow, with which William Tell, the traditionary hero of Switzerland, was said to have shot the apple from the head of his son, at the command of the tyrant Gessler.

Far more to be regretted, as occasioned by the same event, is the premature loss of John Gaspar Lavater. The reviver or the inventor of the science of physiognomy received his death's wound before his own door, when the Russians were driven out of the city by the French in 1799; though he lingered near twelve months, and retained the enjoyment of his faculties sufficiently to preach a farewell sermon to his beloved parishioners, but a week before his tranquil departure for the world of spirits.

The speculative philanthropist was often approached with trepida-

tion by persons who dreaded to expose their frailties to his penetrating eye. On such occasions he would frequently remark, that *No man need fear the presence of another, since every one must be conscious of his own defects.*

Lavater inhabited a modest mansion, characteristically furnished with a little gazebo, that commands a court leading to his parish church, every avenue of which resounds on holidays with decent peasantry, in hob-nailed shoes and wooden heels, stamping along with downright zeal to hear an antiquated ecclesiastic, starched with the vandyke frill, vociferously ejaculate the gentle admonitions of the code of life and peace.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE EPIGRAM.

SULZER compares an epigram with a monument and its inscription. The first half, he says, should indicate some interesting object; and the second half make an impressive reflection upon it. This distich forms a complete epigram in his idea:

"Infelix Dido! nulli bene nupta marito:
Hoc pereunte, fugis; hoc fugiente, peris."

Poor Dido! still in either husband crost,
Whose death thy flight, or flight thy death has cost.

It first announces the celebrated Dido as an example of matrimonial misfortune, and then defines with pointed precision in what the misfortune consisted; the incipient verse is as it were the statue, and the concluding verse a characteristic motto.

The following epigram wants the first half; it is necessary to give it ...ription; but it is neat.

On a woody island.

Hic Cytherea tuo poteras cum Marte jacere;
Vulcanus prohibetur aquis, Sol pellitur umbris.

Here with her Mars may Venus safely dwell;
Vulcan the waves, and Sol the shades repel.

There is a like deficiency in the following Greek epigram: it is here also necessary to prefix a title:

On the statue of Niobe.

Alive, the gods could into stone transform;
Of stone, Praxiteles with life inform.

But it is a far greater defect to omit the second part, or point, which is the case with several epigrams in the Anthology, and which at first sight appears to be the case in the following German epigram, although it in reality conceals a sharp sting:

You ask an epigram, and on yourself;
My wit is out of joint:
But you can laugh so glibly, so at nothing,
'Twill do without a point.

For the Literary Magazine.

LETTER FROM MR. ADDISON TO A LADY.

MADAM,

IT would be ridiculous in me, after the late imagination you were pleased to favour me with, to affect any longer an ignorance of your sentiments, opposite soever as an approbation of them must be to the dictates of reason and justice. This expression, madam, I am highly sensible may appear a little too coarse in the mouth of a polite man; but I hope is no disgrace to the be-

haviour of a sincere one. When we are to talk upon matters of importance, delicacy must give way to truth, and ceremony be sacrificed to candour, and honest freedom is the privilege of ingenuity; and the mind which is above the practice of deceit can never stoop to a willingness to flatter. Give me leave, madam, to remark, that the connection subsisting between your husband and myself is of a nature too strong for me to think of injuring him in a point where the happiness of his life is so materially concerned. You cannot be insensible of his goodness, or my obligations; and suffer me to observe, madam, that, were I capable of such an action, at the time that my behaviour might be rewarded by your passion, I must be despised by your reason; and though I might be esteemed as a lover, I must be hated as a man.

Highly sensible, madam, of the power of your beauty, I am determined to avoid an interview where my reputation may be for ever lost. You have passions, you say, madam, but give me leave to answer, that you have understanding also: you have a heart susceptible of the tenderest impressions, but a soul, if you would choose to wake it, above an unwarranted indulgence of them; and let me intreat you, for your own sake, that no giddy impulse of an ill-placed inclination may induce you to entertain a thought prejudicial to your honour and repugnant to your virtue. I, madam, am far from insensible; I too have passions; and could my situation a few years ago have allowed me a possibility of succeeding, I should have legally solicited that happiness you are now ready to bestow. I had the honour, madam, of supping at Mr. D——s's, where I first saw you, and shall make no scruple in declaring, that I never saw a person so irresistible, or a manner so excessively engaging; but the superiority of your circumstances prevented any declaration on my side; and though I burned with a flame as strong as ever filled human breast, I laboured to suppress, or at least studied to conceal it.

Time and absence at length abated an unhoping passion, and your marriage with my patron and friend effectually cured it. Do not now, I beseech you, madam, destroy a tranquillity I have just begun to taste, or blast your own honour, which has hitherto been spotless and unsullied. My best esteem is ever your's; but should I promise more? Consider, I conjure you, the total necessity I am under of removing myself from an intercourse so dangerous, and, in any other command, dispose of your most humble and devoted,

J. A.

For the Literary Magazine.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS CONCERNING CONTRASTED COLOURS.

M. C. A. PRIEUR has lately laid before the French Institute a memoir on colours, and on several of their singular appearances. He sets out from the known opinions concerning the various species of luminous rays, the colours resulting from a mixture of several of these rays taken at different parts of the solar spectrum, and, among others, the very remarkable case where the rays are so chosen, that their union produces on the organ of sight the sensation of whiteness, even if two sorts of rays only be employed.

If we would comprehend what passes in the seeing of colours, it is indispensable, in the first place, to obtain a familiar acquaintance with the shades composed of several simple rays, to acquire precise ideas of black and white, and of the complication these introduce into coloured appearances, and more especially to understand the relation of colours, which, taken two and two, in a certain order, are capable of forming, by their union, white or any other compound tint.

Two colours having this kind of relation to each other are reciprocally termed complimentary colours. One of these being given, the other may be determined with more or less precision by various modes of experiment, calculation, &c.; and the consideration of them applies very usefully to a great number of cases.

Contrast is the effect of the simultaneous vision of two substances differently coloured, when brought near together under certain circumstances. Contrast is a comparison, from which results the sentiment of a certain difference, great or small. Colours exhibited by contrast are always conformable to the tint that would be obtained by abstracting from the colour proper to one of the substances the rays analogous to the colour of the other. Thus, if on red paper a slip painted orange-colour be placed, the latter will appear nearly yellow, but the same strip placed on yellow paper will appear nearly red. If it be placed on violet paper it will resume a yellowish tint; and on green paper it will appear red, but in a different degree.

The explanation of these instances by the rule proposed is easy, if we suppose the orange-colour of the little strip to be compounded of all the rays except blue, which is commonly the case. A multitude of combinations of colours thus placed upon one another bring out the colour of contrast indicated by the rule laid down; but there are several circumstances that render the effect more striking, or modify the result. Sometimes it depends on the degree of light by which the colours are observed, and sometimes upon the manner in which it enters the eye.

The colours of contrast will appear likewise with greater vividness after they have been observed a few moments, or if the coloured substances be shaken a little, so that they may pass slowly over the retina. It seems as if a certain fatigue of the eye, either instantaneously with regard to the intensity of light, or more slowly by a prolonged vision, concurred to produce the appearances in question. But an excessive fatigue of the organ would produce a degeneration of the colours belonging to another mode.

A new method of rendering the colours of contrast very sensible consists in the observer being in a room with a good light, and placing against the window the coloured papers on which he means to observe the contrasts in the manner above-mentioned. The coloured paper, serving as the ground, will then possess a degree of semi-transparency; while the little slip of a different colour placed upon it is more opake, and in the shade, on account of the double thickness of paper. Thus the colour produced by the contrast is rendered much more striking.

From this arrangement results also the singularly striking effect of contact of a little slip of white paper applied successively on paper, glass, and cloth of a green colour. When the transparent body is red, the opake white appears bluish green; if the ground be orange, it is decidedly blue; on a yellow ground a kind of violet; on a crimson ground green, &c.; always corresponding exactly to the complimentary colour.

The knowledge of contrast may be usefully applied to those arts which are employed on the subject of colours. The painter is aware that it is not a matter of indifference what colour is placed near another; but when he is acquainted with the law to which their action on each other is subjected, he will know better what to avoid, and how to dispose his tints, so as to heighten the brilliancy of that which he wishes to bring forward. Contrasting them together in succession likewise affords valuable indications of their nature and composition. This the author himself has put in practice with advantage, in his manufactory of colours and paper-hanging.

Mr. P. examines a very singular case, the white appearance which a coloured body sometimes exhibits when viewed through a glass of the same hue, and his conclusion is, that the perception of whiteness in these cases is owing solely to the action of contrasts, by which the impression of the colour is deadened or annihilated; while that of a certain degree of brightness still subsists, and is noticed from the opposition of a greater degree of obscurity. Hence a new definition of whiteness: "White is with respect to us the sensation of light, when no particular colour predominates in it, or is perceived in it."

The author considers the colouring of different opake and transparent bodies, and inquires what are the luminous rays which a given coloured body is really capable of reflecting or transmitting. He discovered that several opake substances, of various natures and of all colours, owed their coloured appearance to the following laws: 1. Each of the bodies always absorbed the rays that were complimentary to the predominant colour. 2. In some the absorption included, besides the complimentary species, others collateral to this species, and more or less numerous. 3. The deeper a colour is, the fewer species of rays it reflects.

The appearance of coloured clouds, particularly those we see about the rising and setting of the sun, has hitherto remained without explanation. It is not owing to the refraction of the solar rays, but to the successive absorption of them, when they strike on the inferior parts of the atmosphere, which are loaded with vapour. The quantity of vapours, and even their nature, not being the same every day, produce corresponding differences in their effects.

Commonly the first rays attacked by these vapours are the blue adjacent to the violet. Soon after they attack the contiguous rays, gaining with more rapidity the blue properly so called; then the green, the yellow, and thus proceeding to the red. Hence the yellowish, orange, and red colours, exhibited by the clouds. This period of tints, the evening for example, displays itself gradually as the sun approaches the horizon. The same hues tinge terrestrial objects, the part of the air nearest the sun, and this luminary itself. Accordingly, when we can receive its rays on a prism, we perceive that the rays actually absorbed correspond to the general tint of the moment.

Contrasts may likewise render the colour of the clouds complicated; as, for instance, when a great portion of the sky displays its blue tint. There are some clouds the colour of which arises solely from this cause; and such may be seen at times in the middle of the day, when we have a lofty mountain at our back, or are in any other situation where the eye is defended from the too powerful action of the solar light, either direct or reflected; but in this case the clouds have only a yellowish tinge, precisely the complimentary colour of sky-blue.

Sometimes the moon is of a similar colour, when it is very high, a little before or after the sun passes the horizon. It appears thus, or even completely white, when clouds variously coloured by the vapours of sun-rise or sun-set are in the air at the same time.

Lastly, from the irregularity of the earth's surface, and of the state of the atmosphere, the phenomena are liable to be concealed, or subjected to various interruptions. In our climate the colouring of the clouds seldom reaches its last stage. On some evenings, when the sky is very clear toward the part where the sun sets, while light clouds float very high over our heads, we shall see these at a subsequent period appearing of a very light red, heightened by the diminution of light on the earth, soon after obscured, and at length becoming extinct in shade.

Towns and Villages.	*Damages.*	*Families perished.*	*Total dead.*
Sassano	Entirely destroyed	Inhabitants lost.	
Bassano	Become a lake	220	672
St. Angelo di Lombardi	Part destroyed	No particulars.	
Camelli	A volcano opened	Ditto.	

Other places, with general information.

Bassano, destroyed, was the centre of the earthquake, which extended 150 miles. The following places were also destroyed: Rucca, Mandolfi, Machia Godena, Mirabello, Vinghiatura, and other villages. The following places were partly destroyed: Campobassa, Saverna, Supino, Ducameno, Santabuono, Colle Danchese, Castor Petrone, Civita Narva, Bolino, and other villages. Of the different places in Abruzzo and Contado di Molisa that have suffered, no particulars are as yet given, no account having been received of the number of families or persons dead or missing; and, as many are supposed to be dead who are only missing, the number is likely to be less than computed.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON GREEK AMATORY POETRY.

Monet ætatis specie, dum floreat, uti;
Contemni spinam cum cecidêre rosæ.
OVID *Fast.*

THE greatest number of Greek amatory poems are either in celebration of personal charms, or descriptive of the mere passion of love, without any or very little mixture of those peculiar elegances and refined sentiments, the produce of modern notions and modern manners, and which may be perhaps entirely attributed to that singular system of gallantry introduced among us by the pure and elevated doctrines of Gothic chivalry. This spirit was unknown to the Greeks; and both the nature of the passion which they felt, and the poetry which that passion inspired, may perhaps bear a closer comparison to Asiatic luxury than to European delicacy and refinement.

"Can you suppose," says the tragedian Amphis, "or will any one ever persuade me that there has existed a man whom the elegant mind alone of his mistress has attracted, and not the charms of her person?"

Yet nature is the same in all ages and countries. By its first great law beauty is every where felt and acknowledged as the strongest attraction, the most irresistible impulse of our desires and affections; and hence it is that many of those songs and lighter amatory effusions, both of our own and other countries, which are most universally known and admired, have their originals, or at least their strong resemblances, among the early poems of the Greeks. A soft air of voluptuousness, an engaging detail of description, a kind of eastern fragrance which pervades the latter, is in general changed among us for more elegance in the turns of expression, a greater mixture of sentiment, and a juster sense of the delicacy and respect due to the delightful objects of our praise; but the ground-work remains unaltered, as the passion which forms it is every where the same. It is evident that I am here speaking of those among our modern poets whose reputation is established, and who have fixed the standard of our national taste. There is a later race of writers of amorous poetry to whom these observations in no respect apply. More voluptuous than the most voluptuous of the Grecian bards, they contrive to render themselves as disgusting as they are immoral, by the extreme viciousness of their style, and the undisguised libertinism of the images they present. More absurdly refined than the most refined of our own

poets, unnatural sentiment usurps the place of real passion, and by trying at every turn to impress their readers with ideas of their excessive sensibility, they soon convince them that they in fact have no feeling, unless it be in the coarsest and most brutal of all gratifications.

The manners and customs of the ancient Greeks were such as necessarily formed the style of their amorous poetry. After Cecrops had introduced the ordinances of marriage among them, the system of polygamy as well as of concubinage appears to have been very prevalent, though the former was probably early discountenanced; for we find that Agamemnon, immediately after the siege of Troy, having, contrary to the custom of his country, and in imitation of the constant habits of the Asiatics, married Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, that action was one of the chief causes of the conspiracy which was formed against him by Clytemnestra, his first wife, and which involved the unfortunate bride in the massacre that ensued. Many ages after, however, Socrates himself had two wives at one time, the notorious Xanthippe, and Myrto, the great-grand-daughter of Aristides; and Philip, king of Macedon, is said to have taken a new spouse in every town that he subdued, or country that he conquered, from motives of policy, to render his new subjects more submissive to the yoke of his government. Concubinage, however, was never much discouraged even by their philosophers and lawgivers. Solon authorized courtezans for the state. When Xerxes invaded Greece, the courtezans, who were already a class in high estimation at Corinth, crowded to the temple of Venus, the tutelar deity of that place; and even Simonides ascribes to their prayers the providence that was afterwards so signally exerted in rescuing Greece from slavery. Aspasia, the mistress of Pericles, publicly assisted him in the affairs of the government, and is recorded to have been the immediate cause of the Peloponnesian war, by instigating him to avenge on the Megarensians the insult they had offered her, by carrying away some female slaves whom she loved. We have an epigram of Plato, in honour of Archæanassa of Colophon, with whom he was desperately in love. Periander, Epaminondas, Isocrates, Aristotle, come in for their share of amorous anecdotes. The statue of Phryne was placed between those of Archidamus and Philip, kings of Macedon, at Delphi.

Mother of warm desires and amorous grace!
With new delights Theore's soul engage,
That she may leave the youthful, strong embrace,
For the ripe sense and vigorous mind of age!

Such is the address of Sophocles to Venus, when he was a very old man; yet even then he had not arrived at the period of his amours, but actually died while in pursuit of another mistress, Archippe.

Since so general a licentiousness prevailed throughout the nations of Greece, we shall hardly wonder at the romantic legend of Hermesianax of Colophon, who relates that Homer composed his Odyssey for love of Penelope; or, if we smile at its absurdity, we must recollect that, actuated by the spirit, our own old romance writers make two amorous knights out of Hercules and Theseus; and that, by the magical wand of the French tragedians, the Horatii, the Scipios, and the Martii, are metamorphosed into a company of whining gallants, to the completion of whose characters nothing is wanting but powdered wigs, stiff stays, and embroidered ruffles.

Many of the ancient philosophers approved of love and amorous incitements as the best cure for melancholy; and that which others approved, Epicurus practised. A story of him, which is said to have excited the strong censures of Cice-

ro, is told by old Burton in the following quaint manner. "When a sad and sick patient was brought unto him to be cured, he laid him on a down-bed, crowned him with a garland of sweet smelling flowers, in a fair perfumed closet delicately set out; and after a potion or two of good drink which he administered, he brought in a beautiful young wench that could play upon a lute, sing, dance," &c.

The amazing influence of the courtezans of Greece over the wisest and greatest men among them is strikingly exemplified in the well known stories of Lais and Phryne, and other celebrated women of that description. It is well expressed in the following verses on the first of them.

Greece, once the nurse of generous hearts,
Mistress of nations, queen of arts,
No longer great, no longer free,
Yields to a willing slavery.
A girl of Corinth holds the chain
Which circled once th' Ionian main.

There are several epigrams extant respecting this extraordinary woman. One of them has given rise to two well known epigrams of Ausonius, and to the still more spirited imitation of Prior.

Venus, take my votive glass;
Since I am not what I was,
What from this day I shall be,
Venus let me never see.

The original is, more literally, thus:

I who, erewhile, in fame and beauty proud,
Before my lattice drew an amorous crowd,
Lais the fair! my hateful glass resign,
An off'ring, heav'nly Venus! at thy shrine.
For what I am 'tis piteous to behold,
And Time has ruined what I was of old.

Some of these courtezans have given illustrious examples of affection and constancy. Such was Myrine the Samian, who remained faithful to Demetrius, the last of Alexander's successors in the throne of Syria, through every change of fortune till death. The mistress of Alcibiades accompanied him into banishment, followed him in his perilous flight, revenged his unhappy fate, and with her own hands erected for him a monument in the foreign and hostile country where he perished. Læna, the worthy companion of Harmodius, being put to the torture by Hippias, to make her discover what she knew of the conspiracy, expired on the rack, without once opening her mouth.

Gnathæna is highly celebrated for the liveliness of her wit, and the keenness of her satire. Among a number of anecdotes, the humour of which has evaporated or become unintelligible, a few are told which seem to support the character assigned her. Diphylus, the comic poet, having behaved himself indecorously at some public festival, was hustled and carried off his legs by the crowd. Thence he repaired to the house of this lady, his mistress, and there, according to the Athenian custom, asked for water to wash his feet; on which she said, with a well affected astonishment, "You did not come here on your feet; how then can they want washing?" An avaricious lover of her's once brought her a very small cask of wine, the virtues of which he loudly praised, particularly its great age: "I see it must be very old," says she, "for it is almost dwindled to nothing."

The shortness of life is an argument continually in the mouths of the ancient poets, for the purpose of recommending the enjoyment of it while it lasts. It has been the theme for many of the most alluring, and many of the most affecting productions of the muse, equally indulged by the gay and the serious, by the voluptuous Anacreon and by the tender and moral Horace. It was adopted by the philosophers as well as poets of antiquity, and the me-

lancholy strains of Mimnermus were not more dictated by a poetical fancy, than by the operations of reflection and reason on the prevailing opinions of the time.

Drink and rejoice! what comes to-morrow,
Or what the future can bestow,
Of pain or pleasure, joy or sorrow,
Men are not wise enough to know.

O bid farewel to care and labour,
Enjoy your life while yet you may,
Impart your blessings to your neighbour,
And give your hours to frolic play.

Life is not life if free from passion,
From the soft transports love can give;
Indulge your amorous inclination;
Then life is worth the pains to live.

But, if you pass the short-lived pleasure,
And leave the luscious draught unknown,
Another claims your slighted treasure,
And you have nothing of your own.

Herodotus gives a memorable example of this doctrine in a king of Egypt, who, being warned by an oracle that he had but a short time to live, immediately ordered his palace to be illuminated from top to bottom with the blaze of torches, and from that moment lived as much as possible every hour of his time in festivity, turning night into day, and giving up his whole soul to the full indulgence of his senses.

But when applied to love, this argument has double force. Life is short, the lover may say, but short as it is, the period allotted to beauty and vigour, to the inclination and power of enjoyment, is but a small portion even of that.

Gather therefore the rose while yet is time,
For soon comes age that will her pride deflower;
Gather the rose of love while yet is time;
While loving thou may'st loved be with equal crime.

SPENSER.

So the Greek poet addresses the mistress whose cruel repulse he has experienced.

Still glorying in thy virgin-flower?
Yet in the gloomy shades of hell
No lovers will adorn thy bow'r—
Love's pleasures with the living dwell.
Virgin, we shall be dust alone
On the sad shore of Acheron.

Venus, in an ancient gem, is represented with a wreath of roses in her hand, to indicate the short duration of amorous pleasures; and thus in effect the very same emblem has been made use of in several beautiful epigrams. The first I shall present is very short, but most exquisite in point of tenderness, justness of thought, and elegance of expression.

Remember, love, the fragrant flow'r
Design'd for thee at peep of morn.
Returning both at evening hour,
We sought a rose, but found a thorn.

In the next the thought is more dilated and combined with a circumstance often since taken advantage of, the present of flowers. Prior's elegant and well known poem of the Garland was, I believe, formed on this very model.

This garland, intertwin'd with fragrant flow'rs,
Pluck'd by my hand, to thee, my love, I send.
The lillies here with op'ning roses blend;
Th' anemone, besprent with April show'rs;
The soft narcissus; violet that pours
From every purple leaf the glad perfume;
And, while upon thy sweeter breast they bloom,
Yield to the power of love thy passing hours;
For thou, like these, must fade at Nature's gen'ral doom.

Upon the same principle, and very similar in the execution, allowing for a greater mixture of fancy and sentiment, is Waller's beautiful Address to the Rose.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be, &c.

It concludes thus,

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

The old Provencals availed themselves often of the same simile. Peter d'Auverne sends a nightingale to the bower of his beautiful Clairette, instructing the bird to pour out his passionate complaints in her ear. The song thus introduced is attended by several romantic and picturesque circumstances; but it concludes in the very style of our Grecian bards: "Why do you pause? Embrace love when it is offered! Seize the happy moment! It is a flower that swiftly fades away."

But the ancient poets were not always quite so tender or polite to the cold-hearted fair ones whose barbarity they deplored. The same argument carried a little further we find to degenerate into abuse; and though the amorous minstrels of Greece did not often extend their triumphs over those cruel tyrants, whose hearts had begun to soften just at the season when they were no longer to be prized, to quite the extent that Horace has done in his "Audivêre, Lyce, Dî mea vota," yet they did not fail to display their exultation when occasion offered. The following reproofs, though a little less uncivil, are on the same model with the ode of Horace; they are both by Rufinus.

Did I not warn thee, Rosaline, that Time
Would soon divide thee from the youthful throng,
Feed on the damask of thy blooming prime,
And scatter wrinkles as he pass'd along?
The hour is come; for who with amorous song
Now wooes thy smile, or celebrates thy bloom?
See from thy presence how the gay and young
Retiring turn, and shrink as from a tomb.

—

Cold Rhodope, of beauty vain, replies,
Whene'er I greet her, with disdainful eyes,
The wreath I wove, and on her door-post bound,
Enraged she tore, and scattered on the ground.
Remorseless Age, and wrinkles, to my aid
Fly, swiftly fly, and Rhodope persuade!

Add to these the following lively sally of Nicarchus, who appears to have been jilted, and to have taken the method usually practised by despised poets of avenging himself.

Of beauty Lydia may have boasted
With reason in her prime,
Perhaps by all the young was toasted
Who liv'd in Noah's time.

But now her days of love are over,
Of ogling and of sighing,
'Twere wise no more to seek a lover,
But think at last of dying.

From the cruel fair themselves it is but natural to expect that the abuse of the poet would be transferred to the god who caused his disquiet. Hence he is born on rocks, nourished by lionesses, and reproached as a coward for entering the lists with mortals.

I hate thee, Love! On tygers try
The terrors of thy archery;
A mortal I, and thou divine,
What mighty victory is thine?
The quiet of my heart is lost;
But thou shouldst rather blush than boast.

For the Literary Magazine.

CAUTIONS RESPECTING EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

The following remarks are re-published from an English work for the *amusement* rather than the instruction of the American reader.

THE assertion has been made by many, that the new world holds out advantages not to be found in the old one: but this assertion is without truth.

When the Europeans first discovered the continent of North America, their eyes were saluted with an immense expanse of waste encumbered with trees. Beneath them were stagnant and fœtid swamps, for the want of the hand and skill of man to open channels for the passage of the waters; a soil neither solid nor liquid; and marshes covered with aquatic and noisome plants, which served only to nourish venemous insects, whilst they suppressed the growth of herbs fit for the use of man. The green enamelled turf, which forms the beauty of the exterior, and announces the fecundity of the interior of the earth, was no where to be seen. On the few spots which were unencumbered with wood the Indians had built towns, and cultivated maize in some, and others were covered with a tall wiry grass, which the cattle would never touch when they could find the buds of trees, plants, and succulent herbs, which they preferred to it. Every thing denoted that the new world, the mountains excepted, had laid buried beneath the sea for ages after the old one. Later experience has demonstrated this point beyond all doubt. At a very little depth, from eighteen to twenty-five feet beneath the upper stratum, there is found a black saline ooze or mud, the smell of which sufficiently discovers its origin. The upper strata are generally composed of masses of oceanic shells, which time has converted into calcareous stones, and, in many parts, beds of these shells are found in a continued extent of miles in their original undecomposed state. These strata, for above one hundred miles from the Atlantic shore, are covered with sea-sand intermixed with gravel, and mud washed down from the Alleghany mountains by the rains, and incrusted with the remains of decayed vegetation. In a word, nature seemed to have been in a state of infancy, and to have required time to bring her works to perfection. These are all rendered facts by the authority of the American Philosophical Transactions, and the researches of enlightened travellers. Nothing, therefore, but the extravagant avidity and credulity with which mankind receive the account of distant regions could have ever made them believe that Nature, equal and invariable in all her operations, could have done more for a new than an old soil, especially with the art and industry of man against her; and the amazing luxuriance of America must be restricted to vallies where the soil has accumulated to a vast depth, and which are in very inconsiderable quantities relatively to the whole. Even those parts nourish only those grains and herbs which nature has adapted to them, and not to those of the old continent; for which reason the European agriculturist has every thing to learn over again, and experience will only convince him that his labour and expence have been unprofitable. Instead of a soil cultivated for ages, which he may improve at a certain cost, and the replace of which may be ascertained to a sixpence in an acre, he must begin to dry up swamps, to open a passage for stagnant waters, to destroy rank weeds, to fell trees useless through their immense quantity, and finally to produce a new or cultivated nature. For want of hands or money he must do this laborious work himself, and he will find the life of an American farmer very different from that scene of ease, repose, and plenty, which its panegyrists have chaunted forth, even though he

should be settled in the vicinity of the best market town, and on the best cleared lands in the United States.

It should seem that these panegyrists have known no more of it, and have treated it in the same manner as the ancient poets have sung to us in the "Golden Age." They have painted it in the most seducing colours; but they have not known, or have omitted to tell us, of the daily cares and labours; they have handled the subject as poets and not as agriculturists, as theorists and not as practical observers: but if those writers had themselves followed the plough for days, exposed to wind and rain; if they had mowed and stacked hay in the marshes, in the heat of a burning sun, devoured by flies, and tormented by gnats and mosquitoes; if they had reaped the harvests with their backs exposed to the rays of the sun, their face to the exhalations of the earth and dropping perspiration, they would have known, that if by chance the American farmer gathers roses, it is only in midst of thorns. They have not sung those sudden frosts which at the beginning of summer destroy in a single night all hopes of fruit, apples, and cyder; those electric storms which, in the midst of the burning heat of the dog-days, overwhelm him with winter's hail, and scarcely leave him straw when he expected grain. They omit those gusts which come accompanied with torrents of rain, and wash his seeds out of the loose soil; and those flocks of birds which live at the farmer's expence, and pick out of the earth those seeds which have escaped being washed away. They do not mention those circumstances, because they have never experienced, or wished to conceal them. But these are very far from being the whole of the disadvantages attending the American farmer. There are, besides, swarms of insects so various, voracious, and destructive, that they seem to rise only to multiply, to injure vegetation, and to die. In warm and moist years their fecundity is inconceivable, and their numbers incalculable. The instinct of some leads them to gnaw the bark of trees, others prey upon the leaves, and others again upon the buds. There is nothing sown or planted which has not its enemy; and, that nothing may be exempted from their ravages, the insects of autumn devour the fruit whose buds have escaped the voracity of their predecessors. They say nothing of those worms which attack the stalks of the Indian corn, nor of those Hessian flies* which kill these plants by arresting their sap for their own nutriment, nor of those swarms of capterpillars, which, like a devastating conflagration, lay waste his orchards and woods, and in the midst of summer create the gloomy nakedness of winter. They have totally overlooked all those enemies, so formidable in power, though so contemptible in size. They forget that the years have no spring, nor even a summer and winter of regular duration; and that when to the ravages of so many insects are added the irregularity and inclemency of the seasons, the farmer sustains annually considerable losses, and his only consolation, hope for better luck next season, very often proves delusive. They pass over that it is dangerous to aim at making im-

* The inhabitants of Long Island, during the revolutionary war, having perceived that an insect, till then unknown, destroyed their crops of corn in the neighbourhood of the Hessian camp, called it the Hessian fly. So soon as the stalk and the ear are formed, this insect bores the upper and lower parts of the first joint, and deposits its little eggs in the aperture. When the young ones are blown, they intercept the sap and feed on it, which generally occasions the death of the plant. From Long Island this insect has spread over several states, and, as it advances westward, it leaves entirely the places it has before ravaged. It is absurd to suppose that this insect was brought from Europe, the whole natural history of which has none of a similar species.

provements, because, from the paucity of hands, and the little dependence which can be placed even on those who will work, there is no saying when they will be finished, and the only certainty is, that of an enormous expence in proportion to the labour done. They do not say that the American farmer is afraid to raise larger crops than he and his family can consume, lest he should get no market for them, or because he is too far distant from any; and that, if he does sell his superfluous produce, he is certain of getting no money, but only goods in exchange, which are commonly West India or European articles of luxury, which, in his situation, he had better never know the use of. They omit that the crops in the ground are often lost by the sudden transition from winter to summer, without any interval of spring, for want of hands; and that, if labourers could be hired, the crops will not pay the expence. *They have not told us that salt pork, or fish with Indian bread, was their only food, and milk or water their most common drink, for cyder is by no means in general use.*

Yet all these disadvantages are deplored by the American farmers, although they deem them common to every other country, and are so very apparent, that it must be wilful negligence to pass them over in silence, or gross perversion to have represented them as not existing. Whether you view his crops, or make enquiries of the American farmer, you will see or hear of those enemies at every step; and as it would be ridiculous to attempt to draw any parallel between his situation and that of an European, particularly an English farmer, I shall proceed to show what productions thrive in the United States, and what do not.

The United States are evidently a planting country, and not one adapted to tillage. Nature has sufficiently pointed out this fact by producing spontaneously tobacco, rice, indigo, cotton, and maize, or Indian corn, the staple commodity of American food, and by denying to them great crops of wheat, barley, oats, &c., which are its representative in the old continent. Wheat delights in a stiff soil, which will shelter its roots from the ardent rays of the sun, and the soil of the United States is light, loose, and so permeable, that brooks, creeks, and even rivers, have disappeared. Wheat, therefore, and every other grain which requires a stiff soil, will not thrive there; but Indian corn, which is a strong plant, growing on a stem of from ten to fifteen feet in height, demands a loose soil, which will freely admit those rays to penetrate to its root. This astonishingly productive plant affords nutriment to both man and beast, and is the staff of the United States. For want of a due contexture of the soil, these states are by no means a grass country, but nature has provided against every exigency. The blades of the Indian corn plant furnish all the winter fodder for the cattle, and the woods present them with their buds, shoots, plants, and herbs, in the summer. Were it not for this remarkable production of maize, which thrives in a soil repugnant to all other grains, the United States could not maintain its present population*.

How can the United States, which export so much wheaten flour, be said to be unfavourable to the growth of wheat? The Americans *export all they grow*, because either from habit they prefer and use only that of Indian corn, or because wheat, which is sure of a foreign market, is the same to the American as cash,

* In the year 1791, the population of the United States was ascertained, from official statements, to be nearly four million of souls; and in 1792, in a statement of their exports for that year, as made out by Thomas Jefferson, Esq., then secretary of state, the whole of the bread grains, meals, and bread, exported, amounted to 7,649,887 dollars, which, at the average of that article, would have given a bushel of flour to each person, and no more.

of which they have a very small stock; besides, were the quantities of wheat grown in the United States compared with their extent and the population, nine-tenths of whom are agriculturists, it would appear very inconsiderable indeed. A further proof that wheat does not thrive is, that they have not straw enough to litter their cattle; and the quantity of straw upon the largest cultivated estate in the United States will not afford enough of it to manure half an acre of garden ground; and this want of manure is one reason why the lands will not recover their vigour in a century after they have been thoroughly impoverished by the cultivation of tobacco. Indian corn, therefore, which requires very little manure, because less than a shovelfull will do for a single plant, and there are only a thousand or twelve hundred to an acre, furnishes *all* the bread used in the United States, except in the cities, where the consumption of wheat flour is *too inconsiderable* to deserve notice, and, with salted pork, many of them eat nothing else during the whole year, unless they should happen to be in a situation proper for hunting or fishing, and even then these are employments to which they can very seldom spare that time which the cultivation of their lands require. It is usual indeed to see a man go out with his rifle in one hand and his axe in the other, so that he may either cut down trees or shoot game, if any come in his way; but, in the interior of the country, I never heard hunting looked upon as a diversion, but as a labourious exercise, and so expensive are the articles of powder and shot, that they would think a deer bought at a high price if they should not happen to kill it at the first shot.

For the Literary Magazine.

SPEECH OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

THE two houses of the legislature of New York met on Wednesday the 29th of January, at the city hall of the city of Albany, when his excellency the governor delivered the following speech.

Gentlemen of the Senate and Assembly,

Since last I had the honour of addressing you within these walls, occurrences have arisen, involving the dearest interests of our country. Our exterior relations have assumed an aspect threatening to that tranquillity, the basis of national prosperity, we have so long enjoyed. Principles, unknown to the maritime law of nations, have been adopted and enforced in the prize courts of some of the belligerent powers of Europe, repressive of our commercial enterprize, and destructive of the most important branch of our foreign trade. Violations of territorial rights, and breaches of national faith solemnly pledged, have swelled the catalogue of our wrongs. The issue of these dark forebodings is as yet hidden from us. Should the result be open hostility, it behoves us to place ourselves in that state of preparation which shall preserve our rights and protect our honour. In the event of war, the possession of our sea ports would be a leading object of military achievement. The one which forms the depot of the surplus product of the agriculture and commerce of this state, is, of all others, the most unprotected. On this interesting subject, representations have been made by the corporation and merchants of the city of New York to the general government. I have also written to the president of the United States. But, from the amount of the appropriation proposed to be made for the fortification of harbours, by a recent report of a committee of the house of representatives, nothing very efficient is to be looked for from that quarter. It remains then, gentlemen, a question for your consideration, whether, in this state of things, you will not make an effort towards the protection of the key of your state, and the seat of your wealth.

The expence will certainly be great. It may, however, by judicious management, be rendered so gradual as to be little oppressive. Guided by the report before-mentioned, we are led to the conclusion, that the federal administration contemplate a defence of our harbours by gun boats principally. These may form an important item in a general plan; but, in my conception, can only be effectual when acting in concert with land batteries. Should it be thought adviseable to commit this subject, I will lay before the committee such information and plans as I am possessed of. Meanwhile I cannot omit calling to your recollection, gentlemen, the act of the 28th of March, 1800, by which the state stands pledged for the expenditure of a sum in fortifications equal to that assumed by the United States in the debt of this state. The amount of that assumption was one million two hundred thousand dollars, of which the state subscribed one million one hundred and eighty-three thousand seven hundred and sixteen dollars and sixty-nine cents, equal in specie, upon the principles of adjustment established by the act of congress of the 16th of February, 1799, to the sum of seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand three hundred and twenty dollars fourteen cents. In part satisfaction of this debt, the state has received a credit on the books of the treasury of the United States for one hundred and thirty-six thousand five hundred and thirty-three dollars and eighty-two cents, expended previous to the passing of said last mentioned act, and is entitled to a further credit, for expenditures subsequent thereto, of one hundred and seven thousand seven hundred and nineteen dollars seventy cents, which I have directed the comptroller to adjust with the secretary of the treasury of the United States, leaving a balance still to be expended by the state of five hundred and twenty-four thousand and sixty-six dollars and seventy cents, to entitle her to a discharge from all demands on the part of the United States.

Next in importance to the defence of our chief city, is the preservation of the health of its inhabitants. It has pleased the Sovereign Disposer of events, in the dispensation of his providence, to permit pestilence again to visit them through the course of the last autumn. The cause of this dreadful scourge being unascertained, it is difficult to say what measures should be resorted to, to prevent its repetition. On this subject the board of health, whose zeal and exertions do honour to their humanity, and justly entitle them to the meed of public applause, can probably best advise. Should it require legislative aid, it doubtless will be afforded. And it is confidently hoped that the burthen of averting a great national calamity, affecting the interests of a whole community, will not be permitted to rest solely on a meritorious portion of it.

During the last recess, I have had an opportunity of reviewing and inspecting a considerable section of the militia, whose military improvement and soldierly deportment far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. Such has been the progress of many regiments, that they are capable of performing several important evolutions with a celerity and precision that would not disgrace regular troops. The greatest defect met with, particularly among the inhabitants of the new settlements, is the want of arms. Many of our hardest and most robust citizens are destitute of the means of procuring them: and where this is not the case, the country does not furnish a a number sufficient for all those whose pecuniary circumstances would enable them to purchase. Nor are the arms they have such as they should be: numbers of them are in bad order, from the want of skilful workmen to keep them in repair; various also in sort and size: a circumstance which, in time of actual service, would be productive of great embarrassment. A difference of calibre alone, from a consequent variety required in the size of cartridges, caused inconveniences

during our revolutionary war, too serious ever again to be hazarded, without incurring the imputation of criminal neglect. The only remedy for the evil, which promises to be effectual, is to arm the militia at the expence of the state. Many are the advantages which would result from the measure. All would become contributors towards the general defence. The arms might be of one stamp; nearly of the same quality; and, in case of invasion, we should not be destitute of an indispensable mean of self-preservation. Should you, gentlemen, resolve on this measure, the preferable methods of procuring and preserving them are to be considered. To import them from abroad, in the present convulsed state of Europe, is probably impracticable. And were it otherwise, there are, in my opinion, irresistible inducements to give a preference to home manufacture. We shall insure an exemption from impositions which have been heretofore practised upon us. Possessing the crude materials within ourselves, we shall, under no circumstances, render an essential mean of defence precarious from hostile interruptions of our commerce.

We shall give encouragement to our own artizans, and promote the home consumption of staple commodities, of which our rapidly progressing industry promises, ere long, to produce quantities which shall seek a foreign market in vain. In preference to contracts, which are ever the fruitful source of controversy, I should recommend the establishment of a manufactory, under the direction of proper officers of the government, upon such a scale as the resources of the state shall justify. With attention and economy, this mode promises to be least expensive and most effectual. Virginia, I am informed, has such an establishment, where five thousand stand of small arms are annually produced, at an average expence of not more than ten dollars per piece. When a sufficient number are provided, they may be distributed among the different regiments, to be deposited in an armoury to be erected in some central position within the limits of each, under the charge of an armourer, provided and supported at the expence of the county. On field-days they might be delivered for use, on the responsibility of the proper officers, to be returned as soon as the parade shall terminate.

Another defect in our military equipment is the almost universal want of experienced drummers. The drum is all important in the day of battle. It must frequently be resorted to as the only means of announcing to the troops intended movements, and may thus decide the fate of an army. I submit to you, gentlemen, whether measures ought not to be adopted, which shall insure a competent number of persons skilled in the martial exercise of that instrument.

From the returns of the commissary of military stores, it appears that the whole park of brass field-artillery belonging to the state consists of but sixty-three pieces, the heaviest of which are six pounders. We have already, including the two regiments in the city of New York, fifty-three companies of artillerists, and there ought to be at least two pieces to a company. The two regiments in the city of New York, if ever called on to act against shipping, should be provided with pieces of a heavier description. That they may be accustomed to the use of them, the immediate purchase of two light brass twenty-fours, weighing about eighteen hundred each, two medium twelves, and two eight inch howitzers, would be advisable. The probable cost will be about eight thousand dollars. A supply of ammunition, it appears, is also much wanted.

For the accomplishment of these various objects, I conceive an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars per annum may be made with little, if any, inconvenience. On looking into the fiscal department it will be found, that the ordi-

nary revenue of the state, for some years to come, will fall little short of three hundred thousand dollars per year; that the ordinary expences, on an average of four years past, do not exceed one hundred and sixty thousand, leaving an annual surplus of one hundred and forty thousand dollars. As a considerable portion, however, of this income arises from debts of individuals, in the payment of which there is little punctuality, the actual receipts at the treasury cannot be calculated to exceed a sum which would, leaving a sufficiency for contingencies, warrant an appropriation from the surplus of ordinary revenue, of more than forty thousand dollars per annum. The deficiency of sixty thousand dollars may be derived from the avails of a semi-annual state-lottery, or such other sources as the wisdom of the government shall point out.

In the course of examination into this department of government, I observe demands against individuals of very long standing, which ought in some way to be disposed of.

The collection of debts due to the state, particularly on the sale of lands, in the ordinary course of judicial proceeding, is dilatory to the one party, and expensive to the other. The propriety of devising a mode less exceptionable, to be applied to all further contracts, merits consideration.

Our statute book is annually swelled to a useless size by the insertion of private acts. Those for the incorporation of turnpike companies occupy many pages. Frequent revisions of the laws might be avoided, and a considerable saving in the expence of legislation effected by excluding them, and by establishing general principles on which such companies shall in future be incorporated.

The propriety of auctioneers holding appointments under the government I have long questioned. There may be substantial reasons for the practice, but I confess I cannot discover them. It certainly is liable to many objections. It is a source of patronage and favouritism unfriendly to the republican system. It deters individuals, who engage in this line, from making those permanent establishments, calculated to beget that ability, punctuality, and consequent respectability, which will ever prove the surest pledge of a faithful discharge of the various trusts confided in them. I cannot but believe that the business would be conducted more to the advantage of the community, and the benefit of the treasury, to be laid open to every one who chose to engage in it, and could give the required security, than by continuing it in that precarious state, where the slightest variations in party, or superiority in intrigue, may in a moment, deprive a family of its bread.

In the discharge of a highly important executive trust, I have been constrained to refer, gentlemen, to your consideration two cases of an unpleasant, though serious and interesting nature. They are cases of murder: each attended with circumstances calculated to excite indignation. They will, notwithstanding, receive, I trust, a candid and dispassionate examination. Stephen Arnold was convicted, at a court of oyer and terminer held for the county of Otsego, before the chief justice. No one more highly estimates the talents, learning, and judicial decisions of this gentleman than I do. Few lawyers, if any, are more generally correct in their opinion. Yet, in the hurry of the business of a circuit, where little time is afforded for reflection, that accuracy cannot be expected, which is the result of more deliberate inquiry. This reflection strengthened a first impression, on reading the report, that the case was new, and involved questions of law meriting further investigation. The result of my examination is, that no case precisely similar to this, in all its circumstances, ever before received a judicial decision; at least, that none is reported. It must rest, then, upon general principles; and although

I do not venture to say, for it is not my province to decide a question of law, that these principles have been misapplied, it is sufficient to justify my referring it to a higher tribunal, that there appeared to me sufficient cause for doubt. It certainly would have been the correct course to have referred the question to the bench of judges, but for this there was not sufficient time between my receiving the official report of the trial, and the period assigned for the execution of the sentence, which was but fifty hours, and the place of execution one hundred and thirty miles distant from me. Under these circumstances I took the only course prescribed to me by the constitution. The common law doctrine upon this subject is not questioned. Certainly, where the death of a child or servant is the effect of passive negligence of a parent or master, the offence may be murder. So also where it is the consequence of active severity in chastisement it may be murder or manslaughter, according to the indiscretion of the choice of the instrument used, the extent of punishment, and the circumstances under which it is administered. The report explicitly negatives all presumption of express malice. His right to correct the child cannot be contested; the instruments used were not unlawful. The essential ingredient in the constitution of his offence arises then, by implication of law, from the indiscreet exercise of his rights, the result of a violent temper. Had the death of the child arisen from a course of immoderate correction, accompanied with intervals of calmness from subsiding passion, it would have evinced that general depravity which warrants the inference. But where the passions are excited, and kept in an uninterrupted agitation, such is the benign tenderness of law to human frailty, that a homicide committed in this state of mind, though a felony, is not murder but manslaughter. Which of these offences the convict has been guilty of, is left for you to decide.

When you shall have this subject under consideration, permit me to direct your attention to the sixth enacting clause of an act entitled "an act concerning murder." Its terms are, "that upon all indictments for the death of any person, if it be found by verdict that the party indicted happened to kill the person for whose death he is indicted, *in lawfully chastising or correcting his child or servant*, the party so indicted, &c. shall not forfeit or lose any thing for the death of the same person so killed, but shall thereof, and for the same be fully acquitted and discharged." This clause has never, to my knowledge, received a judicial construction. Should it be contended that it is applicable only to cases where the correction is lawful in all its particulars, it is useless, for such cases were not punishable at common law. May it not be intended as a protection against the effects of indiscretion? I presume not to give an opinion. It would be travelling out of the line of my duty.

At the last session I recommended to the consideration of the legislature the propriety of an alteration in the criminal code, which should make a distinction between the cases of actual and implied murder. The subject was committed, and the attorney-general, who was charged with it, approved the plan, and determined to report by bill. His time being much occupied, I engaged to draw the bill for him; but really could not find leisure to comply with my engagement. I, therefore, considered the subject as still under legislative consideration, and this was an additional motive for referring the case of Arnold to you. I must add also, as a further inducement, the application of a number of inhabitants of the county of Otsego, for a six weeks respite of this unfortunate man. It was too respectable not to claim attention, and could in no way be constitutionally complied with, but by suspending the execution till the meeting of the legislature. Some letters respecting his case will be laid before you, on

which I shall only remark, that Mr. Peck, I understand, was one of his judges, and Mr. Phinney foreman of the grand jury, who found the bill on which he was convicted.

I cannot dismiss this subject, gentlemen, without remarking the great impropriety of the discussion it has undergone in some of the public prints: a discussion calculated to pollute the streams of justice, and to prevent an impartial decision, on a question involving the life of a citizen. Confident it has failed to produce on your minds the effect intended, I am satisfied it will not have an influence on the fate of the convict.

The other case is that of David Williams, convicted in the county of Cayuga. The report and documents accompanying it will be laid before you, and will furnish every necessary information. The single question is, as to the sanity of the man.

Application was made to the legislature at their last session, by a gentleman of the city of New York, for aid in the support of a botanic garden, which he had recently established. At the request of some of the members, I, in the course of the last summer, paid it two visits, and am so satisfied with the plan and arrangement, that I cannot but believe, if not permitted to languish, it will be productive of great general utility. The objects of the proprietor are, a collection of the indigenous, and the introduction of exotic plants, shrubs, &c., and by an intercourse with similar establishments, which are arising in the eastern and southern states, to ensure the useful and ornamental products of southern to northern, and of northern to southern climes. In the article of grasses, I was pleased to see a collection of one hundred and fifty different kinds. A portion of ground is allotted to agricultural experiments, which cannot but be beneficial to an agricultural people. When it is considered that this branch of natural history embraces all the individuals of the vegetable which affords subsistence to the animal world, composes a large portion of the medicines used in the practice of physic, and many of the ingredients essential to the useful arts, its utility and importance is not to be questioned. But in a country young as ours, the experimental science cannot be expected to arrive at any degree of excellence, without the patronage and bounty of government, for individual fortune is not adequate to the task.

Among the various objects to which I have thought it necessary to call your attention, none certainly claims a preference to those connected with the general defence: they will probably therefore be first considered. That a spirit of harmony and union, gentlemen, which the circumstances of our country at no period have more loudly called for, may preside in your councils, and that every minor consideration may give place to an ardent desire to promote the public good, is the fervent wish of my heart, and shall be the constant object of my unremitted exertions.

MORGAN LEWIS.

Albany, 29th Jan. 1806.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADDRESS OF THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA TO THE LEGISLATURE OF THAT STATE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

GENTLEMEN,

THE bill entitled "A supplement to the act entitled an act supplementary to the several acts of assembly for the establishing the judicial courts of this commonwealth in conformity to the alterations and amendments in the constitution," was presented for my consideration at the close of the last session of the legislature, when, having twenty-five other bills before me, it was not in

my power, with due deliberation, to return it previously to the adjournment.

I am not, however, disposed to lament this delay, for, beside the opportunity that has been given to consider the frame and operation of the bill itself, I trust the disposition manifested by our constituents, and doubtless felt by you, to establish a judicial system upon comprehensive and efficient principles, will induce you to deem it fortunate, that this particular, inadequate, and temporary arrangement has not been adopted. I have directed the bill to be returned to the senate, in which it originated.

My objections to the bill itself arise from considerations respecting the administration of justice, as well as respecting the policy of the state. For,

1. The bill would increase the delay of justice, would not diminish the expence of law-suits, and, with the present number of judges, would be oppressive, if not impracticable.

The judges of the supreme court are required to hold a circuit court in each county, in which even a single suit is depending, once in every year. Though a single judge may hold a circuit court, it will always be expedient to assign two judges for that duty, to prevent disappointment and the loss of a session by an accident happening to either. Now, there are forty-two counties, and only four judges of the supreme court. The three regular terms of the supreme court will require nine weeks. An attendance of one week in each county upon the circuit, will require twenty-one weeks. In travelling between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, to hold the terms of the supreme court, three weeks would be employed; and the mere travelling to hold the several circuit courts could not be performed in less than eight weeks. Thus every judge of the supreme court must be in constant occupation, without any allowance for infirmities, or casualties, during forty-one weeks in every year.

Again. In some counties, there is scarcely any business depending in the courts: in other counties, the business almost clogs the wheels of justice. Yet the annual session of the courts is directed to be the same in each of these description of counties.

Again. Causes originating in the proposed western district, must be removed into the supreme court, to the September term, held at Pittsburg, and can only be there tried at the distance of a year; whereas, if they were removeable to the supreme court in Philadelphia, they might be decided in the preceding December or March term.

Also; the great accumulation of business which obstructs the administration of justice, naturally exists in our commercial metropolis. The suspension of the courts in Philadelphia adds therefore to the evil; and a transfer of the jurisdiction of the supreme court from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, for a term, is in a great measure shutting the temple of justice against foreign and domestic merchants, and against every class of citizens connected with the transactions of a great emporium of trade. It is true that the inconvenience is not inconsiderable, which a citizen of the western country incurs by attending the supreme court in Philadelphia; but the nature of the controversies that occur, the value of the property in dispute, the number of the suits, and the urgency of the cases, must, with every candid mind, show the necessity of a sacrifice of the immediate accommodation of a few individuals, to the general benefit of the community.

2. The bill would be injurious to the general policy of the state, which consists in the unity of its jurisdiction, its laws, and its habits.

The proposition to divide the state for judicial purposes into an eastern and western district, nearly conforming to the demarcation of the boundary of our mountains, will naturally revive the ideas of a political division, hitherto deemed to be so alarming and injurious.

Not only the prosperity of Pennsylvania, but the prosperity of the union, will greatly depend on an adherence to the territorial distinctions of the states, as well as the spirit of our political compact.

THOMAS M'KEAN.

Lancaster, Dec. 3, 1805.

For the Literary Magazine.

SPEECH OF THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Gentlemen of the Senate, and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

WE have the pleasure to meet again in circumstances of public prosperity. The productions of the last year have been fully sufficient to supply the wants of the people, although at one season the prospect was unfavourable; and they have been exempt from the fatal sickness with which some principal towns in other states have been visited. We are therefore bound to acknowledge the kind interpositions of Providence in our behalf. At the same time it becomes us to make use of the most effectual precautions that can be devised, to guard our fellow-citizens against the return of that desolating disease.

The president's late message to congress announces that a treaty has been concluded with Tripoli, in which the ransom of our countrymen was agreed to, and to which the successful enterprizes, conducted by one of our fellow-citizens, undoubtedly contributed. But we are in like manner informed, that the injuries we have received from some of the nations of Europe may lead to the employment of force, and that preparatory measures for that purpose are expedient. This subject calls for our attention, so far as it shall be necessary to complete the order and discipline of the militia. You will find, by the adjutant-general's return, that every part of the commonwealth is in a state of military organization, except Nantucket and the Elizabeth islands, and that the number of our militia, so organized, is nearly sixty-seven thousand, the greater part of whom are armed and equipped agreeably to law.

Since your former session, the agents for building the state prison have completed that service; and, in compliance with the act passed on the 15th of last June, the officers of the institution have been appointed, and regulations have been made for the government of the convicts; a copy of them will be laid before you. Warrants have also been directed to the sheriffs of the counties where criminals, who had been sentenced to hard labour, were imprisoned, requiring them to remove such convicts to the state prison, and thirty-four have been removed accordingly. You will perceive the necessity of attending to this subject during the present session, as the act expires on the first day of June, and the general court of the next year will not be able to make the necessary arrangements concerning it before that time.

The constitution makes it the duty of the legislature frequently to assemble for the redress of grievances; for correcting, strengthening, and confirming the laws, and for making new laws, as the common good may require. These several objects, I have no doubt, will receive your attention. If any of the existing laws are found to be oppressive, or injurious in their effects, they will be altered or repealed; if any fail to answer the intended purpose, you will correct and amend them; and if useful regulations are not observed, or the design of the legislature which established them is eluded, you will adopt such measures as shall tend to give them strength and efficacy; and you will also enact such additional laws as the general interest of the state, or the accommodation of particular corporate bodies, or individuals, may require.

It is possible, however, that, in a government like ours, where the acts and resolves of the legislature are sometimes passed with great facility and expedition, the laws may be too numerous, and be extended to cases too minute and particular. The unnecessary interference of government with the private concerns of the people, will always be a source of mischief; their understanding is competent to the direction of their own affairs; and, when left to itself, will generally lead them to measures the most beneficial, both to themselves and the public.

Frequent alterations of the law are likewise attended with inconvenience, as they sometimes produce effects which were not foreseen, and occasion greater evils than they were designed to remedy. They tend to weaken the government, by diminishing the confidence of the people in the stability of its councils; for uniform measures alone can preserve its reputation, or procure durable advantages to the state. It is of importance, too, that the laws should be understood by the citizens; but, if they are often changed, they will not be understood, nor, indeed, will their real tendency be always known. The most judicious plans of improvement may require a number of years to produce their beneficial effects; and the want of consistency in the measures of government would defeat the purposes which they are intended to accomplish. It would therefore be unwise to substitute new and opposite systems, until experience has proved that those which are already in use are manifestly inconvenient.

But changes in the constitution of government are more injurious than in the system of laws; even a small innovation may destroy its principles. The framers of the national constitution had before them, not only the forms which had been preferred by the several states, but those also which before that time had been devised in other ages and nations; and though the repeated experiments which have since taken place in Europe may suggest matter for warning, they afford nothing for imitation. If, notwithstanding, it is found by experience, that the constitution operates very unequally, or the construction of any part is doubtful, amendments may be necessary to alter or explain it. But it is vain to expect that all will be satisfied. Free governments admit of an endless variety of modifications, and the opinions entertained of their respective merits are equally various. When the constitution was established, perhaps no man that became subject to it was perfectly pleased with every part. It was the result of mutual concession, and such indeed must always be the case, when a form of government is voluntarily accepted by a community.

Almost every nation, at some period of their existence, have enjoyed the privileges of a free state; but how few have preserved them! —they have been lost by the inconstancy of the citizens, or forfeited by their vices. In many republics, repeated variations in the modes of government have taken place, as different parties happened to predominate, until the people became weary of changes, and preferred the quiet of absolute power to the tumults of perpetual revolution. In the minds of some men, there seems to be a restlessness, which renders them dissatisfied with any uniform course of things, and makes them eager in the pursuit of novelty; they abound in projects, and are ever meditating some fanciful change in the plan of government, which their imaginations represent as useful. But men of great ambition are still more dangerous; they commonly make the fairest pretences to principle, though they are actuated only by self-interest. If the constitution or laws of their country present obstacles to the accomplishment of their wishes, they employ every artifice to alter or abolish them; and if individuals oppose their attempts, they are equally artful and solicitous to destroy their in-

fluence, and render them odious to their fellow-citizens.

Few men, even in a prosperous community, are fully satisfied with their condition; a great part are easily induced to believe, that there is something wrong in the government or laws, which might be rectified to their advantage; they therefore easily embrace any specious proposal to effect an alteration. The crafty and ambitious know how to avail themselves of this disposition to change, and encourage their followers to expect, that the amendments they propose will perfectly suit their case, and produce the very blessings they wish; in this way they not only effect their immediate object, but acquire an influence which enables them afterwards to accomplish the most destructive innovations. Such persons encourage hopes that can never be realized, and excite complaints which the most wise and benevolent administration is unable to remove.

Indeed, we are generally apt to ascribe too much to the efficacy of laws and government, as if they alone could secure the happiness of the people; but no laws will be sufficient to counteract the influence of manners which are corrupted by vice and voluptuousness; and it is beyond the power of any government to render the circumstances of the citizens easy and prosperous, if they want the habits of industry and frugality. Government is necessary to preserve the public peace, and protect the persons and property of individuals; but our social happiness must chiefly depend upon other causes: upon simplicity and purity of manners; upon the education that we give our children; upon a steady adherence to the customs and institutions of our ancestors; upon the general diffusion of knowledge; and upon the prevalence of piety and benevolent affections among the people.

Our forms of government are, doubtless, like all other human institutions, imperfect; but they will ensure the blessings of freedom to the citizens, and preserve their tranquillity as long as they are virtuous; and no constitution that has been, or can be formed, will secure those blessings to a depraved and vicious people.

The unanimity which appeared in both branches of the legislature when a proposed amendment to the national constitution was disapproved by you at the last session, may seem to render these remarks superfluous; but, as the constitution of this state does not require that such amendments shall be laid before the executive for approbation, and as other questions of this kind are likely to arise, I trust there is no impropriety in suggesting these reflections, or in adding my testimony in favour of the principles you adopt, in the instance to which I refer.

You, gentlemen, I presume, will do all in your power to preserve and perpetuate the advantages enjoyed by our fellow-citizens; by supporting the good order of society, and encreasing the influence of virtuous manners; and by cherishing schools and seminaries of learning, where our youth may be instructed in the rights and benefits of equal government, and strengthened in their abilities to assert and preserve them. As the university of Harvard college is placed by the constitution under the peculiar patronage of government, and as it is made the special duty of the legislature and magistrates of the state at all times to cherish it, you will, in a peculiar manner, be disposed to afford that institution such encouragement and support as its circumstances may render necessary.

The spirit of candour and of mutual deference, which were manifested in both houses at your former session, afford the best assurance that your views will continue to be directed to the common good. If, from the state of the public mind, there is danger of the impulse of party spirit, you will be convinced that every unnecessary dispute, which would have a tendency to inflame that passion, should be

avoided; and I hope and trust that such proofs of justice and impartiality will appear in all your measures as the most dissatisfied will be forced to respect.

CALEB STRONG.

January 17th, 1806.

For the Literary Magazine.

PRIZE MEDALS OFFERED BY THE HUMANE SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE society have observed, with gratitude and admiration, the labours of the many learned and ingenious benefactors of mankind, who have advanced, to a high degree of improvement, the means to be employed in restoring to life those who have been apparently deprived thereof. But they have, at the same time, to regret, that notwithstanding much good hath been done, yet these means very often fail of success. In order to excite public attention towards the further improvement of so important a part of medical science, the society is induced to offer,

For the best dissertation on the means of restoring to life persons apparently dead from drowning, and more effectual than any yet in use, a GOLD MEDAL, *value* FIFTY DOLLARS.

For the second best, a SILVER MEDAL, *value* TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

The dissertations to be sent to the secretary of the society, post paid, by the first day of January, 1808.

They may be written in the English, French, or Latin language, to be accompanied with a sealed paper, containing the author's name and place of residence, which is not to be opened, unless the prize is decreed.

They shall be submitted to the judgment and decision of the medical professors of the University of Pennsylvania.

The society entertain the pleasing hope, that to some of their fellow citizens is reserved the heartfelt satisfaction and honourable reward of improving this truly interesting part of useful knowledge, and of announcing to the world an important addition to the means already in use for restoring suspended animation.

By order of the managers of the Humane Society,

JOSEPH CRUKSHANK,
President.
ISAAC S[redacted] jun.
[redacted]retary.

Philadelphia, Dec. 11th, 1805.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REPLY.

THE dew-drops of morning appeared
In clusters on every spray,
When the murmur of voices was heard,
A chiding it seem'd for delay.
I turn'd to a neighb'ring bower,
Encircled by woodbine around,
When, fair as the jessamine flower,
Maria in converse I found.

Though blooming as spring was the maid,
As the cinnamon rose in its pride,
A tear on her bosom had stray'd,
While addressing the friend by her side.
" Awake," she said, " Mira, the strain
Alexis was wont to admire;
Perhaps he'll from weeping refrain,
Allur'd by the sound of thy lyre.

" From apathy, Mira, awake,
For cold and insensate you seem;

The hearts of all round you might break,
While you are enwrapt in a dream.
Too long, O too long, you have slept,
To the meltings of pity unknown,
While I with the mourner have wept,
And made all his sorrows my own.

" The voice of sweet pity assume,
It may something like comfort convey,
At least it may steal from the gloom
That's wearing our kinsman away.
Let echo reply to a strain,
The tend'rest that sympathy knows:
It fails not to soften our pain,
When others partake of our woes.

" Sure sympathy warm from the heart
May easily dictate the lay,
Nor eloquence fail to impart
What ambition might seek to pourtray.
O let him not sorrow alone,
The desolate victim of fate;
Your heart, once to feeling so prone,
Seems strangely unfeeling of late."

" Maria, nay tempt me no more,"
Said Mira, " my pen to resume;
Those days of indulgence are o'er,
I've wrapt me in apathy's gloom.
The verse, the employment of hours
While all those around me have slept,
The world, by its censuring powers,
Of every charm have bereft.

" They deem it the offspring of pride,
Of a daring and arrogant mind;
Ambition, 'tis said, is my guide,
My talents are light as the wind.
Perhaps they may make it appear:
Yet little I know of my heart
If it shelters a thought insincere,
Or wears the entrappings of art.

" To error I feel I am prone,
I feel it each morning I see;
Yet a treasure there is to atone,
A mercy unbounded and free.
Though frailties and many are mine,
I am not ambitious of fame,
I never have bow'd at its shrine,
From the world I have nothing to claim.

" The talent that nature bestow'd
Is feeble, most feeble, I own,
Afar from the muse's abode,
I've ponder'd, unsmil'd on, alone.
The unsodded grave of a friend
Taught something like numbers to flow;
Nor favour I look'd to attend,
My heart was alive but to woe.

" My pen since a solace has prov'd,
Though weak, it imparted relief,
It was the companion I lov d,
I found it a rival to grief.
Fate destines to some paths of flow'rs,
I prove one with brambles o'ergrown,
Yet alive to sweet sympathy's pow'rs,
The woes of my friends are my own.

" The sorrow, Maria, that wears
The form of Alexis away
My bosom in sympathy shares,
I've wept them by night and by day:
Yet sympathy warm from my heart
Will not lull his sorrows to rest,
Nor strains, though enflower'd by art,
Give ease to his tortured breast.

" To cheer his disconsolate mind,
The sea I as soon could becalm;
Or stay by my hand the strong wind,
As find for his sorrows a balm.
Oh, no! there is none to be found,
Where a sensitive mind is possess'd,
For cruel ingratitude's wound
On the core of the bosom imprest.

" The power that meant he should feel
So deeply, by giving the mind,
That power his sorrows must heal,
The heart that is broken must bind.
Then tempt me, Maria, no more
The strain once so lov'd to resume,
Those days of indulgence are o'er,
I've wrapt me in apathy's gloom.

" Should heaven a favour bestow,
This boon, and this only I crave,
Let me pass through this valley of woe,
Uncensur'd, unknown, to the grave.
Yet let not my foes, who abound,
Once think I crave mercy from them;
Is mercy with hyenas found?
Know they justice who love to condemn?"

She ceas'd; and I saw through the bow'r,
Through parting of leaves I could trace
The aching heart's eloquent power
On a sorrow and time-injur'd face.

She ceas'd, and Maria replied,
But her voice was so soften'd and low,
The sound ere it reach'd me had died,
I heard but the sobbings of woe.

SABINA.

For the Literary Magazine.

IMITATION OF COWPER'S MARY.

" Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

WHO, when my father's fixed eye
Proclaim'd the hour of death was nigh,
Kneel'd agonized with sorrow by?
His brother.

Who, when that tender father lay
A pallid form of icy clay,
Wept o'er his orphans night and day?
His brother.

Whose arms convey'd me from the bed
Where lay the dear, the precious dead,
And o'er me tears of anguish shed?
His brother.

Who was the ensuing day my guide,
And led me to the coffin side,
That soon my father's face would hide?
His brother.

Who bade me kiss the lips so cold,
Which I should soon no more behold,
And did himself as I was told?
His brother.

Who led me to the walnut shade,
Beneath whose boughs the grave was made
Where my adored sire was laid?
His brother.

Who rais'd me from the pile of clay,
And bore me in his arms away,
From where my darling father lay?
His brother.

Who led me to the well-known dome,
Where Vanity did never roam,
But was and is fair Virtue's home?
My guardian.

Who, while he press'd me to his heart,
A bosom void of guile or art,
Said all affection could impart?
My guardian.

And, though the soil was far from kind,
Who toil'd with energy of mind,
To make mine as his own refin'd?
My guardian.

Who soul-amending lessons drew,
And held Truth's mirror to my view,
With his own bright example too?
My guardian.

Who bade me pray, for prayer, he said,
Would make me soon of sin afraid,
And heal the wound that sin had made?
My guardian.

And still he lives, and opens wide
His door to all the orphan tribe,
And every child of woe beside.

The weary wanderer, and oppress'd,
Knows where to find a place of rest,
And always is a welcome guest.

ELIZA.

For the Literary Magazine.

EXTEMPORE.

MY ring it has lost all its lustre of late,
Said the once beauteous Clara, and dulness I hate.
Alas! my dear sister, Eliza replies,
I fear 'tis the lustre that's flown from your eyes.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON A HANDSOME PHYSICIAN.

WHEN —— for female ills indites,
Not careful what, but only how he writes,
The ladies, as the charming form they scan,
Cry, with ill-omen'd rapture, killing man!

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 30. MARCH, 1806. VOL. V.

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

REMARKS ON READING.

SINCE writing is justly denominated an art, reading may surely claim the same distinction. To adorn ideas with elegance is an act of the mind superior to that of receiving them, and is the province of genius; but to receive them with a happy discrimination is a task not less useful, and can only be the effect of a just taste.

Yet it will be found that a just taste only will not obtain the proper end of reading. Two persons of equal taste rise from the perusal of the same book with very different notions; the one will not only have the ideas of the author at command, and strongly imbibe his manner, but will have enriched his own mind by a new accession of matter, and find a new train of thought awakened and in action. The other quits his author in a pleasing distraction, but of the pleasures of reading, nothing remains but a tumultuous sensation. He has only delighted himself with the brilliant colouring, and the mingled shadows of a variety of objects, while the other receives the impression not only of their colours and shades, but their distinct graces and real forms.

To account for this difference we must recur to a distinction, which appears to reveal one of the great mysteries in the art of reading. Logic distinguishes between perceptions and ideas. Perception is that faculty which notices the simple impression of objects: but it is only when these objects exist in the mind, and are there treasured and arranged as materials for reflection, that they become ideas. A perception is like a transient sun-beam, which just shows the object, but leaves neither light nor warmth; while an idea is like the fervid beam of noon, which throws a settled and powerful light.

Many ingenious readers complain that their memory is defective, and their studies fruitless. This defect, however, arises from their indulging the facile pleasures of perception in preference to the laborious task

of forming ideas. We must not deceive ourselves. Perceptions require only the sensibility of taste, and their pleasures are continuous, easy, and exquisite. Ideas not only require the same power of taste, but an art of combination, and an exertion of the reasoning powers, which form no mean operation of the mind. Ideas are therefore labours; and for those who will not undergo the fatigue of labour, it is unjust to complain, if they come from the harvest with scarcely a sheaf in their hands.

The numerous class of readers of taste, who only prefer a book to the odd trick at whist, have, therefore, no reason to murmur, if that which is only taken up as an amusement, should terminate, like all amusements, in temporary pleasure. To be wiser and better is rarely the intention of the gay and frivolous; the complaints of the gay and frivolous are nothing but a new manner of displaying gaiety and frivolity; they are lamentations full of mirth.

There are secrets in the art of reading, which tend to facilitate its purposes, by assisting the memory, and augmenting intellectual opulence. Some, our own ingenuity must form, and perhaps every student has an artificial manner of recollection, and a peculiar arrangement, as, in short hand, almost every writer has a system of his own. There are, however, some regulations which appear of general utility.

The elder Pliny who, having been a voluminous compiler, must have had great experience in the art of reading, tells us, that there is no book, however bad, but which contains something good. Just and obvious as this axiom may seem, it requires some explanation.

To read every book would be fatal to the interest of most readers; men of taste who read variously know that the pains exceed the pleasures; to men of curiosity the pleasures exceed the pains. The reader of erudition, who searches for facts and overlooks opinions, may therefore read every book profitably. He must pick his few flowers from rugged rocks, and pass many days bewildered in wild deserts. But he who only desires to gratify a more delicate sensation, the reader of taste, must be contented to range in more contracted limits, and to restrict himself to the paths of cultured pleasure grounds. Without this distinction in reading, study becomes a labour painful and interminable; and hence readers of taste complain that there is no end of reading, and readers of erudition that books contain nothing but words. When the former confine themselves to works of taste, their complaints cease, and when the latter keep to books of facts, they fix on the proper aliment for their insatiable curiosity.

Nor is it always necessary, in the pursuits of learning, to read every book entire. Perhaps this task has now become impossible, notwithstanding those ostentatious students, who, by their infinite and exact quotations, appear to have read and digested every thing; readers, artless and honest, conceive from such writers splendid ideas of the power and extent of the human faculties. Of many books we need only seize the plan, and examine some of the portions. The quackery of the learned has been often exposed; and the task of quoting fifty books a day is neither difficult nor tedious. Of the little supplement at the close of a volume, few readers conceive the value; but some of the most eminent writers have been great adepts in the art of *index-reading*. An index-reader is, indeed, more let into the secrets of an author, than the other who attends him with all the tedious forms of ceremony. I, for my part, venerate the inventor of indices; and I know not to whom to yield the preference, either to Hippocrates, who was the first great anatomiser of the human body, or to that unknown labourer in literature, who first laid open the nerves and arteries of a book.

Watts advises the perusal of the prefaces and the index of a book, as they both give light on its contents.

Gibbon says, we ought not to attend to the order of our books, so much as of our thoughts. The perusal of a particular work gives birth perhaps to ideas unconnected with the subject it treats; I pursue these ideas and quit my proposed plan of reading. Thus, in the midst of Homer, he read Longinus; a chapter of Longinus led to an epistle of Pliny; and having finished Longinus, he followed the train of his ideas of the sublime and beautiful in the Inquiry of Burke, and concluded by comparing the ancient with the modern Longinus.

It may not be necessary to read all the works of any one author, but only those which have received the approbation of posterity. By this scheme we become acquainted with the finest compositions in half the time those employ, who, attempting to read every thing, are often little acquainted with, and even ignorant of the best. Thus of Machiavel, it may be sufficient to read his Prince and his history of Florence; of Milton nearly all his poetry, little of his prose, and nothing of his history; of Fielding's twelve volumes, six may suffice; and of Voltaire's ninety, perhaps nine is more than enough. One half of the plays of Shakespeare, and one half of each play, is quite enough for one who reads poetry merely for its own sake. All Dryden's fables, two of his satires, one of his odes, with a few of his prefaces, should satisfy a reasonable student, while all his dramas, translations, prologues, and songs, may be left to repose quietly on the shelf. Of the forty volumes of Swift, two or three volumes-full might be culled out, while the dirty or malignant refuse should be doomed to the jakes. The periodical works of Steele and Addison, once so popular, certainly contain a great deal unworthy of notice; and Mrs. Barbauld has lately done a real service to the world, by compressing eighteen or twenty of these into three or four. The best parts of Pope are his translations of Homer and Horace; these, with his moral essays, and his Art of Criticism, should be read, while his pastorals and his odes are forgotten, and his Wife of Bath, his Sappho, and his Eloisa should be reserved for the use of brothels.

A reader is too often a prisoner chained to the triumphal car of an author of great celebrity, and when he ventures not to judge for himself, conceives, while he is reading the bad works of great authors, that the languor which he experiences arises from his own defective taste. But the best writers, when they are voluminous, have a great deal of mediocrity; for whenever an author attains facility in composition, the success of his preceding labours not only stimulates him to new performances, but prejudices the public in their favour; and such being mostly writers by profession, most of their works are the products, not of inclination, but necessity.

On the other side, readers must not imagine that all the pleasures of composition depend on the author; for there is something which a reader himself must bring to the book, that the book may please. There is a literary appetite which the author can no more impart, than the most skilful cook can give appetite to the guests. When Richelieu said to Godeau, that he did not understand his verses, the honest poet replied, it was not his fault. It would indeed be very unreasonable, when a painter exhibits his pictures in public, to expect that he should provide spectacles for the use of the short-sighted. Every man must come prepared as well as he can. Simonides confessed himself incapable of deceiving stupid persons; and Balzac remarked of the girls of his village, that they were too silly to be duped by a man of wit. Dulness is impenetrable; and there are hours when the liveliest taste loses its sensibility. The temporary tone of the mind may be unfavourable to taste a work properly, and we have had many erroneous criticisms from great men, which may be attributed to this circumstance,

The mind communicates its infirm dispositions to the book, and an author has not only his own defects to account for, but also those of his reader. There is something in composition like the game of shuttlecock, where, if the reader does not quickly rebound the feathered cork to the author, the game is destroyed, and the whole spirit of the work becomes extinct.

A frequent impediment in reading is a disinclination in the mind to settle on the subject; agitated by incongruous and dissimilar ideas, it is with pain that we admit those of the author. But on applying ourselves, with gentle violence, to the persual of an interesting work, the mind soon congenealizes with the subject; the disinclination is no more, and like Homer's chariot wheels, we kindle as we roll. The ancient rabbins advised their students to apply themselves to reading, whether they felt an inclination or not, because, as they proceeded, they would find their inclination and their curiosity awakened. We can easily account for this; it is so certain, and acts with such power, that even indifferent works are frequently finished, merely to gratify that curiosity which their early pages have communicated. The ravenous appetite of Johnson for reading is expressed in a strong metaphor, by Mrs. Knowles, who said, "he knows how to read better than any one; he gets at the substance of a book directly; he tears out the heart of it."

We should hesitate to pronounce on a work of some merit, on the first persual, for that is rarely attended by a proper relish. It is with reading as with wine; for connoisseurs have observed, that the first glass is insufficient to decide on its quality; it is necessary to imbue the palate, to give it that raciness of relish, which communicates every latent quality, and enables us to judge as keenly as the two uncles of Sancho.

There are some mechanical aids in reading, which may prove of great utility, and form a kind of rejuvenescence of our early studies. Montaigne placed at the end of a book which he intended not to re-peruse, the time he had read it, with a concise decision on its merits; that, says he, it may thus represent to me, the air and general idea I had conceived of the author, in reading the work. He has obliged us with giving several of these annotations. Of Young the poet it is told, that whenever he came to a striking passage, he folded the leaf; and that at his death, books have been found in his library, which had long resisted the power of closing: a mode more easy than useful; for, after a length of time, they must be again read to know why they were folded. This difficulty is avoided by those who note in a blank leaf the pages to be referred to, with a word of criticism. Nor let us consider these minute directions as unworthy the most enlarged minds; by these petty exertions at the most distant periods, may learning obtain its authorities, and fancy combine its ideas. Seneca, in sending some volumes to his friend Lucilius, accompanies them with notes of particular passages, that, he observes, you who only aim at the useful, may be spared the trouble of examining the whole. Books are still preserved noted by Voltaire with a word of censure or approbation on the page itself, which was his usual practice. Formey complained that the books he lent Voltaire were returned always disfigured by his remarks; but he was a true German writer of the old class.

A professional student should divide his readings into a *uniform* reading which is useful, and into a *diversified* reading which is pleasant. Guy Patin, an eminent physician and a man of letters, had a just notion of this manner. He says, "I daily read Hippocrates, Galen, Fernel, and other illustrious masters of my profession; this I call my profitable readings. I frequently read Ovid, Juvenal, Horace, Seneca, Tacitus, and others,

and these are my recreations." We must observe these distinctions, for it frequently happens that a lawyer or a physician, with great industry and love of study, by giving too much to diversified reading, may utterly neglect what should be his uniform studies.

An author is often cruelly mortified to find his work reposing on a harpsichord or a table, with its virgin pages. It was among the mortifications of Mickle, that the lord to whom he had dedicated his version of the Lusiad, had it long in his possession, in the state he had received it! How often also are authors mortified to perceive, that generally the first volume of their work is fouler than its brother! It is, therefore, an advantage to compose in single volumes; for then they flatter themselves, a second would be acceptable; but most books are more read for curiosity than for pleasure; and are often looked into, but rarely resumed. Authors are vain, but readers are capricious.

Readers may be classed into an infinite number of divisions; but an author is a solitary being, who, for the same reason he pleases one, must consequently displease another. To have too exalted a genius is more prejudicial for his celebrity, than to have a moderate one; for we shall find that the most popular works are not of the highest value, but of the greatest usefulness. I could mention some esteemed writers, whose works have attained a great number of editions, but whose minds were never yet inflamed by an accidental fervour of original genius. They instruct those who require instruction, and they please those, who are yet sufficiently ignorant to discover novelty in their strictures; in a word they form taste, rather than impart genius. A Carlo Marat is a Raphael to those who have not studied a Raphael. They may apply to themselves the same observation Lucilius, the satirist, has made, that he did not write for Persius, for Scipio, and for Rutilius, persons eminent for their science, but for the Tarentines, the Consentines, and the Sicilians. Montaigne has complained that he found his readers too learned, or too ignorant, and that he could only please a middle class, who have just learning enough to comprehend him. Congreve says, there is in true beauty something which vulgar souls cannot admire. Balzac complains bitterly of readers: a period, he cries, shall have cost us the labour of a day; we shall have distilled into an essay the essence of our minds; it may be a finished piece of art; and they think they are indulgent when they pronounce it to contain some pretty things, and that the style is not bad! There is something in exquisite composition which ordinary readers can never understand.

Some will only read old books, as if there were no valuable truths to be discovered in modern ones, while others will only read new books, as if some valuable truths are not among the old. Some will not read a book, because they are acquainted with the author; by which the reader may be more injured than the author; others not only read the book, but would also read the man; by which the most ingenious author may be injured by the most impertinent reader.

An author would write with refinement and delicacy; the reader has neither; if the author does not succeed he may be an intelligible, but still an indifferent writer; if he succeeds that reader will reject him as an obscure writer; yet the author will then be a highly finished writer. Some readers complain of the obscurity of an author, and often they are right; but there are some eyes to which almost every thing appears misty; for a picture may be hung in its proper light, though for some it may be raised too high. One ought not to see every thing distinctly, but only certain parts of it; the imagination properly supplies the intermediate links. Hence are derived what some consider the ob-

scurities of genius, which indeed are only the *obvious parts* which it wishes to *conceal*.

N.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ANCIENT ROMANCE.

THE ancients had certainly no ideas of any composition approaching to the form of the modern romance. The first regular tale which was formed on the subject of love is, I believe, acknowledged to be that of Theagenes and Chariclea, written by a christian bishop, Heliodorus. Yet their popular traditions were probably as full of amorous incidents as those of any modern nation; and tales of cruel nymphs and "despised love" were as frequently recorded by Grecian as by British peasants. Even the roughest and most uncouth of men were represented as subdued by the power of love, and suffering those tortures which are usually considered as the lot of softer and more refined spirits alone. We are sickened with the sameness of imagery accompanying the pictures of love-sick shepherds and complaining boys, and turn from them with wonder and awe to the gloomy figure of the fierce and gigantic Cyclops pouring out to the wild rocks and caverns of his native Ætna the deep groans and lamentations of a savage love.

Yet will I go beside the sounding main,
And to yon solitary crags complain;
And, onward sorrowing by the sandy shore,
The scorn of Galatæa's brow deplore:
But sweetest Hope shall ever fill my heart,
Nor with my latest, feeblest age depart.

BION.

The ludicrous introduction of the fictitious nymph Echo, with her courteous replies to the questions of despairing swains, is of very ancient fabrication, and suits well with the grotesque image of the sylvan deity. It is thus that Panradas represents a conversation between the nymph and the god:

PAN. Echo, attend the humble suit I move!
ECHO. Move!
What makes Corisca render scorn for love?
Her love.
What, gentle Echo, may Corisca bribe?
A bribe.
Wilt thou to her my painful toil describe?
I'll describe.
I seek occasion, but she flies me still—
Be still.
And can you promise that she'll grant my will?
I will.

The following story in Pausanias is as romantic in its circumstances, and, if worked-up in the pastoral style of the writers of later days, might make as interesting an Arcadian drama as the Aminta of Tasso or the Pastor Fido of Guarini.

Among the priests of Bacchus, while the city of Calydon yet stood, was one named Coræsus, who loved the beautiful virgin Callirhoe with the most ardent passion. He long wooed her with unremitting perseverance; he employed every art of persuasion, he exhausted every effort of fancy, to win her heart; but the more violent his attachment grew, the more averse was she to listen to his prayers; and the more earnest the solicitations he used, the more cruel and determined was her repulse. In vain did he pursue her day and night like a shadow. In vain did he renew every art that had failed him before. His prayers, his tears, his pursuit, all were in vain. At length he poured out his soul in prayer to the deity whom he served to turn the heart of his cruel tyrant, to make her at length feel the force of his passion, and see the barbarity of her own neglect. The god heard him, and to grant the request of his beloved servant did all that Bacchus could do. The people of Calydon were suddenly seized with an epidemic phrenzy which raged among them, and re-

sembled in its effects the most violent paroxysms of drunkenness. Numbers perished daily in raving fits. No cure could be found for the disease, which increased continually both in violence and extent. In this extremity, such among the citizens as yet retained the use of their reason consulted the oracle by means of their holy doves which they kept in their temple, and which were the constant messengers between them and the Divinity. The winged embassadors began their journey through the air, nor rested till they perched on the tall oaks of Dodona. They delivered faithfully the object of their mission, and soon returned to Calydon with the answer of Jove, which required that a noble virgin should be sacrificed to appease the offended deities. The loveliest maids of the city were assembled in the temple, and the fatal lot fell on the loveliest of them all, the cruel Callirhoe. The appointed day arrived. The devoted victim was led before the altar of Bacchus. As yet it was unknown to all, but those in whose presence the lots had been cast, who was the unhappy virgin destined to propitiate the offended heavens. It fell to the lot of Coresus to immolate the victim; but when he approached the altar a sudden trembling seized on all his frame; he hastily tore off the white veil which yet concealed the face of his Callirhoe. But the die was cast, and what had been done was now irrevocable. He lifted the fatal knife to strike, but found it impossible to execute his purpose. At length with one desperate effort he plunged it, not into the bosom of his Callirhoe, but his own, and died instantly at the feet of her he loved. His tragical end produced the effect which all the exertions of his life had failed to accomplish. The heart of the virgin was turned, and the object of the God being accomplished, his anger ceased. But Callirhoe did not long survive her unhappy lover; she fell into a deep melancholy for his death, and thence into madness, and soon afterwards drowned herself in a neighbouring spring, which received its name from her.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. VIII.

To the Reflector.

SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING I made, and you accepted, a promise to write something of a more lively nature for your paper than the last number, on the subject you have chosen, yet, since I saw you last, I have become somewhat grave myself, and am therefore less able to fulfil my promise. I believe the only character I can support with decency is that of a narrator: I will therefore give you some part of the history of my life, and show you, by my example, how you ought to feel, and consequently to write, on the first morning of the year.

In the earliest part of my life I lived, as children frequently do, with my parents. They inhabited a neat farm-house near ———. I think I can still see my brothers sitting in the large recess of a country fire-place, in company with your humble servant, enjoying ourselves in the best manner we could, while winter stormed without, and gave us a truer relish of the comforts of a good fire-side. This was frequently our station. Here many a new year's morning have I drank a full glass of my mother's best home-made wine, and wished her and my father a happy new year. My father was one of those good old men who, notwithstanding their own age, are willing to see their children act as they once did themselves. He possessed solid sense; yet he loved "fun," even when he grew old, and he did not forget that he was once young himself; and, though his children extended the definition of the word "fun" farther than he did,

yet, because he possessed more gravity, he did not blame them for possessing less. Accordingly, every new year's morning he permitted us to amuse ourselves as we thought proper, provided it was consistent with decency and innocence. Frequently he would permit us to shoot, but it was always at a mark in one of the adjoining fields. By this manœuvre we were insensibly improved in the art of handling a gun with dexterity, and using it with effect; for I must observe, as I go on, that he was always desirous that our amusements should be conducive to our improvement.

But I am going, as my father used to say, "round Robin Hood's barn." I promised to write, in order to show you there may be good reasons for celebrating the end of an old year, or the beginning of a new one. During my childhood I generally celebrated it, as you observed in your last paper, because it was the custom; but, since I am grown up, I have always had my reasons: whether good or not, you or your readers are at liberty to determine.

I suppose you know I came into this world the last day of the year, A. D. 17**. Consequently, the day on which I became free from the service of a not very good master, with whom I learned my trade, preceded new year's day but a very little time. This circumstance made me celebrate it with a joyful heart. I gave myself up to all the joys which a sense of freedom, hope, confidence, health, and youth could inspire. I penetrated, that is, as far as I was able, the gloom of futurity; I rejoiced that the days of servitude were passed; that I was no longer compelled to work without recompence, as I thought, for a man who undervalued my services; that I was now no longer a boy, but a man, an independent being, who "would not call the king his uncle;" that I was now about commencing a new career, to act as I pleased, without controul or contradiction. These thoughts naturally arose out of my situation. Have you ever seen a bird, which has just made its escape from the cage of its keeper, where it had been long confined? With what transport it yields itself to the enjoyment of all the delights of liberty! how gaily it sings from the top of some sheltering tree, calling the feathered inhabitants of the forest, as if to say, "behold, I am also free! I will traverse with you the unbounded fields of air; I will seek my food, my enjoyments, where Nature herself has placed them." Such was my situation! My bosom swelled with inexpressible transport; I strutted about with an air of haughtiness and defiance; my feet disdained the ground; I seemed to tread the air. "Who," said my heart, "who is greater, who is better than I am?" I am a man; who is more? These reflections were connected with the joy I commonly felt on a new year's morning. I therefore celebrated it with transport as the first year of my life; as the time when, at last, I commenced a new kind of existence. I suffered no unpleasant recollections to intrude on my mind. The past was gone, the future was before me, and, whatever joys reason could not expect, hope promised.

The first year of my freedom was passed, as human life frequently is, sometimes in the enjoyment of good, at others, in the endurance of evil, in the recollection of the past, the improvement of the present, and planning schemes for the future. Futurity, at that period of life, affords to almost all men a most fruitful source of pleasure; the mind is then elated by hope; she dresses every prospect in the brightest colours; she suffers not disappointment to blot the ideal picture; she raises desires in the mind which soon ripen into expectations; these she represents as probabilities, and at last induces us to believe they will become realities.

At the beginning of the next year I rejoiced at the prosperity of my professional affairs, and the prospect of its continuance. This year was rendered dear to my remembrance

by a circumstance the most delightful, and, at the same time, the most tormenting, that can occur in the history of man; my bosom felt the influence of love; that passion which creates a new kind of existence in the breast of man; that passion which incorporates the happiness, and even the misery of another with his own feelings, and makes him sensible to the sensations flowing from the emotions which agitate the bosom of a being, whose existence is not positively connected with his own.

How shall I describe that happy period! what terms shall I use to convey to you an idea of all the pleasures I enjoyed during the time of our courtship! Before that time every powerful emotion arose from motives which centered in self, and every desire terminated in its gratification; but no sooner was I in love than the object of my passion became as another self, a part of my own being, whose interest could no more be independent of my own, than I could be insensible to the pain which disease might introduce into my frame. The object of my affections was young, lovely, and virtuous; of pleasing manners and refined conversation; to me she seemed a being of a superior kind; more noble, more elevated, more enchanting than any woman I had ever seen. I had intended to describe her; but, should I tell you she was tall and graceful in her person, and beautiful with respect to features, &c., it would only convey an indefinite idea. I would tell you the adventures of my courtship; but I find that all those pleasing scenes connected with it, which memory still revives, cannot be impressed on paper. I could tell you of our first interview; the fears I felt; the hopes I entertained; and the subjects of our conversation: but they would prove uninteresting, for they would want that life, that animation, with which I recollect them; they would be like a map of a beautiful country, which presents a true outline, marks its mountains, rivers, &c., but wants all those attractions which a view of the country itself affords.

We were married, and I possessed all I had desired. Would not you, with all your solemnity, have been gay at the termination of a year which had given you so much happiness? I am persuaded you would. I celebrated it with gratitude and delight.

But you will ask me why I celebrated another, another, and another? One year I found myself a father, and I felt all the delights, together with the anxieties of one. I felt sensations new to me; I found myself of still more importance. A little helpless being depended on me for every thing which could conduce to its comfort. I delighted in caressing it, in observing its growth, its first smile, its earliest lispings, and progressive improvement. Several other years I celebrated for the same reason. I became the father and supporter of a numerous family. I saw myself renewed in my children, and anticipated the time when they would become ornaments of society, and supporters of their country; when they would imitate their parent's virtues, without his vices.

You will doubtless ask, were none of the years of your life sullied by misfortune? Did prosperity always smile upon you? Were you never afflicted by sickness, or depressed by penury? Did anguish never rend your bosom at witnessing the sufferings of those you loved, or the disobedience of your children? Yes! but I reflected that things might have been much worse. I could not expect to pass through this world without bearing my load of care, and when misfortunes did assail me, though I suffered beneath their pressure, I rejoiced when they were gone.

Even now, though no longer young, I find frequent occasions for rejoicing. One year, my eldest son married. I rejoiced at his happiness. I recollected my own wedding, and felt a pleasure in recal-

ling it to mind, with all the train of agreeable remembrances with which it is connected. Thus, though my life has been distinguished by no peculiar circumstances, I have generally found ample cause for gratitude and joy; and when it so happened that I could not rejoice for the good the last year had produced, I exulted in the hopes of the next. When I grow old and infirm, and the days come when I shall probably have reason to say, "I have no pleasure in them," I must then try to reconcile myself to my situation, rejoice that my race is almost run, and that, though my body shall soon "moulder in the dust," my soul shall wing its flight to that blessed country where it shall

"Flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

January 23*d*, 1806. LYCARIO.

My friend has been faithful to his promise, as far as intention can go; but whether he has proved that we ought to rejoice at the time in question or not, I will not take upon me to determine. There are some people so happily disposed, that they can rejoice at the good they enjoy, and, when evils come, instead of lamenting, they are thankful that they are not of a more severe nature. This seems to be the case with my correspondent, though I suspect he has only drawn the bright side of the picture, with just so much shade as was sufficient to give the colouring its proper effect. He has, at all events, told a tale that may please many of my readers better than my solemn reflections on the same subject. VALVERDI.

February 14*th*, 1806.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON POETICAL EXPRESSION.

ONE of the chief distinctions of poetry is a peculiarity of phrase; for no mechanical arrangements, not even sentiment or imagery, since prose may possess all these qualities, can form the true distinction between verse and prose. The genuine language of poetry is totally distinct from prosaic composition, and the charm consists in its distance from familiar language. From this principle may we account for the extreme delight found in the ancient classics, which, with some, has risen to such extravagance. A judicious critic will allow, that a passage in Pope may rival one in Virgil; and it might happen, that the modern excelled the ancient. But the pleasure may not be equal in the modern as in the ancient; nor is this a mere artificial notion; but, on the contrary, it is a natural emotion. The ancient enjoys the peculiar felicity of employing a style which to us must be immaculate; a magnificence of sound, and a novelty of combination; we are offended by no feebleness of terms, and no familiarity of expression. A phrase, which might have been common to every ordinary versifier in the days of Virgil, may to us be very graceful; and thus ideas, which would excite no attention in a modern, may charm in an ancient. Hence too, modern poets, who write English verse, without genius or taste, have often composed in Latin with some powers. We no doubt discover a hundred beauties in Horace and Virgil, which could not have been such to their contemporaries, because the language was not sufficiently remote from them. I shall give two very poetical expressions in Virgil, which I now recollect, and he has many similar ones. These felicitous expressions, full of the true spirit of poetry, were probably no novelties when he wrote them. The poet says, "*Dum trepidant* ALÆ" and "SONIPES," where, in the first, *wings* are understood for *birds*, and in the second, *sounding-feet* for *horses*. The effect for the cause. Milton is fond of metonomy; the efficient for the effect. He has *the sounding alchemy*. The general for

the particular: *so spake the grisly terror.* All this is highly poetical expression. Dryden, in versifying the celebrated simile of Virgil's nightingale, has happily called the young, "the unfeathered innocence:" how superior to "the young birds!"

Virgil has also, in his Georgics, an expression, so truly inimitable, that our language appears not to afford a correspondent delicacy. When the poet describes Eurydice at the moment before she is wounded by the snake concealed in the grass, as if animated by a prescient fervour, he exclaims, "*moritura puella.*" The reader of taste feels an emotion of surprise and curiosity. Translate this happy word literally into prose, and the grace must be as fugitive as Eurydice herself, "the maid about to die." The charm arises, if I may so express myself, from the concise amplitude of idea the single word conveys. All our translators have failed in catching the evanescent beauty: Dryden calls her *the dying bride;* Trapp translates *she doomed to death;* while Warton denominates her *the fated maid**. In none of these is a similar emotion raised in the mind of the reader, which he receives from the *moritura.* Dryden's, indeed, is most faulty, and Warton's the least; yet *fated* is a general idea, and loses that delicate shade of appropriation, of the *about to die.* This phrase, indeed, which each poet, in his zeal for a lofty style, carefully shuns, is the only true one in this place.

In an inferior degree, we may extend our principle to modern languages; for, to me, it has often appeared, that a passage from Tasso has given to an English reader a pleasure which a native cannot experience; the pleasure arising from a language whose graces have not become familiar by ordinary recurrence.

The effect of the same principle may be traced in our own earlier writers. One of their peculiar charms is their ancient style; and certain phrases, which are generally understood, delight, like a painting which is just embrowned and mellowed by the hand of time. If we contrast a fine passage in Shakespeare, with a rival one in a modern poet, allowing them equal force, we should not hesitate to give the preference to the elder bard. The lively pleasure with which some men of taste read Chaucer may be ascribed to their sensibility of a language, which displays many graces, invested with that novelty of poetical expression, which would cease to strike were they familiar. The venerable dignity of the Scriptures much depends upon their ancient style, and their simplicity, delightful in the old English, would evaporate, transfused into modern language.

One of the weakest arguments, therefore, urged by modern translators of the Bible, in favour of new versions, is, that the style of the ancient one is obsolete. Their *modernizings* have sometimes a ludicrous effect: for instance, instead of the spirit of God moved *upon the face of the waters,* Purver has it *moved a-top* of the waters. Another translator thinks it much more dignified to call Job a certain *opulent gentleman,* than simply a *rich man* of Uz. He turns *publicans* into *excise men; elders* into *justices;* David's *chief captain,* into *generalissimo,* with many improvements of the like nature.

One of the most difficult branches in modern poetry, or in the poetical art, in all ages of refinement, is, the formation of a new style, or poetical diction. This demands not only a superior genius, but a suspicion may arise that our language in this respect is nearly exhausted. And this will appear, if we examine the finest compositions published within the last thirty years; where one eminent defect will often be prevalent; that the general cast of the language has little variation; expressions are interwoven, which the

* The term *maid,* in this place, is a whimsical blunder.

poet nicely picked out of the performances of his predecessors, to embroider his own; and though, sometimes, a new combination of ideas, or felicity of subject, renders a poem interesting, yet the poetical treasury of diction receives but few accessions.

This has been an effect felt by many poets. Milton, whose notions of poetry were of the most exalted nature, when he proposed composing an epic, perceived the necessity of constructing a new diction, or, as himself expresses it, *to build the lofty rhyme*. In his smaller productions, he was satisfied to employ the language of his contemporaries, because, in a short composition, he might form new combinations of style, without pursuing any particular system. What, therefore, has this great poet attempted? An introduction of all the happiest idioms of every language with which his extensive learning was acquainted. Hebraisms and Grecisms, Latinisms and Italianisms, poured themselves into his copious mind; and what Johnson has termed *the pedantry of his style*, true taste will, perhaps, acknowledge as an attempt to seize on those felicitious expressions which more nicely reveal our sensations. Dryden adorned his language also with many Latinisms; and Pope is acknowledged to have formed a diction which in his day had all the attractions of novelty. Of all our poets, Gray had the liveliest sensibility for this beauty, which he has expressed by *words that burn*. A poet of his ability, who studied so much, and produced so little, seems to show that he could not satisfy his own delicacy of taste, in the creation of a new poetical diction; and this, I think, appears by those few exquisite performances he has left, for almost every expression in the poetry of Gray appears to have been imitated from his predecessors. He justly observes that *the language of the age is never the language of poetry*. What he has given evinces his aim; and we may conclude that it is one of the grand characteristics of modern poetry, and one of the greatest obstacles in that pleasing art.

Whenever, in the progress of refinement, the poetical language becomes thus difficult, it is observable that true genius, often weary with imitatively echoing the established diction, at once falls back into the manner of the earlier poets. Some expressions of our elder writers have a marvellous effect in modern verse. The *poet* Rousseau has, in many of his compositions, essayed to seize on the *naiveté* of Marot, by copying his style, but his strained affectation produces a disagreeable effect. Churchill rejected an artificial diction, and too often versifies like Oldham; for an editor of this poet's works has contrasted passages from the modern satirist, which equal the discordance of Oldham's verse. When Churchill introduces a poetical expression from our elder poets, it has often a very pleasing effect. Cowper, and his imitators, can only be considered as having assumed the diction and manner of our old poets; a critical feeling perceives, in their blank verse, the tones of Shakespeare.

This *retrogression* has assumed a new form, and has probably reached its utmost point in our own times. In the hands of Wordsworth and Southey, the poetical style has dwindled down to the level of absolute *talk*: not to the *talk* of the well-bred and enlightened, but of *clowns* and *chambermaids*. The current of fashion, which has risen so strongly in favour of this false simplicity, is probably turning, and, in a short time, the school of Southey will be extinct.

It has been considered as a poetical beauty to aggrandise the little by the pomp of expression. When objects, or circumstances, by their exility or meanness would occasion no agreeable sensation, some have thought it an evidence of higher art to dignify them by grandeur of style; in a word, as I heard a man of genius say of a painter, he knew to give dignity to a dunghill. But

this has often been carried to excess, by a fastidious refinement. Boileau has been applauded because he first applauded himself, which, by the bye, is a certain way of securing the approbation of many, for having raised into poetical language the simple idea of his wearing a wig at the age of fifty-eight, in these lines:

Mais aujourdhui, qu'enfin la viellesse
est venue,
Sous mes faux cheveux blonds deja
toute chenue,
A jetté sur ma tête, avec ses doigts
pesans,
Onze lustres complets, surchargés de
trois ans.

To me there appears a puerility in these celebrated lines; the description is exact, and the expression beautiful; but does not the poet debase his art? When the reader recollects the *wig*, must he not smile at this mock sublime? I will give an instance where, on the contrary, the idea is great, and the expression mean. Pope has been parodied and ridiculed for the following lines on lord Mansfield:

Grac'd as thou art, with all the pow'r
of words,
So known, so honour'd at *the House of
Lords*.

The pathos is here in the expression, not in the idea; for if we employ here the word *senate*, as Pope himself has elsewhere done, in paying a similar compliment to the duke of Argyle, there will be nothing ridiculous; the familiarity of the expression is the only cause of this unfortunate passage. When words are not familiar, they take away from the offence which some ideas may give, in common terms. Homer has been ridiculed by certain critics, for having so minutely described the dog Argus, lying on a dunghill, nearly devoured by vermin. The annotator then observes, "It is certain that the *vermin* which Homer mentions, would debase our poetry; but in the Greek that very *word* is *noble* and *sonorous*, Κυνες αἰγιθοι." Here then is a word which can give dignity to a circumstance very offensive in itself; but we cannot at present, I think, decide whether this word, which appears to us so noble and sonorous, affected an ancient Greek in the same manner. All that appears certain, is, that the Κυνες αἰγιθοι of Homer is a noble and sonorous term to our ear, and has not the debasing familiarity of corresponding English words.

As another proof to show the effect of expressions that are not familiar, I shall quote Kaimes, who has a curious observation, which seems to relate to this subject, though by him applied to a different purpose. He writes, "A sea prospect is charming, but we soon tire of an unbounded prospect. It would not give satisfaction to say, that it is too extensive; for why should not a prospect be relished, however extensive?" But employ *a foreign term*, and say that it is *troft vaste*, we enquire no farther; a *term that is not familiar makes an impression, and captivates weak reason.* This observation accounts for a mode of writing formerly in common use, that of stuffing our language with Latin words and phrases. It also throws light upon the reverence entertained by Roman catholics for the Latin language. Protestants, by making the disuse of Latin in religious offices a point of conscience, cannot comprehend the peculiar energy and sanctity which this language possesses, in the apprehension of Romanists. The "Ave Maria" of the Romanist is as much or more superior to the equivalent phrase in his own language, as the "hail" of our Bible and poetical English is superior to the *how d'ye do* of our common dialect.

Purity of language is not a characteristic of style in an age of refinement. Gibbon observes that, in a polite age, in which a language is thoroughly cultivated, every writer who is a man of education, of letters, and of taste, speaks nearly the same language; and very often *genius* and *eloquence*, instead of being

companions to *purity*, are enemies to it, by diverting the attention to nobler aims. Bouhours is much purer than either Corneille or Bayle. The great writers will solicitously domiciliate the most elegant foreign idioms, and hence the Latinisms of Johnson, and the Gallicisms of Gibbon. The more exquisite our taste, the more desirous are we of expressing its exquisiteness; no writer complains of paucity of expression in the first progress of taste; for it is long before we are aware of the difficulty of giving the delicacies of conception, and communicating the precise quantity of our feelings. A refined writer is willing to lose something of idiomatic language, to gain something of expressive language. Some of our finest idioms become common; and a writer then attempts to give an equivalent in sense, that may not offend by its commonness; and this attempt, perhaps, may arise into affectation. The more polished a language becomes, certain significant expressions become obsolete; a complaint made by some writers who were more solicitous of forcible, than of elegant expression. We are not to be censured too severely for an occasional adoption of a foreign phrase, though this permission may degenerate into licentiousness with unskilful writers.

From all this we may infer, that the diction of poetry is the poet's greatest difficulty. It is a misfortune attending the progress of art. It is our opulence that produces this poverty; for we may say with the ancient Romans, alluding to their numerous conquests, *we perish, because of our abundance.*

O.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON HABITUATING OURSELVES TO AN INDIVIDUAL PURSUIT.

TWO things in human life are at continual variance; and if we cannot escape from the one, we must lose the other; disatisfaction and pleasure. Dissatisfaction, or *ennui*, is an afflicting sensation, if we may thus express it, from a want of sensation; and pleasure is more pleasure according to the quantity of sensation. Let us invent a scheme, by which at once we repel *ennui*, and acquire and augment pleasure. Sensation is received according to the capacity of our organs; our organs may be almost incredibly improved by practice; as in the cases of the blind, who have a finer tact, and the jeweller, who has a finer sight, than other men, who are not so much interested in refining their vision and their touch. Intense devotion to an object must, therefore, present means of deriving more numerous and keener pleasures from that object.

Hence the poet, long employed on a poem, has received a quantity of pleasure, which no reader can ever feel; and hence one reader receives a quantity of pleasure unfelt by another. In the progress of any pursuit, there are a hundred delicious sensations, which are too intellectual to be embodied by language. Every artist knows what uncommon combinations his meditations produce; and though some, too imperfect, or too subtile, resist his powers of displaying them to others, yet between the thought that first gave rise to his design, and each one which appears in it, there are innumerable intermediate sensations, which no man felt but himself. These pleasures are in number according to the intenseness of his faculties, and the quantity of his labour.

Though this remark alludes to works of art, I would not confine it to these pursuits; for any employment, from the manufacturing of pins, to the construction of philosophical systems, appears susceptible of similar pleasures. We shall see that every individual can exert that quantity of mind necessary to his wants, and adapted to his situation; and that the quality of pleasure is nothing in the present question. For I think that we are mistaken con-

earning the gradations of human felicity. It at first appears, that an astronomer, rapt in abstraction, while he gazes on a star, must feel more exquisite delight than a farmer who is conducting his team; or a poet must experience a higher gratification in modulating verses, than a trader in arranging sums. But, in truth, the happiness of the ploughman and the trader may be as satisfactory as that of the astronomer and the poet. Our mind can only be conversant with those sensations which surround us, and possessing the skill of managing *them*, we can form an artificial felicity; it is certain, that what the soul does not feel, no more affects it, than what the eye does not see. It is thus that the mean trader, habituated to low pursuits, can never be unhappy because he is not the general of an army; for this idea of felicity he has never harboured. The philosopher, who gives his entire years to mental pursuits, is never unhappy because he is not in possession of an Indian opulence, for the idea of accumulating this exotic splendour has never entered the range of his desires. Nature, an impartial mother, renders felicity as perfect in the school-boy who lashes his top, as in the astronomer who regulates his star. The thing contained can only be equal to the container; a full glass is as full as a full bottle; and a human soul may be as much satisfied, in the lowest of human beings, as in the highest.

In this devotion to a particular object, what philosophers call the ASSOCIATING IDEA exists in all its activity and energy; and it may be rendered productive of the sensations we desire; for, when attached to one pursuit, this idea will generally point and conduct our thoughts to it. The associating power is a sovereign seated on his throne, while all our other ideas bend towards and obey its mandates. Hence the persons who experience their completest happiness are, a student in the midst of his books; an artist among his productions; a farmer amid his lands; a merchant in his trade; a horseman in his menagerie; a captain in his ship, &c. These are all persons who respectively enjoy more real felicity at those hours than in any other portion of their lives.

Many peculiar advantages attend the cultivation of one master passion, or occupation. In superior minds it is a sovereign that exiles others, and in inferior minds it enfeebles pernicious propensities. It may render us useful to our fellow citizens, and, what is of great consequence, it imparts the most perfect independence to the individual. The more also the sovereign passion is directed to intellectual gratifications, the more exalted and perfect is its independence. It is observed, by a great mathematician, that a geometrician would not be unhappy in a desert.

We might therefore recommend the same unity in life, which gives such a value when found in a picture or a poem. This unity of design, with a centripetal force, draws together all the rays of our existence, and the more forcibly it draws, the more perfect is human felicity. But if, regardless of this, we yield ourselves to a distracting variety of opposite pursuits with an equal passion, our soul is placed amid a continual shock of ideas, and happiness is lost by mistakes. How often, when accident has turned the mind firmly to one object, does it discover that its occupation is another name for happiness; for this occupation is a means of escaping from incongruous sensations. It secures us from the dreadful and dark vacuity of soul, as well as from the terrible whirlwind of ideas; reason itself is passion, but passion full of serenity.

It is observable of those, who have devoted themselves to an individual object, that its importance is incredible enlarged to their view. Close attention magnifies like a microscope; but we may apologize for their seeming extravagance, by observing that they really perceive excellences not discovered by others. I confess this passion has been

sometimes carried to amusing extremes: literary history affords numerous instances. Most travellers, indeed, see but one set of objects. Among these, this exclusive direction of the mind is most remarkable in the antiquarian and the landscape painter, since they see in the green hill and the mouldering wall, exactly the things which are generally invisible to these who pass their lives upon the spot.

In reading Dr. Burney's Musical Travels, it would seem that music was the prime object of human life. Richardson the painter, in his treatise on his beloved art, closes all by affirming, that *Raphael is not only equal, but superior to a Virgil, or a Livy, or a Thucydides, or a Homer!* And he proceeds, by acquainting the world, how painting can reform our manners, increase our opulence, honour, and power. Our lively enthusiast says, elsewhere, "Painting is the utmost limit of human power, in the communication of ideas. History begins, poetry raises higher, sculpture goes yet farther, but painting completes and perfects." Denina, in his Revolutions of Literature, tells us, that to excel in historical composition requires more ability than is exercised by the excelling master of any other art; because it requires not only the same erudition, genius, imagination, taste, &c., necessary for a poet, a painter, or a philosopher, but the historian must also have some peculiar qualifications. I think it was after this publication he became a historian. Helvetius, an enthusiast in the fine arts and polite literature, has composed a poem on happiness, and imagines that it consists in an exclusive love of the cultivation of letters and the arts. All this, perhaps, may show that the more intensely we attach ourselves to an individual object, our sensations are more numerous, and more fervidly alive than those who break the force of their feelings in attempting to strike on a variety of objects, and if this is true, we may conclude that it is one great source of human happiness.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SKETCH OF THE POET SPENSER.

THE fame of this poet, however great during his lifetime, seems to have excited no inquiry into his parentage. He himself informs us, that he was born in

——— merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
A house of ancient fame.

But though Spenser alludes repeatedly to his *gentle* birth, and claims kindred with several persons of rank, his parents are entirely unknown. It appears from one of the sonnets, that the christian name of his mother was Elizabeth; and this is all we know. The birth of the poet is conjectured to have taken place about 1553; but the first event of his life, which has been ascertained, is his admission as a sizer of Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge, 1569, where he acquired the degree of bachelor and master of arts in 1572-3 and 1576. Here commenced his intimacy with Gabriel Harvey. He seems to have been disappointed, either in his views of a fellowship, or of some other academical distinction, which has not prevented his gratitude to his *alma mater* from breaking forth in his account of the Ouze, who

———doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit;
My mother Cambridge, whom, as with a crown,
He doth adorn, and is adorned of it,
With many a gentle muse, and many a learned wit.

From the university, Spenser seems to have retired to some friends in the north. Of the cause of his journey, or his occupation while with them, we have no record. Here he composed, besides lesser poems, the Shepherd's Calendar; a work which, in some places, exhibits a beautiful model of pastoral poetry, and, in others, that turn for allegorizing and moralizing two meanings in the same tale, which afterwards gave rise to the Faery Queen.

It is supposed that some passages in these poems, of a nature rather political than pastoral, particularly a warm eulogium on archbishop Grendal, drew down upon him the wrath of the great Burleigh; the effects of which, though deprecated by Spenser, and exaggerated perhaps by former biographers, certainly continued to attend him through his life. It was in vain he ascribed to a commentary of the blatant beast Slander, that construction of his poetry which had drawn on him "a mighty peer's displeasure:" it was in vain that, among the worthies of Elizabeth's court, to whom he addressed separate sonnets with his Faery Queen, he distinguished Burleigh by the most flattering strains. We find, from repeated passages in his works, that his offence was never forgotten or forgiven. But the Shepherd's Calendar, though unfortunate in making him one powerful and inveterate enemy, secured him many active and distinguished friends. Its fame was the means of introducing him to the friendship of sir Philip Sidney, and to that of Leicester; a more powerful, if less discerning patron. The latter received Spenser into his house, though in what capacity does not appear; perhaps in order to facilitate the composition of the *Stemmata Dudleiana*, an account of the earl's genealogy, with which Spenser appears to have been busied in 1580. At this time the poet was also engaged with his Faery Queen, with the Dying Pellican, with the Visions, which he afterwards published in a more correct shape, and sundry less important labours. About July in the same year, he received, doubtless through the patronage of lord Leicester, the place of secretary to Arthur lord Grey, lord lieutenant of Ireland, which he held till lord Grey's return to England in 1582. Spenser appears to have been sincerely attached to this nobleman, whom he has distinguished in his Faery Queen under the character of Arthegal, or justice. Lord Grey's course with the Irish was that of severity, for excess of which he seems to have been recalled to England. Hence Spenser describes Arthegal, when returning from the adventure of succouring Irene, as leaving his work unfinished.

But, ere he could reform it thoroughly,
He through occasion was called away
To faery court, that of necessity
His course of justice he was forced to stay.

On his return, the victorious knight is attacked by Envy, by Detraction, and by the blatant beast, or Slander, who railed against him;

Saying that he had, with unmanly guile
And foul abusion, both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of justice, lent,
Had stained with reproachful cruelty,
In guiltless blood of many an innocent.
As for Grandtorto, him with treacherie
And traines having surprised, he foully did to die.

This last accusation is referred by Upton to lord Grey's putting to death the Spaniards who held out the fort of Smerwick after they had surrendered to him at discretion; which "sharp execution" Spenser has justified at more length in his State of Ireland. After the recal of lord Grey, the poet's services in the state, and perhaps also his poetical fame, was rewarded by the grant of the castle of Kilcolman, in the country of Cork, and 3028 acres out of the forfeited state of the earl of Desmond.

The castle is now almost level with the ground. It was situated on the north side of a fine lake, in the midst of a vast plain, terminated to the east by the Waterford mountains; Ballyhowra hills to the north, or, as Spenser terms them, the mountains of Mole; Nagle mountains to the south; and the mountains of Kerry to the west. It commanded a view of above half of the breadth of Ireland, and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantic situation; from whence, no doubt, Spenser drew several parts of the scenery of his poem. The river Mulla, which he more than once has introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds. Here, indeed, the poet has described himself, as keeping his flock under the foot of the mountain Mole, amongst the cooly shades of green alders, by the shore of Mulla; and charming his oaten pipe (as his custom was) to his fellow shepherd-swains.

The following stanzas are descriptive of Spenser's tranquil retreat, and contain, especially the first, the most happy imitation of the rich and artful melody of his versification.

Awake, ye west windes, through the lonely dale,
And fancy to thy faerie bower betake;
Even now with balmie freshness breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downie wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faultering whispers wake,
And evening comes with locks bedropt with dew;
On Desmond's moulding turrets slowly shake
The trembling rie-grass and the harebell blew;
And ever and anon fair Mulla's plaints renew.

O for the namelesse power to strike mine eare,
The power of charm by Naiads once possest!
Melodious Mulla! when full oft while eare
Thy gliding numbers soothed the gentle brest
Of haplesse Spenser, long with woes opprest,
Long with the drowzie patron's smiles decoyed,
Till in thy shades, no more with cares distrest,
No more with painful, anxious hopes accloyed,
The sabbath of his life the mild good man enjoyed.

The delight of these halcyon days was enhanced by a visit which sir Walter Raleigh made to his estates in the poet's vicinity in 1589. To the criticism of the *shepherd of the ocean*, as Spenser elsewhere termed him, he submitted such books of the Faery Queen as he had then finished; and was determined, by his ardent approbation, immediately to prepare them for the press. For this purpose, he accompanied sir Walter to England; and in 1590, the three first books of this beautiful poem were given to the world. The author of a romantic poem did not remain long unrewarded in the romantic court of Elizabeth. The earl of Essex, who replaced, as the flower of chivalry, the amiable Sidney, was now added to Spenser's former patrons; and, under their auspices, the poet received from queen Elizabeth a pension of 50*l.* yearly; and perhaps the list of laureate dulness has some title to be illuminated by the name of Spenser. Some farther advantages, probably a permanent establishment in Britain, appear to have been unsuccessfully solicited by our author; for the striking lines, describing the miseries of a suitor for court favour, have been always understood to refer to his own disappointments.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;

To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peere's;
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To frett thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to ronne;
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

In the same satire and elsewhere, Spenser has not hesitated to launch the darts of his satire against his powerful enemy, lord Burleigh.—. After the publication of the Faery Queen in 1590, Spenser seems to have returned to Ireland, where he was soon after married. The progress of his passion and its success is celebrated in his sonnets and epithalamion. The surname of the beautiful Elizabeth has escaped the researches of the biographer. In 1595, the next three books of the Faery Queen made their appearance. There is an unauthorised story told by sir James Ware, that about this time Spenser had written the remaining six cantos of that beautiful poem, which were afterwards lost by the carelessness of his servant in passing from Ireland. But it appears much more probable, that the work was never completed by the author, especially when we consider how long he had dwelt upon the first three books. It is too certain, that if any fragments, excepting the two cantos of "Mutabilitie," did ever exist, they are entirely lost to the world, and were probably destroyed in the wreck of our author's fortune, when his house was pillaged by the rebels.

Spenser visited England in 1596, when he appears to have presented to the queen and her ministers his View of the State of Ireland, which probably induced Elizabeth to recommend him to the office of sheriff of Cork, by a letter dated in September, 1598. But, in October following, Tyrone, who had been long in arms, obtained that signal victory over sir Henry Bagnal, marshal of Ireland, which was long after remembered by the name of the defeat of Blackwater. He instantly summoned his secret confederates in Munster to imitate him in assailing the English settlers. The call was obeyed; and the insurrection, like those we have had the misfortune to witness in later times, broke out with the irresistible fury of a volcano. At the head of the Munster rebels was James Fitzthomas Geraldine, titular earl of Desmond. It was natural that he and his followers should be inflamed with the most bitter indignation against "the English undertakers," as they were called, to whom the forfeited estates of the Geraldines had been granted after Desmond's war. "And to speak truth," says Fynes Morrison, who had the best access to know the fact, "Munster undertakers were in great part cause of this defection, and of their own fatal miseries. For, whereas they should have built castles, and brought over colonies of English, and have admitted no Irish tenant, but only English, these and like covenants were in no part performed by them. Of whom the men of best quality never came over, but made profit of the land; others brought no more English than their own families; and all entertained Irish servants and tenants, which were now the first to betray them. If the covenants had been kept by them, they themselves might have made two thousand able men; whereas, the lord president could not find above two hundred of English birth amongst them, when the rebels first entered the province. Neither did these gentle undertakers make any resistance to the rebels; but left their dwellings, and fled to walled towns; yea, when there was such danger in flight, as greater could not have been in defending their own, whereof many of them had woeful experience, being surprised with

their wives and families in flight."

Spenser, who held the castle and estate of Kilcolman, an ancient appanage of the Geraldines, who had been clerk of council for the province, and who, in his View of Ireland, had advised that future lieutenants should follow the example of the severe and inflexible Grey, had little mercy to hope. Accordingly, he fled with precipitation, such precipitation, that an infant child of the poet's appears to have been left behind, who perished when the rebels burned his castle. He arrived in London in misery and indigence. The bounty of Essex, and of his other friends, might save him from the extremity of poverty; but, in proportion as the sufferers under a calamity are numerous, relief becomes more difficult, and individual distress is regarded with less commiseration. Spenser never subdued the impressions of sorrow and misfortune. He died of a broken heart at London, in January, 1599. He was buried at the expence of his munificent patron, the earl of Essex. His melancholy fate is thus commemorated by Phineas Fletcher.

Witness our Colin, whom, though all the graces
And all the muses loved; whose well taught song
Parnassus' self and Glorian embraces,
And all the learned and all the shepherd throng;
Yet all his hopes were crossed, all suits denyed,
Discouraged, scorned, his writings vilifyed.
Poorly, poor man, he lived; poorly, poor man, he died.

And had not that great hart (whose honoured head,
Ah, lies full low) pitied thy woeful plight,
There hadst thou lain, unwept, unburied,
Unblest, nor graced with any common rite:
Yet thou shalt live when thy great foe shall sink
Beneath his mountain tomb, whose fame shall stink,
And Time his blackest name shall blurr with blackest ink.

Oh, let the Iambic muse revenge that wrong,
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead:
Let thy abused honour cry as long
As there be quills to write or eyes to read.
On his rank name let thine own votes be turned,
"Oh, may that man that hath the muses scorned,
"Alive nor dead be ever of a muse adorned."

It is well known that Spenser's Faery Queen is an allegory. This is an uninteresting species of writing, even when intelligible, but is particularly unfortunate when the allusion is to temporary historical events, and which, of course, quickly becomes an unfathomable mystery. The following explication of Spenser's first canto will be acceptable to the admirers of that poet. The red-cross knight, the hero of this canto, in general signifies "holiness;" or, the perfection of the spiritual man in religion. But, in the political and particular sense, the adventures of St. George bear a peculiar and obvious, though not a uniform reference to the history of the church of England, as established by queen Elizabeth. Thus, we find the orthodox church, in its earlier history, surmounting the heresies of the Arians, and many others; as the red-cross knight, while animated by the voice of Una, or Truth, destroys the monster Error and her brood. Again, he defeats Sans Foy, but falls into the snares of Duessa, the lemale the vanquished knight. Thus the church, in the reign of Constantine, triumphed over paganism, but was polluted by Error, in consequence of its accession to temporal sovereignty. Hence its purity was affected by those vices which are described as inhabiting the house of Pride; and, becoming altogether relaxed in discipline, the church was compelled

to submit to the domination of the pope. These events are distinctly figured out in the imprisonment of the red-cross knight in the castle of Orgoglio, and in Duessa's assuming the trappings and seven-headed palfrey of the whore of Babylon. Here the poet also seems dimly to have shadowed forth what was not too plainly to be named—the persecution in the days of queen Mary.

But all the floor (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltless babes and innocents true
Which there were slain as sheep out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadful was to view;
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

The conquest of Orgoglio and Duessa, therefore, plainly figure forth the downfal of popery in England, as the enlargement of the red-cross knight signifies the freedom of the protestant church, happily accomplished by the accession of Elizabeth.

The affection of Timias for Belphœbe, is allowed, on all hands, to allude to sir Walter Raleigh's pretended admiration of queen Elizabeth; and his disgrace, on account of a less platonic intrigue with the daughter of sir Nicolas Throgmorton, together with his restoration to favour, are plainly pointed out in the subsequent events. But no commentator has noticed the beautiful insinuation by which the poet points out the error of his friend, and of his friend's wife. Timias finds Amoret in the arms of Corflambo, or Sensual Passion; he combats the monster unsuccessfully, and wounds the lady in his arms.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES AND CHARACTER OF FREDERIC THE GREAT OF PRUSSIA.

THE earlier years of Frederic's life were spent in the school of adversity. Whether the influence of this discipline, commonly propitious to the character of great men, was exerted in chastening his principles, and in calling forth and regulating those feelings which the education of a court tends either to stifle or pervert, may be learnt from his conduct immediately after he came to the crown; while, as yet, his heart could not have become callous from the habits of uncontrouled dominion, nor his principles unsettled by the cares of his turbulent career. When William discovered his son's plan for escaping from Prussia, he caused him to be arrested, together with his confidential friend De Catt, and instantly brought to trial before a military commission. The interposition of Austria alone saved the prince's life; but he was thrown into prison at the fort of Custrin, where his friend was beheaded on a scaffold raised before his apartment to the level of the window, from which he was forced to view this afflicting spectacle. He was so much overpowered, that he sunk senseless into the chair which had been placed to keep him at the window, and only recovered to bewail, with every appearance of the most poignant feeling, the fate of this unhappy young man, who had fallen a sacrifice to his faithful attachment. The savage conduct of William, indeed, left him scarce any other occupation; his confinement was as strict, and his treatment as harsh as that of the meanest felon. By degrees, however, his guards watched him less closely, and he was even permitted to steal out under cover of night, by circuitous paths, to a chateau in the neighbourhood, the residence of an amiable nobleman's family, who received him with the greatest kindness, and exposed themselves to constant risk on his account. Among them he spent as much of his time, for above a year, as he could gain from the humanity or treachery of his jailor. It was chiefly with music and reading that he consoled himself in the gloom of his prison; and they not only furnished him with books

and candles, but made little concerts for him in the evenings, when he could escape to enjoy their society. The young Wrechs, for that was the name of this family, were sufficiently accomplished and sprightly to gain Frederic's esteem. He delighted much in their company, and though they were so numerous, that the baron was kept in narrow circumstances by the necessary expences of their maintenance and education, he contrived, by straitening himself still more, to scrape together supplies of money to the amount of above six thousand rixdollars, with which he assisted, from time to time, his royal guest.

Such were the obligations which Frederic owed, during this eventful period of his life, first to the house of Austria, whose spirited and decisive interference saved him from the scaffold; next, to the unfortunate de Catt, who had sacrificed his life in the attempt to aid his escape; and, lastly, to the amiable family of the Wrechs, who, at the imminent risk of their lives, and a certain expence little suited to their circumstances, had tenderly alleviated the hardships of his confinement. As Frederic mounted the throne a short time after he was set at liberty, we might naturally expect that the impression of favours like these would outlive the ordinary period of royal memory. The first act of his reign was to invade the hereditary dominions of Austria, and reduce to the utmost distress the daughter and representative of the monarch whose timely interposition had saved his life, by heading a powerful combination against her, after unjustly stripping her of an invaluable province. The family relations of de Catt never received, during the whole of his reign, even a smile of royal favour. To the Wrechs he not only never repaid a creutzer of the money which they had pinched themselves to raise for his accommodation, but manifested a degree of coldness amounting to displeasure: so that this worthy and accomplished family were in a kind of disgrace during his time, never received well at court, nor promoted to any of the employments which form in some sort the patrimony of the aristocracy. They were favoured by prince Henry; and all that they could boast of owing to the king, was, to use an expression of his panegyrist, that "*he did not persecute them*" on account of his brother's patronage.

In defence of this base conduct it has been said, that Frederic, from the moment he became king, devoted every feeling of his mind to his royal station, and reduced himself to a mechanical observance of its strict duties. The Prussian law prohibits the loan of money to princes of the blood, and declares all debts contracted by them null. But since the *king* was to govern himself by the enactments of this law, it would have been well if the *prince* had considered them. We have heard of Louis XII proudly declaring that it was unworthy the king of France to revenge the wrongs of the duke of Orleans. It was reserved for the unfeeling meanness of Frederic to show us that the king was not bound by the highest obligations of the prince of Prussia; that he could shelter himself from the claims of honour and gratitude, by appealing to laws which had been generously violated in his behalf.

But it may be fair to mention the solitary instance of a contrary description. The king had been assisted, in his musical relaxations at Potsdam, by the daughter of a citizen, who, without any personal charms, had the accomplishment most valuable to the prince, secluded as he was from all society, and depending for amusement almost entirely on his flute. His father no sooner heard of this intimacy than he supposed there must be some criminal intercourse between the young amateurs, and proceeded to meet the tender passion by the universal remedy which he was in the habit of administering to his subjects. The lady was seized, delivered over to the executioner, and

publicly whipped through the streets of Potsdam. This cruel disgrace of course put an end to the concerts, and to her estimation in society. When Frederic came to the throne, she was reduced to the humble station of a hackney-coachman's wife; and, with a rare effort of gratitude and generosity, he was pleased to settle upon her a pension of very little less than thirty-five pounds a-year.

The admirers of Frederic relate the following stories in proof of his sensibility. When one of Frederic's nephews, an amiable and accomplished prince, died suddenly of the small-pox, he composed a pompous eloge, which he intended for the academy of Berlin. He accordingly sent for Thiebault, a French *savant* in his pay, and requested him to read it before that learned body, after correcting the French, and giving his further remarks, which meant expressing his admiration of it, in writing. But, first of all, he wished him to make a clean copy of it, and gave him particular directions to this effect. "However," added he, "you don't know my hand, and may perhaps find it difficult to decypher, for I scrawl rather than write; therefore, in order that you may guess my meaning more easily, I shall read this piece to you, such as it is." The king then took the paper and began to read, with the appearance, says Thiebault, of a man who wishes to command himself. He spoke slowly, and made frequent pauses to strengthen his voice. He had scarcely turned a couple of pages, however, before his eyes were filled with tears, and his utterance began to fail; he went on with many interruptions, and tried every means to conceal his agitation; but, before he could finish the fourth page, he was obliged to stop altogether, and hand the discourse to Thiebault, who stood admiring to see this great man accessible, like other mortals, to the feelings of humanity. M. de Catt, entering his apartment during one of the most critical periods of the seven years' war, found him engaged in reading Bourdaloue; it was immediately after he had received the account of his eldest sister, the margravine of Bareuth's death, and in two days he gave him a manuscript, desiring him to keep it. M. de Catt found it was a sermon which the king had composed.

These circumstances, together with his well-known behaviour on de Catt's death, evince a certain kind of sensibility. The physical effect, however, produced upon a person's nerves, by the sight of some shocking spectacle, must be carefully distinguished from the changes which real grief works in the mind. Tears are at least as good evidence of a bodily or mental weakness, as of the tenderness of heart which we denominate sensibility. A man, whose feelings are abundantly callous, may weep copiously at seeing an intimate companion beheaded on the outside of his window, for an action in which he was himself the principal; and he may cherish this sorrow in the idleness of a dungeon, whom the most trifling interruption would have restored to his wonted gaiety or thoughtlessness, in the regions of the living world. But still more equivocal are the marks of feeling that are summoned by the exertions which a man voluntarily uses for procuring the luxurious indulgence of grief; and most of all are we disposed to question the purity of the tears which flow to the strains of the weeper's own eloquence. When an infidel scoffer, in some other mood of this sort, occupies himself with writing a sermon, we naturally conclude that there is more whim than feeling called forth by the occasion. And, after all, though we were to admit that Frederic could feel, because a few instances of this kind are collected, why did he so very seldom obey those impulses of his nature? why did he constantly stifle them, except in two or three wretched cases, where no advantage was to be sacrificed by the indulgence, and no bad passions interfered? A worse picture surely cannot be figured,

than that of a heart which beats by the calculations of interest; which is dead to the influence of feeling, and only wakes at the excitements of passion.

In one of his battles, happening to turn his head round, he saw his nephew, the hereditary prince, fall to the ground, his horse being killed under him. Frederic, thinking the rider was shot, cried, without stopping, "Ah! there's the prince of Prussia killed; let his saddle and bridle be taken care of!"

William Augustus, the king's elder brother, and heir apparent to the crown, had for many years been his principal favourite. He was a prince of great abilities, and singularly amiable character; modest almost to timidity, and repaying the friendship of Frederic by a more than filial devotion. He had served near his person in all his campaigns, had constantly distinguished himself in war, and, after the disastrous battle of Collin, was entrusted with the command of half the retreating army. While the king succeeded in bringing off his own division safe into Saxony, the prince, attacked on all hands by the whole force of the Austrians, suffered several inconsiderable losses on his march, and gained the neighbourhood of Dresden with some difficulty. He was received, as well as his whole staff, with the greatest marks of displeasure. For several days the king spoke to none of them; and then sent a message by one of his generals, "*que pour bien faire, il devoit leur faire trancher la tête, excepté au general Winterfeldt.*" The prince was of too feeling a disposition not to suffer extremely from this treatment; he addressed a letter to the king, in which he stated, that the fatigues of the campaign, and his distress of mind, had totally injured his health; and received for answer a permission to retire, couched in the most bitter and humiliating reproaches. From this time he lived entirely in the bosom of his family, a prey to the deepest melancholy, but retaining for the king his sentiments of warm attachment, and respect bordering upon veneration, though never permitted to approach his person. One interview only brought the brothers together after their unhappy separation. The different members of the royal family, during the most disastrous period of the seven years' war, when the existence of the house of Brandenburgh seemed to depend on a dimunition in the number of its enemies, united their voices in exhorting the king to attempt making such a peace with France and Sweden, as might be consistent with the honour of his crown. Prince William was entreated to lay their wishes before him; and oppressed as he was with disease, trembling to appear in his brother's presence, scarcely daring to hope even a decorous reception, he yet thought his duty required this effort, and supplicated an audience. Frederic allowed him to detail fully his whole views, and heard from him the unanimous prayer of his relations. "*Il prie,*" says Thiebault, "*il conjure, il emploie les larmes les plus abondantes; il embrasse les genoux de son frere.*" No sentiment of pity for the cause he pleaded, nor any spark of his ancient affection kindled in Frederic's bosom at so touching a scene. He remained silent and stern during the whole interview, and then put an end to it by these words: "*Monsieur, vous partirez demain pour Berlin: allez faire des enfans: vous n'êtes bon qu'à cela.*" The prince did not long survive this memorable audience.

The princess Amelia was in her youth the object of almost universal adoration; no less for the extreme beauty of her person and the excellence of her understanding, than for the mild and benevolent virtues that formed her character. She possessed, besides, many distinguished accomplishments; and it was in my time still recollected, that at Berlin, where the science of music is generally cultivated, there was no one who had surpassed her in the knowledge and perfection of that

arduous yet delightful art. Different pieces of music of her composition have been carefully preserved; and I was myself a witness to the admiration they excited, at a period when certainly there existed no predilection in her favour.

Amelia, more perhaps than any other member of the family, possessed an understanding that resembled that of Frederic: she had the same subtlety, the same vivacity, the same propensity to sarcastic ridicule. In her youth, this last feature of her character, however, had on no occasion made its appearance.

The attachment of Frederic for this amiable person was so great as to excite the jealousy of his other relatives, and even in time to draw down upon her the public dislike; for she was viewed as a sort of emissary or spy to her brother.—Their mutual affection, however, continued unimpaired; for the king subjected his friendships to his own caprices, and not to those of his family or courtiers. The princess having been cajoled out of a match with the king of Sweden, by her elder sister Ulrica, who succeeded in obtaining it for herself, unfortunately fixed her affections on a young cavalier of singular accomplishments, who had just made his appearance at the court of Berlin, and become the object of general admiration. This was the baron Trenck: a name since become almost proverbial for the expression of every accumulation of cruel treatment. But it is not so well known that his unparalleled calamities were entirely owing to the indiscreet passion of the princess, and his inability, notwithstanding frequent hints, to tear himself from the object of his attachment. He was arrested, or rather kidnapped, upon a foreign territory, after various escapes from the prisons and forts of Prussia, and was thrown into a dungeon at Magdeburg, *eighty feet* below ground, carefully watched, and prevented equally from attempts to divert the gloom of his confinement, and to effect an escape from it. In this dreadful situation he remained for upwards of ten years.

The lady, for whom he had sacrificed so much, had never lost sight of him: she had administered to him every possible assistance in his first prison; and while he was a fugitive abroad, and at the moment when Trenck was effecting the completion of their mutual ruin, by his imprudence, he was indebted to her for the means of his subsistence. But from the time of his being buried, as it were, in the fortress of Magdeburg, neither the most active zeal, nor the most persevering efforts, could find a passage to their miserable object.

She now felt with double poignancy the conviction that she was the original cause of his sufferings, when she could no longer relieve them. To the mental tortures she endured, must be attributed those extraordinary and premature infirmities to which she was a victim. In the course of a few years, her personal charms had wholly disappeared; her voice was gone; her eyes, once remarkable for their beauty, had now started from their sockets, and she was threatened with total blindness; she nearly lost the use of her arms and hands; scarcely could she with her left hand raise the right to a certain height, and even this not without extreme pain; and the weakness of her legs was excessive. Never did despair and grief produce such fatal effects on any one whose life they had spared; and, as she survived these cruel attacks, it is natural to conclude that the desire and hope she felt of still being useful to him, for whom she endured such sufferings, inspired her with a supernatural strength and resolution.

A singular circumstance, and which proves how dark a veil was thrown over the whole of this affair, is, that the public, though witnesses of the physical afflictions she laboured under, had no idea of the cause, and sometimes even ascribed them to the eccentric cast of her character. "She has become what she is,"

people affirmed, "entirely by her own attempt to disfigure herself. Her character is so strange and eccentric, that she wilfully misapplied the remedies prescribed for her recovery, and this for the sole purpose of rendering herself hideous and infirm, even at the risk of her life."

She was accused of extraordinary eccentricity of character, because, in fact, she possessed an extraordinary understanding; though, at the same time, it must be admitted that her temper, owing to the violence and duration of her afflictions, had altered considerably for the worse. A woman of more gentle and pleasing manners, or of a more ingenuous temper, than she had been in her early years, was not to be met with: but these qualities she had now exchanged for a severity that knew no intervals of indulgence; that was prompt to presume evil rather than good, and exerted its influence the more sensibly as her turn for epigram made her spleen more easily felt.

Of all the predilections of her youth, her taste for reading was the only one she retained, with this variation, however, that she now read only books on philosophical or serious subjects, and entirely laid aside those of mere amusement. She had also abandoned her music, the art which she formerly more than any other cultivated, and in which she most excelled: a terrible example of the effects produced on the human frame by the constant disappointment of a violent passion.

Such was the miserable object whom Frederic saw daily pining away before his eyes, under a complication of ills produced by his own conduct, while his affection for her remained as constant and tender as before. After Trenck had lingered in his dungeon for above ten years, the empress queen, at the instance of the princess, applied for his liberation. The king could not refuse, and set him at liberty, with strict orders to quit the country for ever. The manner in which this interposition of Maria Theresa was effected, and the perpetual vigilance of the princess to the case of the sufferer, form an affecting and curious narrative.

On arriving at Berlin, it may be easily imagined his first and most eager object was to visit the lady who had been the cause of his misfortunes. Alas! what language could describe the interview? it lasted for some hours, and was consecrated to mutual tears. The past, the present, the future was reviewed, without alleviation to their sorrows! What perplexities, what griefs were theirs! What a perspective lay before them! Trenck, his hair bleached with age; his body curved with the weight of sixty pounds of iron, which for ten years had hung from it; his features changed by grief: this was the man who, in his youth, had displayed so superb a person, and whose image she had so faithfully preserved! He, on the other hand, beheld in her, for whom he had suffered so much, a female prematurely old like himself; a head entirely bald, and shaking so as scarcely to support itself; a face disfigured and ghastly in its expression, and miserably wrinkled; eyes distorted, dim, and haggard; a form that tottered with feebleness upon limbs unable, through contortion and disease, any longer to perform their office. How, in so changed a being, was he to retrace the object of his affection, whom he had left in the bloom of youth, with features the most regular, a complexion the most dazzling, the most bewitching graces of air and person, all the charms and attractions of the most captivating physiognomy and most consummate beauty! And how, in the accents of austere affliction, the cold unfeeling train of reasoning, the words of desperation and distrust that now escaped her, in the harsh, illiberal spirit in which she now judged of men and things, could he recal the rich sallies of imagination which so often had enchanted him! Where were now the impetuosity of youthful gaiety, the sweetness of her manners, the enjoyment of the fleeting moment, and the rapturous dreams of future bliss! Alas! every

thing now is dead! Each finds in the other a shrunk, emaciated form! What efforts were necessary on either side to sustain so dreadful a shock!

In this moment of trial, the resolution of the lady proved superior to that of Trenck. She led the conversation in such a manner as to make it serve the purpose of diverting for the time their common sorrow, and mutually communicating the story of their past sufferings: she inquired into every particular of his situation; the nature of his present resources and his future hopes; how many children he had, and their different ages; what manner of education he adopted for them.—She next assured him, she would do whatever lay in her power for them, and promised to take his eldest girl under her roof in quality of a companion. It was in this spirit that they separated, to see each other no more.

Having now contemplated this monarch in the relations of domestic life, it is now fit that we should view him among his friends. Of these, there was absolutely not one whom he did not treat with exemplary harshness, except Jordan, who indeed lived only a few years after Frederic came to the throne, while he was too much occupied with war to allow him time for mixing with that select society, in which he afterwards vainly hoped to enjoy the pleasures of entire equality, and where always, sooner or later, the king prevailed over the companion. Of all his friends, the marquis d'Argens seems to have been the most cordially and respectfully attached to his person.

On the occurrence of any difficulty, and on the eve of every battle, the solicitude of this loyal courtier was extreme: he might even be said to be beside himself. His correspondence with the king was as regular as circumstances would allow of, and they usually passed their time in each other's company when Frederic was in winter quarters. At one time the monarch had no confident but d'Argens, to whose sympathy he could open his heart, his old associates being for the most part dead, and his relations on bad terms with him, because he persisted firmly in refusing their united and earnest request that he should demand a peace of France.

It was in this painful state of things that Frederic, seeing Prussia and Pomerania in the hands of the Russians, Silesia and Brandenburg in great part occupied by the Austrians, and Westphalia by the French; finding himself too but feebly assisted by his allies; his armies nearly annihilated, no less through his victories than his defeats; himself without money or resources; resolved on committing an act of suicide. This measure he communicated to the marquis d'Argens, in a letter which he called his farewell letter. D'Argens, on the receipt of it, shut himself in his closet, and passed the night in framing a reply, which he sent off before day-break. In this epistle, which was written with all the overflowing of the warmest friendship, Frederic contemplated at once the language of philosophy; the resources and the hopes held out to him by political science; in fine, the fortitude and energy with which the love of glory and of virtue can inspire a truly noble mind.

The preparations for death were laid aside: a new battle was hazarded, in which Frederic gained a complete victory, and afterward found means to provide for his most pressing necessities, again to become the dread of his enemies, and to conclude a peace upon his own terms.

The causes which prepared the termination of this exemplary friendship, chiefly resolve themselves into that unbounded familiarity with which the king delighted to treat his associates for a certain time, but which he was always sure to abuse, when he saw that they received it as he intended they should. The pretext for finally discarding his ancient companion was poor in the extreme. When the marquis consented to come into Frederic's ser-

vice, and leave his own country, it was upon the express condition that he should have permission to return home when he reached the age of seventy. He had a brother in France, to whom he was tenderly attached, and owed many obligations. As he approached this period of life, his brother prepared a house and establishment for his reception; and nothing was wanting but the king's leave to make him retire from a service to which he was now ill adapted by his years, and rendered averse by the coldness daily more apparent in the treatment he received. But Frederic, notwithstanding the bargain, and in spite of his diminished attachment to this faithful follower, peremptorily refused to grant his discharge: he allowed him a sort of furlough to see his brother, and took his promise to return in six months. When the visit was paid, and the marquis had arrived at Bourg on his return, the exertions which he made to get back within the stipulated time threw him into a dangerous illness. As soon as the six months expired, Frederic receiving no letter, and hearing nothing of him, became violently enraged, ordered his pensions to be stopped, and his name to be struck off the lists with disgrace. The account of these precipitate measures reached the marquis as he was on the point of continuing his journey after his recovery. And when he died, the king caused a monument to be raised to his memory, as a proof that he repented of his harsh and hasty proceedings against him.

The treatment which marshal Schwerin met with for gaining the battle of Molwitz, is well known. In order to execute the manœuvre upon which the victory depended, it was necessary that the king should retire from the field at a moment when success was almost despaired of. He consented; the tide was turned by the consummate skill of the general. Ever after, Frederic treated him with coldness; neglected him as far as the necessity of claiming assistance from his genius would permit; and, finally, was the cause of his exposing himself to certain destruction at the battle of Prague, where this great master of the art of war fell undistinguished in the crowd, leaving his family to the neglect of an ungrateful sovereign, and his memory to be honoured by the enemy whom he conquered.

After Frederic had quarrelled with Voltaire, he heard of a chevalier Masson, whose wit and accomplishments were represented as sufficient to replace those which he had just lost by his vanity and caprice. It was with difficulty that this gentleman could be induced to quit the French service, in which he stood high; and when he arrived at Berlin, though it very soon became apparent that Voltaire's place was not one of those which are so easily supplied, yet he had qualities sufficient to recommend him, and was admitted instantly to the royal circles. A single indiscreet sally of wit ruined him in the king's favour. He retired in disgust to his study, where he lived the life of a hermit for many years;—his existence unknown to the world, and the most important of its concerns equally unknown to him. As he had thus sacrificed all his prospects to accept of Frederic's patronage, and had wasted the prime of his life in attending upon his capricious pleasure, it might have been expected that he would at least have been permitted to enjoy his poor pension, so dearly purchased, to the end of his inoffensive days. But after twenty years of seclusion, such as we have described, he had his name suddenly struck from the lists, and his appointments stopped, and was obliged to seek his own country with the savings which his parsimony had enabled him to make.

The same selfish spirit, or carelessness towards the feelings and claims of others, which marked Frederic's conduct to his family and friends, was equally conspicuous in his treatment of inferior dependants, both in the relations of society and of business. In his familiar

intercourse with those whom he permitted to approach him, we can find no line steadily drawn for the regulation of his own demeanour, or of theirs. His inclination seems to have been, that he should always maintain the manifest superiority, without owing it in appearance to his exalted station; but as soon as he lost, or was near losing, this first place in a contest upon fair terms, he was ready suddenly to call in the aid of the king. Thus it perpetually happened, that a conversation, begun upon an equal footing, was terminated by a single look of authority from the royal companion. He never failed to indulge his sarcastic humour and high spirits in sallies directed with little delicacy or discrimination against all around him; and unless he happened to have, at the moment, such answers as might, without any possibility of resistance, crush those whom his railleries had forced into a repartee, he was sure to supply the defect by an appeal to weapons which he alone of the circle could use. It is not describing his behaviour correctly, to say that in the hours of relaxation, he was fond of forgetting the monarch, provided his company never forgot him. This would at least have been one general rule, one principle of behaviour to which all might conform as soon as it was made known. But Frederic laid down and took up his sceptre at moments which his guests could never divine; and, far from insisting that they should always have it in their eyes, it would often have been a ground for his using it to stop the colloquy, if he had perceived them persevere in addressing the sovereign, when he was determined they should talk to a comrade. The only rule then of his society was entire submission to his caprices; not merely a passive obedience, but a compliance with every whim and turn of his mind; sometimes requiring to be met with exertions, sometimes to be received in quiet. It was impossible for the most harmless and unresisting of mortals always to escape the effects of his unmanly temper; and even M. Thiebault himself was sometimes the object of his sallies, though he adopted one rule invariably, to keep his eyes and ears all open when the king either listened or spoke, and, at the first semblance of rising humour, to assume "a modest and humble attitude," and sink into silence. That we may form some idea of the nature and extent of this meanness, so poor in one who called himself a royal philosopher, it is proper to remark, that all those wits or other dependants with whom he passed his time, were entirely supported by his pensions; and that, besides the dangers of a fortress, any resistance was sure to cost them and their families their daily bread.

His ordinary mode of enjoying society was, to send for a few of the philosophers, who were always in readiness, either when he dined, or had an hour's leisure from business, which he wished to beguile by the recreations of talking and receiving worship. On one of these occasions, the *savants* in waiting were, Quintus Icilius* and Thiebault; and it happened that the king, after giving his opinion at great length, and with his usual freedom, upon the arrangement of Providence which conceals from mortals the period of their lives, called upon them to urge whatever could be stated in its defence. Quintus, unwarily supposing that he really wished to hear the question discussed, gave a reason, which appears completely satisfactory.—The philosopher of Sans-Souci, however, only desired his guests to take the opposite side of the argument, in the conviction that they were not to invalidate his own reasoning. And when Quintus fairly destroyed the force of it, by suggesting, that the

* This was a Leyden professor, originally named Guichard, who being fond of military science, had been transformed into a colonel of chasseurs by the king; and then, from his admiration of Cæsar's aid-du camp, had been ordered to assume the name of Quintus Icilius.

certain knowledge of our latter end would infallibly diminish the ardour of our exertions for a considerable period beforehand, the king thought proper to break out into a violent personal invective. "Ici," says Thiebault, "la foudre partit aussi subite qu'imprevue." "*Cette facon de juger*," lui dit le roi, "*est bonne pour vous, âme de boue et de fange! Mais apprenez, si toutefois vous le pouvez, que ceux qui ont l'âme noble, elevée, et sensible aux charmes de la vertu, ne raisonnent point sur des maximes aussi miserables et aussi honteuses! Apprenez, monsieur, que l'honnête homme fait toujours le bien tant qu'il peut le faire, uniquement parce que c'est le bien, sans rechercher quels sont ceux qui en profiteront; mais vous ne sentez point ces choses; vous n'êtes point fait pour les sentir.*" It may convey almost as exact an idea of M. Thiebault, as the above anecdote does of Frederic, if we add the words with which he concludes it: "Cette terrible apostrophe m'aneantit presqu'autant que celui qui en étoit l'objet. J'en fus d'autant plus troublé que le colonel n'avoit rien dit que je n'approuvasse dans le fond de l'âme."

When he submitted to our author's correction the language of a discourse, which he had composed for the academy, and received his observations in a private audience, there was one solecism so glaring that he utterly lost his temper, and defended it bitterly. Thiebault, whose professional character being at stake gave him an unusual courage upon this occasion, ventured to hold out against all his arguments. The king, in a rage, seized his pen, and violently substituted another phrase, which unluckily was still worse French. Thiebault again dared to remonstrate.

This new criticism set him off altogether; he instantly became red with anger; his whole physiognomy assumed a furious and menacing expression, like that of a man who is about to commit the greatest excesses. He threw down the pen, saying, "Then the phrase must be left as it is." I am persuaded, says Thiebault, he was never more completely beside himself on the occasions when he so far forgot his dignity as to kick the shins of the persons about him. I however had no apprehensions of receiving from him a similar outrage, for I relied for my protection on the circumstance of my being a foreigner, Frederic never having committed it but on his own subjects. But I did expect that he would have sent me from his presence, never again to be recalled. My situation was extremely painful; but I preserved both my composure and tranquillity, conscious that I was performing my duty: it was therefore not very difficult to accomplish the resolution I made of justifying my conduct, and showing myself for what I really was, previous to my dismissal. To this effect, my exterior appearance indicated that I confined myself within the bounds which decorum prescribed; my manner expressed sorrow without dejection; my voice was that of a man deeply affected, but inflexible; and in a low, deliberate tone, my eyes fixed on the ground, and my body in a modest, simple, and fixed attitude, I said, "I most humbly and earnestly entreat your majesty to have the goodness to consider that I have neither calling nor means of subsistence for the support of myself and my family but through your majesty. From your bounty, sire, it is that I derive all I possess."

This most submissive expostulation, which lasted for some time, brought the king to himself, and he coldly adopted the emendation of M. Thiebault, who did not fail to express his admiration of such greatness of soul, and his satisfaction at his own narrow escape.

At one of his literary entertainments, when, in order to promote free conversation, he reminded the circle that there was no monarch present, and that every one might think aloud, the conversation chanced to turn upon the faults of different governments and rulers. Ge-

neral censures were passing from mouth to mouth, with the kind of freedom which such hints were calculated, and apparently intended, to inspire. But Frederic suddenly put a stop to the topic by these words, "*Paix! paix! messieurs; prenez garde, voilà le roi qui arrive; il ne faut pas qu'il vous entend, car peut-être se croiroit-il obligé d'être encore plus méchant que vous.*"

These sketches may serve to illustrate the conduct of Frederic in *society*, and to show how far he could forget his power in his familiar intercourse with inferiors. As yet, we have seen only caprice, and that meanness, or, to call it by the right name, cowardice, which consists in trampling on the fallen, and fighting with those who are bound. His treatment of persons employed in his *service*, and his manner of transacting business with them, presents us with equal proofs of a tyrannical disposition, and examples of injustice and cruelty, altogether unparalleled in the history of civilized monarchies. It is well known that a large proportion of the Prussian army owes its origin to a system of crimping, which the recruiting officers carry on in foreign states, and chiefly in the distant parts of the empire. As Frederic II did not introduce this odious practice, he might, perhaps, be allowed to escape severe censure for not abolishing it; but there can be only one opinion upon his conduct in those particular cases which came to his knowledge, and where his attention was specifically called to the grievous injuries sustained by individuals.

A French captain of cavalry, returning to his native country, after a long absence in the West Indies, was seized, in his journey along the Rhine, by some Prussian recruiting officers: his servant was spirited away, and he was himself sent to the army as a private soldier, in which capacity he was forced to serve during the rest of the seven years' war, against the cause, be it remarked, of his own country. In vain he addressed letter after letter to his friends, acquainting them of his cruel situation: the Prussian post-office was too well regulated to let any of these pass. His constant memorials to the king were received, indeed, but not answered. After the peace was concluded, he was marched with his regiment into garrison; and at the next review, the king, coming up to his colonel, inquired if a person named M—— was still in the corps. Upon his being produced, the king offered him a commission; he declined it, and received his discharge.

It was thus that Frederic obtained, by kidnapping, the troops whom he used in plundering his neighbours. His finances were frequently indebted to similar means for their supply.

The king's favourite secretary, Galser, by his orders, caused fifteen millions of ducats to be made, in a very secret manner, with a third of base metal in their composition. This sum was then entrusted to a son of the Jew Ephraim, so well known in the history of Frederic's coinage, for the purpose of having it circulated in Poland, where it was accordingly employed in buying up every portable article of value that could be found. The Poles, however, soon discovered that they had been imposed upon, and contrived to transfer the loss to their neighbours, by purchasing with the new ducats whatever they could procure in Russia. The Russians, in like manner, found out the cheat, and complained so loudly, that the empress interfered, and made inquiries, which led to a discovery of the quarter whence the issue had originally come. She then ordered the bad money to be brought into her treasury, and exchanged it for good coin. She insisted upon Frederic taking the false ducats at their nominal value, which he did not dare to refuse, but denied that he had any concern in the transaction; and to prove this, sent for his agent Galser, to whom he communicated the dilemma in which he was, and the necessity of giving him up as the

author of the imposture. Galser objected to so dishonourable a proposal. The king flew into a passion, kicked him violently on the shins, according to his custom, sent him to the fortress of Spandaw for a year and a half, and then banished him to a remote village of Mecklenburg.

Frederic acted towards his officers upon a principle the most unjust, as well as unfeeling, that can be imagined. It was his aim to encourage military service among the higher ranks: the commonalty, he conceived, were adapted for all the meaner employments in the state, and should not occupy those stations in the army, which were, he thought, the birthright of the aristocracy. But instead of carrying this view into effect, by the only arrangement which was reconcileable with good faith—establishing a certain standard of rank, below which no one should be admitted to hold a commission, either in peace or war—he allowed persons of all descriptions to enter the army as officers, when there was any occasion for their services, and, after the necessity had ceased, dismissed those whose nobility appeared questionable. Thus, nothing could be more terrible to the brave men, who for years had led his troops to victory, or shared in their distresses, than the return of peace. After sacrificing their prospects in life, their best years, their health, with their ease, to the most painful service, and sought, through toils, and wounds, and misery, the provision which a certain rank in the profession affords, they were liable, at a moment's warning, to be turned ignominiously out of the army, whose fortunes they had followed, because the king either discovered, or fancied, that their family was deficient in quarters. When he pursued this pitiless system at the end of the seven years' war, only one *roturier* was left in commission; and this plan of clearing the army was so rigorously followed, that, at each review, the king examined those who had been promoted since the last, inquired into the circumstances of their families, and unless they were either foreigners or noble, deprived them of their rank on the spot. Nor was a parentage the most respectable of any avail: even authenticated documents of their titles did not always save them. This father of his people would often return such proofs to the veterans who had bled for his crown, and saucily tell them, "*que ces paperasses ne signifioient rien; qu'il savoit à quoi s'en tenir: et qu'en un mot ils n'etoient que roturiers.*"

We shall pass over the extreme jealousy with which the king treated all those in whom he was forced to confide any matters of state. Nothing, in the history of eastern manners, exceeds the rigorous confinement of the cabinet secretaries. But we shall proceed to an example of the respect which the Justinian of the north, the author of the Frederician code, paid to the persons of those entrusted with the administration of justice in his dominions. This great legislator seems never to have discovered the propriety of leaving his judges to investigate the claims of suitors, any more than he could see the advantage of committing to tradesmen and farmers the management of their private affairs. In the progress which he made round his state at the season of the reviews, he used to receive from all quarters the complaints of those who thought themselves aggrieved by the course of justice; and because he had to consider the whole of these cases, in addition to all the other branches of his employment, he concluded that he must be a more competent arbiter than they whose lives are devoted to the settlement of a part of such disputes.

In one of his excursions, a miller, a tenant of his own, complained to him that his stream was injured by a neighbouring proprietor; and the king ordered his chancellor to have the complaint investigated. The suit was brought in form, and given

against the miller. Next year, he renewed his application, and affirmed that his narrative of the facts was perfectly true; yet the court had nonsuited him. The king remitted the cause to the second tribunal, with injunctions to be careful in doing the man justice: he was, however, again cast; and once more complained bitterly to the king, who secretly sent a major of his army to examine on the spot the question upon which his two highest judicatures had decided, and to report. The gallant officer, who was also a neighbour of the miller, reported in his favour; and two other persons, commissioned in the same private manner, returned with similar answers. Frederic immediately summoned this chancellor and the three judges who had determined the cause: he received them in a passion; would not allow them to speak a word in their defence; upbraided them as unjust judges and miscreants; and wrote out with his own hand a sentence in favour of the miller, with full costs, and a kind of damages which he had never claimed. He then dismissed the chancellor from his office, with language too abusive to be repeated; and, after violently kicking the three judges in the shins, pushed them out of his closet, and sent them to prison at the fortress of Spandaw. All the other judges and ministers of justice were clearly of opinion, that the sentence against the miller was a right one, and that the case admitted of no doubt. As for the chancellor, it was universally allowed that the matter came not within his jurisdiction; and that he could not possibly have known any thing of the decision. At last a foreign journalist undertook the investigation of the business; and, being placed beyond the limits of the royal philosopher's caprice, he published a statement, which left no shadow of argument in the miller's favour. As Frederic attended to what was written abroad, and in French, Linguet's production quickly opened his eyes. Not a word was said in public; none of those measures were adopted, by which a great mind would have rejoiced to acknowledge such errors, and offer some atonement to outraged justice. An irritable vanity alone seemed poorly to regulate the ceremony of propitiation; and he who had been mean enough to insult the persons of his judges in the blindness of anger, could scarcely be expected, after his eyes were opened, to have that pride, which makes men cease to deserve blame, by avowing, while they atone for their faults. Orders were *secretly* given to the miller's adversary, that he should not obey the sentence. With the same *secrecy*, a compensation was made to the miller himself. The three judges, after lingering many months in prison, were *quietly* liberated; the chancellor was allowed to remain in disgrace, because he had been most of all injured; and the faithful subjects of his majesty knew too well their duty, and his power, to interrupt this paltry silence by any whispers upon what had passed.

The grand error of his whole internal administration, was his intermeddling and controuling spirit. This is indeed a mistake, into which governors are always apt to fall, when they avoid the contrary, and perhaps safer, extreme of indifference to their duties. And he was not the most likely to steer a middle course, whose power had no limits; whose ideas of government were taken from the mechanical discipline of an army; and whose abilities so far exceeded the ordinary span of royal understandings, that he seemed to have some grounds for thinking himself capable of every thing, while he despised the talents of every body else. Yet must it be allowed, that if all other proofs were wanting, this one undoubted imperfection in Frederic's nature is a sufficient ground for ranking him among inferior minds, and for denying him those higher qualities of understanding, which render such faculties beneficial, as he unquestionably possessed.

A truly great genius will be the first to prescribe limits for its own exertions; to discover the sphere within which its powers must be concentrated, in order to work; beyond which their diffusion can only uselessly dazzle. But this was a knowledge, and a self-command, that Frederic never attained.—Though the ignorance and weakness which he displayed, in the excessive government of his kingdom, were thrown into the shade by his military glory, or partially covered by his cleverness and activity, they require only to be viewed apart, in order to excite as much ridicule as was ever bestowed on the emperor Joseph, whose system of administration indeed greatly resembled his neighbour's, unless that he had more leisure to show his good intentions by his blunders, and was guided by better principles in the prosecution of his never-ending plans. Like him, the Prussian ruler conceived that it was his duty to be eternally at work; to take every concern in his dominions upon his own shoulders; seldom to think men's interests safe when committed to themselves, much less to delegate to his ministers any portion of the superintending power, which must yet be every where present, and constantly on the watch. Both of these princes knew enough of detail to give them a relish for affairs, but they were always wasting their exemplary activity in marring the concerns which belonged not to their department, and extending their knowledge of other people's trades, instead of forming an acquaintance with their own. While other monarchs were making a business of pleasure, they made a pleasure of business; but, utterly ignorant how much of their professional duties resolved into a wise choice of agents, with all their industry and wit, they were only mismanaging a part of the work, and leaving the rest undone; so that their dominions would probably have gained by the difference, had their lives been squandered in the seraglio, and their affairs entrusted to cabinets of more quiet understandings.

But though these eminent men were equally fond of planning and regulating, as they indulged their propensity under different circumstances, so their schemes were not pursued in the same manner, and have certainly been attended with different effects. Joseph was a legislator and a projector, from the restlessness of his spirit, and the want of urgent affairs to employ him. His measures were often rather useless than hurtful; and as his plans resulted from his activity and idleness, he was still vacant and restless after the steps had been taken for its execution, and generally strangled it by his impatience to witness the fruits of his wisdom: like the child who plants a bean, and plucks it up when it has scarcely sprouted, to see how it is growing. Thus many of his innovations were done away by himself, while others had no tendency to produce a change. Those which were opposed he only pushed to a certain length, and then knew how to yield after mischief had been done by the struggle; but few of them survived his own life, and these were chiefly such as somewhat anticipated the natural course of events.

Frederic, on the other hand, was not placed in easy circumstances; he was active from necessity, as much as from vanity; he was an adventurer, whose projects must be turned to some account; not an idle enthusiast, who can amuse himself with forming new schemes, after others have failed. Though, like Joseph, he could afford his designs little time to ripen, he forced something out of them by new applications of power; thus bringing to a premature birth, schemes in their own nature violent and untimely. Hence his necessities, like his rival's idle impatience, allowed his plans no chance of coming to perfection; but while Joseph destroyed the scheme of yesterday to make a new one, Frederic carried it forcibly into an imperfect execution before it

was well laid. The power of the latter being more absolute, and of a kind best adapted for enforcing minute commands, he was better able to carry his regulating and interfering system against whatever opposition it might encounter, while his superior firmness of character, and his freedom from the various checks which principle or feeling imposed upon the Austrian monarch, precluded all escape from the rigour of his administration by any other than fraudulent means. Thus, the consequences of his too much governing, of his miserable views in finance, and his constant errors in the principles of commercial legislation, are to be traced at this day through the various departments of the Prussian states.

How certainly a government is unsuccessful in trade and manufactures is proved by the success of this boasted statesman's speculations in that line, as forcibly as by the accounts which have been published of the royal works in Spain. But there are particulars in the policy of Frederic, exceeding, for absurdity and violence, whatever is to be met with in the history of Spanish economy.

When a china manufactory was to be set up at Berlin on the royal account, it was thought necessary to begin by forcing a market for the wares. Accordingly, the Jews, who cannot marry without the royal permission, were obliged to pay for their licenses by purchasing a certain quantity of the king's cups and saucers at a fixed price.

The introduction of the silk culture was a favourite scheme with Frederic; and to make silk-worms spin, and mulberry-trees grow in the Prussian sands, no expence must be spared. Vast houses and manufactories were built for such as chose to engage in the speculation; a direct premium was granted on the exportation of silk stuffs; and medals awarded to the workmen who produced above five pounds of the article in a year. But nature is very powerful, even among Prussian grenadiers. In the lists of exports, we find no mention made of silk, while it forms a considerable and a regular branch of the goods imported.

The settlement of colonists in waste lands was another object of eminent attention, and proportionate expence. Foreign families were enticed and transported by the crimps whom he employed all over Europe for recruiting his forces; they received grants of land, were provided with houses, implements, and live-stock, and furnished with subsistence, till their farms became sufficiently productive to support them. Frederic called this supplying the blanks which war made in his population.

His rage for new speculations was quite ungovernable. No sooner did his emissaries inform him of any ingenious manufacturer or mechanic, in France or elsewhere, than he bribed him to settle in Berlin, by the most extravagant terms. When he found the success of the project too slow, or its gains, from the necessity of circumstances, fell short of expectation, he had only one way of getting out of the scrape: he broke his bargain with the undertaker, and generally sent him to a fortress; in the course of which transaction, it always happened that somebody interfered, under the character of a minister, a favourite, &c. to pillage both parties.

Experience never seemed to correct this propensity. It was at an advanced period of his reign that he sent orders to his ambassadors to find him a general protector, a man who might be employed wholly in fancying new schemes, and discussing those which should be submitted to him. Such a one was accordingly procured, and tempted, by large bribes, to settle at Potsdam.

Frederic's grand instrument in political economy was monopoly. Was an art to be encouraged, or a public taste modified, or a revenue gleaned, or the balance of trade adjusted? A monopoly was the expedient. Thus the exclusive

privilege was granted to one family, of supplying Berlin and Potsdam with firewood; the price was instantly doubled; and the king received no more than eight thousand a year of the profits. Well did the celebrated Helvetius remark of some applications for such contracts, on which the king demanded his sentiments, "sire, you need not trouble yourself with reading them; they all speak the same language.—'*We beseech your majesty to grant us leave to rob your people of such a sum; in consideration of which, we engage to pay you a certain share of the booty.*'

Frederic took it into his head that his subjects drank too much coffee in proportion to their means, and ate too little nourishing food. The grand specific was applied; and the supply of all the coffee used in his dominions given to a company. The price was thus, as he had wished, greatly raised, and some of the spoil shared with his treasury; but the taste of the people remained as determined in favour of coffee as before; and, of course, was much more detrimental to their living.

Tobacco, in like manner, he subjected to a strict monopoly; and when he wished to have arms furnished very cheap to his troops, he had again recourse to this expedient:—he conferred upon the house of Daum and Splikberg, armourers, the exclusive privilege of refining sugar, on condition that they should sell him muskets and caps at a very low price. In all his fiscal policy he was an anxious observer of the balance of trade, and never failed to cast a pensive eye upon the tables of exports and imports. Every year did he calculate with extreme attention the sums which came into his states, and those which went out; and he saw, with uneasiness, that the balance was not so favourable as it ought to be. After all his monopolies and premiums, he found, it seems, that the exports of his kingdom could not be augmented.—Therefore, he had only one resource left,—to diminish the importation, which he accordingly attempted, by new monopolies and prohibitions.

The history of the Prussian monarchy is that of an empire scraped together by industry, and fraud, and violence, from neighbouring states. By barter, and conquest, and imposture, its manifold districts have been gradually brought under one dynasty: not a patch of the motley mass but recals the venality or weakness of the surrounding powers, and the unprincipled usurpations of the house of Brandenburgh. But it was Frederic II whose strides so far surpassed those of his ancestors, as raised his family to the rank of a primary power; enabled him to baffle the coalition which his ambition had raised against him; and to form, himself, a new conspiracy for the destruction of whatever principles had been held most sacred by the potentates of modern times.

We may rail at jacobinism, and the French revolution; impute to the timidity of the other powers the insolent dominion of France; and exhaust our effeminate license of tongue upon the chief, who, by wielding her destinies, is master of half the world. Europe is now suffering for the partition of Poland. Then it was that public principles were torn up and scattered before the usurpers of the day;—then it was that England and France poorly refused to suspend their mutual animosities, and associate in support of right, when other states, forgetting greater jealousies, were combined to violate the law;—then it was that power became the measure of duty; that ambition learned all the lessons which it has since been practising, of *arrondissements*, and equivalents, and indemnities; that an assurance of impunity and success were held out to those who might afterwards abandon all principles, provided they were content with a share of the plunder.

The trick which he employed for drawing an army round the frontiers, on that occasion, is well known. It

took so well, that the citizens of Berlin prepared themselves against the plague, as if it had been at their gates. Prince Henry highly disapproved of the second partition, on motives of policy; and, indeed, the reasons which suggested themselves to him will probably, ere long, be felt by his nephew. But this is the punishment due to the power which hatched that wickedness; and if, which is most likely, Frederic William had no choice in the last acts of it, this should have been foreseen by him who began it.

One fact evinces the extreme want of principle that marked this prince's conduct to foreign states. In the instructions, written with his own hand, for his favourite academy of nobles and officers, he tells the professor of public law, "Toutefois il avertira la jeunesse que ce droit public, manquant de puissance corrective pour le faire observer, n'est qu'un vain fantôme que les souverains etalent dans leurs manifestes, lors même qu'ils le violent." In this maxim is indeed comprised the *practice* of all governments; but no nation has had the impudence to avow it.

Upon the whole, we turn from a view of this famous personage, impressed with no veneration for his character, either as a member of society, a ruler of the people, or a part of the European community. That he possessed the talents of an accomplished warrior, and an elegant wit, it would be absurd either to deny or to demonstrate. He has left us, in his victories and his writings, the best proofs; and his conversation surpassed his more careful efforts. His administration was singularly marked by promptitude and energy. Wherever exertion was required, or could secure success, he was likely to prevail; and as he was in all things a master of those abilities, which constitute what we denominate address, it is not wonderful that he was uniformly fortunate in the cabinets of his neighbours. The encouragements which he lavished on learned men were useful, though not always skilfully bestowed; and in this, as in all the departments of his government, we see him constantly working mischief by working too much. His academy was no less under command than the best disciplined regiment in his service; and did not refuse to acknowledge his authority on matters of opinion or taste. His own literary acquirements were limited to the *belles lettres*, and moral science; even, of these, he was far from being completely master. His practice, as an administrator, is inconsistent with an extensive or sound political knowledge; and his acquaintance with the classics was derived from French translations: he knew very little Latin, and no Greek. To his sprightliness in society, and his love of literary company, so rare in princes, he owes the reputation of a philosopher; and to the success of his intrigues and his arms, the appellation of great: a title which is the less honourable, that mankind have generally agreed to bestow it upon those to whom gratitude was least of all due.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE CLASSICAL KNOWLEDGE OF POPE.

JOHNSON, in his life of Pope, observes, that "to those who censured his politics were added enemies yet more dangerous, who called in question his knowledge of Greek, and his qualifications for a translator of Homer. To these he made no public opposition, but in one of his letters escapes from them as well as he can. At an age like his, for he was not more than twenty-five, with an irregular education, and a course of life of which much seems to have passed in conversation, it is not very likely that he overflowed with Greek. But when he felt himself deficient he sought assistance; and what man of learning would refuse to help him?"

Pope's acute biographer presently adds, "he had the French Homers of La Valterie and Dacier, and the English of Chapman, Hobbs, and Ogylby. With Chapman he had very frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he had read his version, which, indeed, he has been sometimes suspected of using instead of the original."

Johnson has also preserved a letter from Pope to a literary friend, in which the translator confesses his "own imperfectness in the language" of Homer, and acknowledges the deference he paid to that sense of the original given him by Hobbs and Chapman.

Upon such high authority were doubts entertained as to that classical knowledge, which some of Pope's admirers had so boldly claimed for him. But Mr. Gilbert Wakefield, in his edition of Pope's Homer, institutes a more critical inquiry into this subject than could be fairly demanded in a general biography of English poets, and he expresses the result of this investigation with no small confidence in the conclusions to which it had conducted him.

"It is my persuasion then," says he, "that our poet, far from apprehending with suitable promptitude the original language of the author, whom he undertook to exhibit in an English dress, was not so familiarly acquainted even with the Latin tongue, as to form an instantaneous conception of a passage by reading Homer in the Latin interpretation of him, that accompanies the school editions: by which expressions I understand such a ready conception of a sentence, as would enable a reader to give an adequate translation of it, with a fidelity that superseded a repeated and laborious perusal; a perusal altogether incompatible, it is evident, with a timely execution of so long a work. In proof of this assertion, I can decidedly pronounce, after an experimental examination of his whole performance, that he appears uniformly to have collected the general purport of every passage from some of his predecessors, Dryden, Dacier, Chapman, or Ogylby: a process not to be supposed for a moment invariably pursued by any man, capable of forming a distinct, and, generally speaking, a true delineation of his author from the verbal metaphrase of a Latin version. The truth of this declaration will admit of no controversy, after a practical examination shall be instituted by a specific comparison of our poet's version with those of the translators here mentioned: a truth sufficiently corroborated by our ability to refer all his misrepresentations, which are frequent, and, in many cases, singular and gross, with all his alterations and additions, which are innumerable, to one or other of his predecessors, except in very few instances, which analogy will set to the account of my incompetency, from reading not sufficiently extensive, and imperfect information, to trace all his authorities and assistances, rather than ascribe this failure to a fundamental error in my supposition. But the notes, I presume, which I have interspersed through the course of the poems, will ascertain this determination beyond all possibility of contradiction." *Wakefield's Pope's Homer.*

For the Literary Magazine.

REMARKS ON SOUTHEY'S MADOC.

SOUTHEY has some talents for poetry, and more learning and industry than commonly fall to those who serve the muses. But he has unfortunately great ambition, and great facility; and these qualities, so often the chief means of success, seem, in this case, to have counteracted it.

His *ambition* is not of that regular and manageable kind which usually grows up in old established commonwealths, either political or literary; which aspires at distinction through a just gradation of ho-

nours, and, with due veneration for those who have previously attained the heights of fame, ventures by degrees to tread in their steps, and to emulate or surpass their achievements. Southey, on the contrary, affects to follow no predecessor, and to acknowledge the supremacy of no tribunal. He looks with jealous and contemptuous eyes on the old aristocracy of the literary world, and denies the jurisdiction of its kings and elders.

Though our poet has no where ventured directly to express this treason against his poetical sovereigns, yet his disaffection is sufficiently proved by his whole behaviour:—he honours his great predecessors neither in word nor deed; and not only withholds from them that tribute of applause to which they are legally entitled, but sedulously avoids all imitation of their manner; and refuses, on all occasions, to be swayed by their example. He will neither wear their livery, nor submit to their commands; and though he does not say any thing openly in their disparagement, he evidently treats their authority with contempt, and betrays a strong desire of seducing his readers from their allegiance, by silently setting up a new object of veneration, which resembles them in none of its lineaments. But if we must renounce our faith in the old oracles of poetical wisdom before we can be imbued with the wisdom of her new apostles; if we must abjure all our classical prejudices, and cease to admire Virgil, and Pope, and Racine, before we can relish the beauties of Southey, it is easy to perceive that Southey's beauties are in some hazard of being neglected: true policy would have allied him to a party so respectably established, rather than have set him up in opposition to it.

In matters of taste, as in that of morality, there are no discoveries to be made. The end of poetry is to please; and men cannot be mistaken as to what has actually given them pleasure. Casual and absurd associations may, indeed, impose upon them for a season, and lead them to ascribe to the genius of the poet, an emotion which was really excited by the circumstances in which they read him: but this allusion cannot last long; and the pleasure he continues to give under every change of circumstances, the feelings which he wakens in every class of his readers, and continues to awaken, in every successive generation, can only be ascribed to his intrinsic merit. Of this merit, indeed, these effects afford the sole and ultimate criterion.

It is indeed the nature of man to run into extremes; to have a blind veneration for antiquity; to praise or condemn in submission to example and authority. Thus Homer's verses, and Aristotle's apothegms were, for many ages, received as sacred and oracular; the abominable filth and sordid ribaldry of Swift continue to issue from the press with all the gorgeous ornaments of modern typography; and "Titus Andronicus" and "Love's Labour lost," still occupy the favourite shelf, and the splendid cabinet. But this excess of esteem is only culpable as excess. Homer, Aristotle, Swift, and Shakespeare would not have obtained the idolatry of some, if they had not deserved the sober approbation of all.

The ancient and uninterrupted possession of the great inheritors of fame, and poetical reputation, must be deemed therefore clear evidence of their right, and renders it the duty of every new claimant to contend with them as lawful competitors, instead of seeking to supplant them as usurpers. Nevertheless, though they may retain what they possess, they cannot prevent the farther accumulation of their successors; new sources of poetical beauty may be found, which may lower the value of the old. Untrodden regions may still be explored in that vast domain, sufficiently splendid and fertile to become the seat of a new and legitimate empire. There is, however, little hope of such discoveries; the elements of poetical

products are necessarily obvious and universal; they are within and about all men; and the topics by which they are suggested have been the same in every age, and every country. Poetical, like moral excellence, is essentially the same every where; and while its perfection never fails to call forth the warmest admiration, it is recognized by all as the assemblage of those known qualities in which excellence had been universally held to consist. We look with compassion or contempt on a man who pretends to have discovered a new way to be good; who, in pursuit of supreme moral excellence, affects to put no value on the vulgar elements of justice, generosity, or benevolence, but rests his pretensions on some peculiar moralities of his own invention, such as ordering his servants never to deny him, educating boys without the use of birch, or opening an hospital for decayed post-horses.

This ambition of singularity is, in many particulars, the passion of Southey and some of his associates. They think nothing worth trying, in which others have already succeeded; they claim no merit allowed to their predecessors; and as most of the natural beauties of thought and language have been defiled by previous use, they betake themselves to a series of strange affectations, which, if not wholly unexampled, were never seen before combined with so much genius. Of these the most remarkable are, an affectation of infantine innocence and simplicity, of excessive refinement and preternatural enthusiasm, and of a certain perverse singularity in learning, taste, and opinions.—These affectations proceed from an ill-regulated ambition; and Southey, among others, would write incomparably better, if he had a little more respect for those who have written before him with universal applause.

This passion for novelty would not have been so mischievous, if our poet had not been gifted with unusual fluency of style and facility of versification. Had he written with more difficulty, he would have been forced to dwell longer on the thoughts and terms which occurred to him; and as each of them, in proportion to the labour it cost him, would have acquired importance in his eyes, he would have perfected and finished it more carefully, and endeavoured to compress his images within more reasonable limits. In this way, the composition would have acquired more brilliancy and compactness; and instead of that endless redundancy, by which his style is now chiefly distinguished, we might have had something nervous and concise, and suitable to the dignity of his subject, and the weight and value of many of his sentiments. An unlucky facility in rhyming has betrayed many poets into inexcusable negligence. The great ease of that loose and colloquial blank verse, in which Mr. Southey composes, will one day be his ruin. It leads him on insensibly from line to line, and from page to page, without let or obstruction, and carries him smoothly through every sort of illustration that occurs to him, without once admonishing him of the necessity of excluding much, in order to give solidity and value to what remains. As he has always plenty of good words, he never pauses to look for exquisite ones; and, rendered confident by his fluency, he sets down the first view that presents itself, without waiting to inquire whether it be the best. If the thought does not come out quite strong enough in the first six lines, he adds other ten, or twenty, or fifty, and goes on, accumulating circumstances, till he has put in every thing that occurs to him on the subject. All his pictures, accordingly, are finished in too *broad* a style, and on a scale far too large for the variety and importance of the object. There is a faintness and feebleness in the colouring, resulting from the excessive dilatation of the landscape; and the effect is weakened by the distance at which the groups are placed from each other. If he were to write in the measure

of Dryden or Pope, he would be soon struck with his own exuberance and prolixity.

This poem contains many good passages, and bears testimony to the genius and morals of the author. But it is too long. Were it faultless in other respects, its excessive length, a want of interest in the story, and a considerable failure in pourtraying characters, must render it tedious to ordinary readers.

The subject is the discovery of America by the Welch, in the 12th century, to which the poet transfers all the incidents and adventures of the subsequent expedition of Columbus. To prevent us from confounding his heroes with Spaniards, or from mistaking his work for a mere versification of Robertson's history, the author, besides changing the names, has prefixed a long story of the family feuds and personal adventures of Madoc, before he abandons his native country; and thus the poem comes forth in two parts, one being entitled "Madoc in Wales," and the other "Madoc in Aztlan."

Madoc, though himself the most accomplished of poetical heroes, comes of no very honourable breed. His father Owen, king of Gwyneth, or North Wales, after depriving of sight a nephew confided to his care, spent his time in fighting the English, and breeding up his legitimate and illegitimate children in great jealousy and dislike of each other. On his death, accordingly, they all go together by the ears. The eldest, who had a blemish in his face, and seems to have been a very soft-tempered youth, is set aside without a struggle, and the throne is usurped by Hoel, a prince of great accomplishments, but a bastard, and a little too fond of fighting and conquering. He is resisted by his brother David, who slays him in battle, and assumes the sovereignty, to the terror and affliction of his surviving brethren. Madoc, who seems to have been feasting and visiting among his friends in the height of these dissensions, sets off post, as soon as he hears of Hoel's usurpation, to mediate between his brothers, but arrives not till the day after the battle, when he buries the dead, and, not caring to appear before the victor, seeks shelter in the cottage of the cousin whom his father had deprived of sight. Here he contracts an intimacy with a son of the old gentleman; and, walking out with him one fine evening to the beach, they are both struck with the *natural and obvious thought* of following the setting sun into another region, and forthwith determine to undertake a voyage of discovery to the west. How the prince settles matters with his brothers, we are not informed; but he takes his departure, in very good style, with two ships well manned and furnished at all points.

His voyage is the very prototype of that of Columbus. His men mutiny from terror and impatience, and he urges them on with promises and threats. A storm drives them forward, against their will, and he reaches the coast at length, and gains the confidence of one of the natives, by whom he is guided to an inland settlement, and received with great honour by a queen and her people. He then engages to deliver this tribe from a bloody tribute imposed upon them by their conquerors; and, after defeating the king of Aztlan and his people, enters into an alliance with him, and establishes his colony in good order in a snug valley.

He then takes ship and sets out for Wales again, to recruit for his new settlement; and finding his way back with marvellous accuracy, without card or compass, lands at the palace stairs of Aberfraw, just in time to assist at the marriage feast of his brother David. This gracious sovereign, he finds, has employed himself, during his absence, in massacring another of his brethren, and hunting down the remainder, one of whom he keeps in chains, and has set a price upon the head of another. He has also concluded a peace with England, and

married a daughter of the Saxon monarch. Madoc, a little out of humour at all these irregularities, behaves at first a little rudely to the bride, and chides his majesty a little too freely. A few cups of mead, however, soon drown all differences; he becomes quite social, and tells the whole history of his voyage, and his exploits among the Hoamen and Aztecas.

After this, he seems to go about feasting and carouzing with his old friends, in different parts of the country; and the whole remainder of the first part, or "Madoc in Wales," consists of the miscellaneous incidents which befal him in his visits. No one of these has any connexion with another, or helps forward the main story; they are introduced for the purpose of displaying the poet's powers of description, or his intimate acquaintance with Cambrian antiquity. Thus he goes across the country to visit Cyveilioc, a hospitable old gentleman of his acquaintance, whom he finds harping to a large party at table; and this gives Mr. Southey an opportunity to introduce an imitation of an old Welch drinking song. The prince is then carried by his host to assist at a solemn meeting of bards, on the top of a neighbouring hill; and Mr. Southey has again scope for antiquarian and poetical discussion. He then happens to call at the castle of lord Rhys, which enables his historian to introduce a silly anecdote, faithfully detailed, it seems, from some ancient chronicle, about Goagan of Powys-land, who gets a horse and three suits of clothes from the liberal chieftain. After this, he takes a trip to the island of Bardsey to say his prayers; on which occasion we are treated with a description of the cathedral service. In his way home from this autumnal tour, Madoc goes a little out of his road to take a peep at the cottage in which he had taken shelter after David's victory, and finds it occupied by a handsome woman and a fine boy, whom he luckily discovers to be the mistress and child of his unfortunate brother Hoel, and to whom he offers an asylum in his American kingdom, which is joyfully accepted. As he is journeying slowly home with his newly discovered relations, he finds a Saxon bishop in the very act of excommunicating his friend Cyveilioc, for having refused to take part in a crusade which the worthy prelate had thought proper to patronize. A mighty squabble ensues; and Madoc, having discovered that the zealous priest intended that very night to dig up the bones of old king Owen, and remove them to a less sanctified repository, hides himself in the church, and, bursting in upon the monks in the midst of their sacrilegious labour, fairly bullies them out of their design, takes up the bones himself, and packing them with a large quantity of fine linen in a box, sends them aboard ship, to take their passage along with him to America. On his return to Aberfraw, he has again some warm expostulations with David. Meantime, the emigrants flock to him in great numbers, and, among the rest, a damsel in the disguise of a boy; and at length the six ships being fully victualled and manned, the whole party, with abundance of prayers and tears, take an eternal farewell of their native land, and set sail with a favourable breeze for America.

This concludes the first part, which, except in the story told by Madoc on his arrival, has no more reference to the discovery of America, than to that of Formosa; and is, indeed, so disconnected with the trans-atlantic exploits of the hero, that Southey has found it necessary to distinguish it by a separate title. The second part conducts Madoc in safety to his colony, with the busy prosperity of which he is not a little delighted, till he learns that the priests of Aztlan, being grievously offended at the remission of human sacrifices required of them by the conqueror, had been exerting themselves, in his absence, to excite dislike and suspicion of the stran-

gers in their king's mind, and had succeeded in their efforts. Even the subjects of the friendly queen had been alienated by the arts of their holy men, who complained that their god was thirsty for blood, and could not submit to be famished any longer. Madoc sets himself valiantly against these symptoms of rebellion; and, when he arrives to remonstrate with his allies, is assailed by the chief priest and the god himself, who makes his appearance in the form of an enormous snake. The British warrior, however, cuts down the priest with his cutlass, and chases the god into his den with a burning stick. He then pelts the poor deity to death with large stones; and, after roasting him before the faces of his affrighted worshippers, he converts them all to christianity, by an authoritative sermon of fifty verses, and baptizes them forthwith in the river.

This proceeding gives no small offence, as may be imagined, to the holy brotherhood of Aztlan, who send two of their chosen warriors to try to catch one of the strangers for a sacrifice to their offended deity. By the greatest piece of good luck, these savages pick up Madoc's nephew, the infant son of Hoel, and scamper off with him before the face of his uncle, who is superintending the workmen employed in enlarging his new *city*. The prince thoughtlessly runs after them; but they keep the start, and decoy him across the mountain, to a place where an ambush of their countrymen had been stationed. Poor Madoc falls unarmed into their hands, and is carried in bonds to their city, in the rear of little Hoel. The child is shut up in a cavern, to die of hunger, in honour of some water god; and the prince, after being sentenced to the altar, is tied to a stake, and obliged to maintain a combat with the choice warriors of the city. By strength and dexterity, he discomfits and slays his first antagonist; and is engaged in dire hostility with the second, when tidings are received, that the Welchmen are in full march to the city to rescue their leader, and that all the warriors must turn out to oppose them. Instead of dispatching Madoc by the hands of the priests, they content themselves with tying him neck and heels, and laying him up behind the altar, where he is discovered by a tender-hearted priestess, who cuts his cords asunder, and restores him to liberty. The same compassionate damsel also contrives to deliver young Hoel out of his dungeon, and sends him home, under Madoc's charge, to his mother.

The partizans of the snake god, seeing all the men of the new settlement engaged in battle at Aztlan, think this a good opportunity to carry off the women; and descend into the valley with this gallant and laudable intention. The ladies, however, are exceedingly valiant in defence of their honour; and, after hamstringing the chief, and mortally wounding him, repulse the invaders, and remain conquerors in their mansions. Madoc, on his return, finds dead bodies strewed all over the valley, and expresses his approbation and surprise at the prowess of his sister and her amazons. He then arms himself, and returns to the battle, where, after an obstinate contest, his followers at length drive their enemies before them, and take possession of the city of Aztlan.

The vanquished retreat to Patamba, another city on the opposite side of the lake, from which, after a certain interval, they prepare to invade the strangers with a vast fleet of canoes. Madoc, however, in the mean time, had taken care to get twelve of his brigantines taken to pieces, and brought overland to his new metropolis. They are put together again in the lake, and, with the help of a stiff breeze, run down and demolish the whole small craft of the natives, who are scattered upon the water like leaves in the pools of autumn. Notwithstanding all these reverses of fortune, the bigotry of the priests, and the savage valour of the warriors, disdain

all composition with the victor; and they are preparing for another attack by land, when, on the eve of one of their great festivals, a neighbouring mountain suddenly blazes out into a volcano; vast deluges of lava desolate the country; and a mighty earthquake heaves up the waters of the lake, and sweeps away Patamba, with nine-tenths of its inhabitants. Madoc generously employs his gallies to save the drowning remnants of his opponents, and even offers the king, who was among the survivors, a temporary asylum in his ancient palace of Aztlan. The high-minded monarch, however, cannot be brought to accept it; he prefers the advice of a certain bird in his mountain retreat, which he fancies calls upon him to depart. In obedience to this respectable counsellor, he assembles the wreck of his people, and declares his resolution to migrate to a distant region with such of his followers as may be inclined to adhere to him, Madoc being willing to grant protection and assistance to such as may choose to remain. The young and the valiant, all but one, who prefers killing himself, follow their sovereign to the westward, where they found the kingdom of Mexico; but the pacific part of the tribe remain with Madoc, who incorporates them with his own people, and thus becomes the founder of a mighty dynasty.

Such, with a few episodes, is the story of Madoc, a poem, in two parts, and thirty-five sections, which disdains the "degraded title of epic," and pretends not to be "constructed according to the rules of Aristotle!"

The faults of the fable and characters are many and obvious. The adventures of Madoc in Wales have little interest or coherence in themselves, and bear no relation to his exploits among the savages. The European story is not only quite unconnected with the American one, but is unfinished and imperfect. After attempting to interest us, for eighteen sections, in the fortunes of Owen's children, Southey snatches us away from them, just as their destiny approaches a crisis: one of the captive brethren has newly broken out of David's dungeon, and a picturesque personage of a nephew, who walks upon the moonlight beach, with a boat on his back, and an oar in his hand, has vowed to drive him from the throne of his fathers. The Saxon princess too seems very much in humour for elopement, and the bishop in no small danger of lapidation. It is rather injudicious in the author, after having compelled us to study the complicated politics of this unhappy family, to drop the curtain upon them, at the very time when their story begins to be interesting and intelligible.

There is scarcely any discrimination of character in all this part of the poem; every one we hear of is a warlike chief, more or less generous or ferocious; and the incidents, being all confined to high life, have in them so little to characterize a race of Celtic mountaineers, that, were it not for the occasional introduction of harps and bards, and names full of *y*'s and *w*'s, we should be apt to forget that the scene was laid in the recesses of North Wales, and to suspect that the author had versified the history of the heptarchy, or a few chapters of the wars of York and Lancaster, as a prelude to his legend of the discovery of America. Madoc himself has the vulgar and inexpiable fault of poetical heroes, that of being too perfect; he is more pious than the pious Æneas himself, and considerably more correct in his deportment to the ladies. He seems to be quite invulnerable indeed to the shafts of Cupid; and testifies no sort of amorous propensities either towards the ruddy damsels of Wales or the olive princesses of America. In short, he is as sober, prudent, resolute, able-bodied, and fortunate a person, as any poet could wish to have the management of: he sets about all his undertakings like a man who knows perfectly that he

can accomplish them, and never fails to get through them, without much discomposure to himself or the reader. There is a bastard cousin of his named Cadwallon, of whom we had some hope that he might redeem this monotony of Cimbric valour; but, though he begins with some indications of a peremptory character, he very soon falls into the ranks of his countrymen, and sinks into the faithful Achates of his leader. The American personages are somewhat more varied and discriminated, though there is scarcely any attempt at the delineation of individual character; that ideal portrait painting, which gives so strong an impression of reality. The pictures are almost all marked only with the general attributes of the class, not with the peculiar features of the individual; there are gloomy bigots, and ferocious warriors, and patriotic sovereigns, and grateful adherents, arrayed, skilfully enough, in the *costume* of their country, but not introduced as real persons to our imagination.

Southey's radical blunder consists in ascribing to a Welch chieftain, of the 12th century, the discoveries and exploits of the Spaniards 300 years after. He confesses fairly that all the scenery and manners, and almost all the incidents of his second part, are borrowed from the adventures of Columbus and Cortes; and with such minute fidelity, indeed, are they copied, that in many instances, the most careless reader must be struck with the improbability of the tale. The hero, by being a Welchman, has forfeited his claim to many of those accomplishments and successes which could not have been denied him as a Spaniard.

The freak of undertaking a voyage of discovery, in the first place, is most unnaturally put into the brain of a young Celtic chieftain, whose whole time had been spent in family feuds and warfare with the Saxons. The accomplishment of such a voyage, without the compass, is another glaring improbability, easily avoided, by following the guidance of authentic history; and the firm persuasion of success and heroic perseverance, natural enough in a learned pilot and practised navigator, are transferred, with little judgment, to a fiery warrior, who had never been out of sight of land before in his life. The incongruities thicken, however, when the poet proceeds to make Madoc achieve all the exploits of Cortes in battle against the natives. He *might* have traversed the Atlantic without compass; but he could not possibly subdue millions of valiant savages without guns or horses. The spearmen of Gwyneth and the bowyers of Dehewbarth, are poor substitutes for the cavalry and musketeers of Cortes; and no advantage of iron helmets and polished swords can reconcile the imagination to the constant success of a handful of men against myriads of armed antagonists as vigorous and fearless as themselves. The Spaniards themselves were indebted not so much to their fire-arms and horses, as to the superstitious terror and astonishment, which the sight of those formidable engines produced on the minds of the natives. The warriors of Aztlan, however, could feel no awe at the sight of men, who pushed with spears and warded with bucklers like their own, with whom they had an opportunity in every contest to measure their strength and agility, and the satisfaction of finding it equal. By preferring Madoc to Cortes, therefore, the poet has not only missed that interest which an air of authenticity always lends even to a poetical narrative, but has raised the marvellous to a height by which the most careless reason must be shocked; and converted what might have been admiration, into contemptuous incredulity.

Besides the gross improbabilities resulting from dressing the Welch adventurer in the trophies of the Spaniard, there are several other fictions, which exceed the just limits of "pleasing wonder." The conversion of the Hoamen, with the

chief pontiff, and all his priesthood to christianity, by a few imperious averments, unvouched by miracles, or any kind of evidence, is absurd in itself, and seems particularly incongruous with the mild and reasonable character of the warlike apostle, who concludes his sermon, by assuring his hearers, that if any of them hesitated to believe all he had said, he should instantly be "cut off from among the people." The catastrophe, brought about by the occurrence of an earthquake and volcanic eruption, at the critical moment of a solemn festival and projected invasion, is equally puerile and extravagant. Southey, however, has one merit, that of employing no preternatural agency in the explication of the different parts of his design. Machinery is at all times a blemish in a poem which aims at probability. It ought particularly to be excluded from a work which treats of events within the limits of authentic history.

It is not however on the general plan and conduct of the story that the merit or fortune of a poem will usually depend. If it contain many beautiful and pathetic passages, it cannot fail to please, though they should not be very skilfully connected; and if the materials be ordinary or disagreeable, no artifice of collocation can rescue the compound from oblivion.

The poetry of Southey is in many places characterised by an affectation of infantine simplicity and antique homeliness, in which some persons are said to find wonderful refreshment and delight. To such readers many passages in this poem will afford the greatest satisfaction; but the taste is not yet general, nor perhaps will the number of its votaries be ever augmented.

Akin to that affectation of babyish gentleness, of which every page of this poem affords specimens, is the frequent introduction of low, antiquated, and vulgar words, upon serious occasions. *Belike*, for instance, is a prodigious favourite; insomuch that it occurs more than fifty times. Nay, such is his partiality to it, that he even advances it, on some occasions, out of its proper rank of an adverb, into the place of an adjective, as "*our food belike to fail.*" In the same taste he says of a speech which Madoc addressed to the king of Atzlan, that "*he let it work.*" The arms of a deceased chieftain are elegantly called his "*death-doers.*" The spokesman of the priests is termed "their *mouth-piece*:" and another, who had been fasting in a wood, is said to be

"Emaciate like some bare *anatomy.*"

Instead of saying our inferior numbers, Southey chuses to make a warrior express his fear that the multitude of the savages may

"Dwindle our *all-too-few.*"

In another place, a voice is heard suddenly in the temple,

——— "*and crash with that*
The image fell!"

Finally, we are told of a warrior, whose sword,

——— "slivering downward,
Left the *cheek-flap* dangling."

And of another, who

——— "donned
A gipion, quilted close of gossampine."

Besides these combinations of simple terms, there are many single words, which Southey has lent, from the storehouse of his own invention, to the exhausted treasury of the English language. It is a common practice with him to compare the adverb as if it were an adjective; thus we have "fitlier," "fiercelier," and "distinctlier;" to which may be added, perhaps, though an innovation of a different kind, "booner," and "beautifullest." In the same taste, we have "in very deed," and "in very heaven;" and hear of an "*acquainted* sword," the "*joining*"

of a serpent, and the "*frush*" of rocks. The most objectionable of all these, however, are the affected appellations by which the Deity is generally designated. He is called "The Great For-Ever-One; The For-Ever-One; The Every-Where; The For-Ever; The Beloved One;" and a great variety of familiar and mystical names, of a similar import and construction.

The next great characteristic of Southey's poetry, after its infantine simplicity, is the energy, wildness, enthusiasm, and singularity of the conceptions with which the author has laboured to enliven it. In pursuit of this obscure idea of elevation and originality, he has often wandered into the regions of bombast and obscurity.

From some persuasion of their magnificence, or from his great partiality to authentic history, Southey has borrowed from ancient chronicles many silly anecdotes and barbarous names of Welch kings and chieftains. When Madoc is feasting with Rhys, a messenger arrives from the king, who is introduced, and delivers himself as follows:

> Now the messenger
> Entered the hall; Goagan of Powys-land,
> He of Caer-Einion was it, who was charged
> From Gwyneth to Deheubarth; a brave man,
> Of copious speech. He told the royal son
> Of Gryffidd, the descendant of the line
> Of Rhys-ab-Tudyr-mawr, that he came there
> From David, son of Owen, of the stock
> Of kingly Cynan. I am sent, said he,
> With friendly greeting; and as I receive
> Welcome and honour, so, in David's name,
> Am I to thank the lord of Dinevawr.

Now, the whole business of this eloquent and high-born personage is to ask a horse, and a suit of clothes, and ten marks from the lord Rhys; which having received, Goagan of Powys-land takes his departure, and molests prince Madoc and the reader no more.

Southey goes professedly out of his way, to relate this delectable anecdote; and, in the same spirit, allows his hero to ride alone by the shore, while he pauses to inform the reader, that

> —— many a prince,
> Warned by the visitation, sought and gained
> A saintly crown, Tyneio, Merini,
> Boda and Brenda and Aelgyvarch,
> Gwynon and Celynin and Gwynodyl.

The last great fault of this poet is diffuseness and prolixity. He is always incumbered with the superfluity of his language; he is never succinct for speed, nor divested for exertion; his drapery is always trailing in great folds upon the ground; and, though in a fine attitude, or when the wind waves it aloft, there is sometimes gracefulness and majesty in the redundancy, yet it more frequently entangles his steps, and retards his progress, and often drags behind in unseemly and unprofitable volumes. The nature of this defect renders it difficult to exemplify it by quotation: but the reader may turn to the squabble with the Saxon prelate; the conference with the Pabas; Cadwallon's whole narrative; the lake fight, the whole adventure with the snake god, and a considerable part of the battles and religious ceremonies at Aztlan.

There are occasional instances of negligence in the structure of the verse, for which the easiness of the measure, and Southey's indisputable facility, leave him without excuse. Such lines as "When the bowyers of Deheubarth plied so well," or "And caught the hem of her garment and exclaimed," are inexcusable. I must protest also against the unnecessary profusion of ineffable names with which he has defaced his poem. Boileau, was not quite right, when he said that

——un seul nom barbare
Rend un poeme entièr ou ridicule ou bizarre.

But how will common readers manage such words as *Caonocotzin*, *Tezcalipoca*, *Coatlantana*, *Tezozomoc*, *Yuhidthiton*, *Nahuaztin*, &c. in every page. After all, the poet assures us that he has been very merciful in this respect, since he had good authority for filling his page with a succession of such immeasurable appellatives as *Tacotchcalcadhyacapan*.

After this enumeration of blemishes, it should seem but candid to make out an equally industrious catalogue of merits and beauties; but this must be left to the perseverance of that reader whose taste, better or worse than mine, may find in its blemishes no insuperable impediment to such an undertaking.

Z.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVANTAGES OF METAPHYSICAL STUDIES.

MANY persons there are, who have conceived a prejudice against the metaphysical sciences, because they erroneously imagine that it indisposes the mind towards other pursuits more agreeable to popular taste. The examples of several celebrated men contradict this opinion, from the time when

Omnis Aristippum decuit color et status, et res,

to the last century, when the taste and knowledge of Berkeley surprised the artists of Italy; the accomplishments of the young Helvetius were admired in the circles of Paris; and the grave and the gay, the sage and the youth, could take delight in the conversation of subtle Hume. *I am the person whom you wish to see,* said Plato to his foreign guests, who desired their agreeable host to introduce them to his grave namesake the philosopher. Why should it be imagined, that the mind grows severe as it becomes enlightened, or that the knowledge of man unfits us for the society of mankind?

One is, indeed, surprised at the strange notions which men, who are quite ignorant of its nature, have formed of this branch of philosophy. There are some who seriously believe that this science serves only to darken and bewilder the understanding; while others suppose that it consists in the babbling of a pedantic jargon, which constituted the barbarous language of the scholastic learning. If a perplexed reasoner puzzle himself and his audience, we are almost always sure to hear his metaphysical subtlety reproved or lamented; and he, upon his part, seldom fails to ascribe the confusion of his ideas to the obscure nature of all speculative doctrines. If a pert rhetorician becomes entangled in his own sophistries, he is ever ready to accuse himself of having too much of the very logic which he wants. There is not a mere *tyro* in literature, who has blundered round the meaning of a chapter in Plato, but is content to mistake himself for a philosopher. A sciolist cannot set up for an atheist, without first hailing himself a metaphysician; while an ignorant dogmatist no sooner finds himself embarrassed with a doubt, than he seeks to avenge his offended vanity, by representing all metaphysical inquiries as idle or mischievous. Thus the noblest of the sciences is mistaken and vilified by the folly of some, and by the prejudices of others; by the impertinent vanity of a few, who could never understand it; and by the unjustifiable censures of many, who have never given it a fair and candid examination. He, however, who has been accustomed to meditate the principles of things, the springs of action, the foundations of political government, the sources of moral law, the nature of the pas-

sions, the influence of habit and association, the formation of character and temper, the faculties of the soul, and the philosophy of mind, will not be persuaded that these subjects have been unworthy of his patient attention, because presumptuous writers have abused the liberty of investigation, or because dull ones have found it unavailing. He knows that metaphysics do not exclude other learning; that, on the contrary, they blend themselves with all the sciences. He feels the love of truth grow strong with the search of it; he confesses the very bounded powers of the human understanding, while he contemplates the immensity of nature, and the majesty of God; but he thinks that his researches may contribute to enlarge and correct his own notions; that they may teach him how to reason with precision; and may instruct him in the knowledge of himself. His time, he believes, is seldom employed to greater advantage, than when he considers what may be the nature of his intellectual being, examines the extent of his moral duties, investigates the sources of happiness, and demonstrates the means by which it may be more generally diffused.

It is nothing to him, that his tone and his language are ill imitated by the sophist; that he is considered as a useless member of society by the heavy plodding man of business; or that he is exposed to the impotent ridicule of the gaudy coxcomb, by whom he can never be approved, because he can never be understood. What is it to him, though his name be unknown among the monopolizers, the schemers, and the projectors, that throng the crowded capital of a mercantile nation? What is it to him, though his talents be undervalued by the votaries and the victims of dissipation, folly, and fashion? What is it to him, though grandeur should have withdrawn its protection from genius; though ambition should be satisfied with power alone; and though power should only exert its efforts to preserve itself? These things may not affect him: they may neither interrupt the course of his studies, nor disturb the serenity of his mind. But what must be his feelings, if he should find, that philosophy is persecuted, where science is professed to be taught? Are there not some, who seem desirous of excluding it from the plan of public education? The advantages which are to be derived from classical knowledge are well understood in one place; and a profound acquaintance with mathematics is highly estimated in another; while the study of the human mind, which is the study of human nature, and that examination of principles which is so necessary to the scrutiny of truth, are either discouraged as dangerous, or neglected as useless.

For the Literary Magazine.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MICHAUX'S TRAVELS IN THE WESTERN STATES.

THERE are, according to Volney, three great natural divisions of the territory of the United States of America: the first lies between the Atlantic and the Apalachian or Allegany Mountains; the second is that district which is covered by these mountains; and the third lies beyond them to the west, and now extends, by the cession of Louisiana, to the frontiers of Mexico. That portion of this vast territory, which lies between the mountains and the Mississippi, contains the newly erected states of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tenessee; and is commonly called the back country, or the western waters, in America. Till lately, this region has been the subject only of vague and fabulous accounts, derived from ignorant or interested landjobbers; and, even now, it is imperfectly known. This is no subject of surprise, when we consider its recent occupation, its great extent, and the uninviting aspect which it presents to travellers. Here are

no champaign districts, or elegant cities; nothing meets the eye but the dusky shades of interminable forests, where silence seems to have established her reign, and where the lonely traveller must hold his irksome way, amid perils and privations, without the hope of any brilliant discovery to reward his toils, and embellish the narrative of his adventures.

Notwithstanding all these obstacles and disadvantages, Dr. Michaux, a zealous Frenchman, was induced to undertake a journey through this remote country, principally to make observations on its vegetable products. But though natural history was his chief object, he does not confine himself to his *hortus siccus*; his observations take a wider range, and throw light upon the progress which these states have made in agriculture, commerce, and population. He treats these subjects in an unconnected and desultory manner; and the information he communicates is, in many respects, scanty and inadequate. But, as his narrative was not originally intended for publication, and as his journey was limited to a very short time, we must not blame him for deficiencies, in some measure unavoidable. M. Michaux is not one of these travellers who, when they go abroad, "go hooded," and see nothing; for he seems to have made every enquiry that his time permitted: and, besides, it is seldom that we meet with a writer of his country so free from every kind of trifling, romancing, and affectation. His book has no pretensions to philosophy, but it is plain, sensible, and instructive. They, however, who read travels only for the sake of the marvels they contain, will find very little amusement in it; for the author is very deficient in wonderful stories, having neither seen mammoths, fought with cannibals, nor intrigued with Indian princesses.

The expedition was undertaken under the auspices of Chaptal, minister of the interior. Our traveller arrived at Charleston, South Carolina, in Oct. 1801. This city is the seat of an active commerce between the northern and southern states; it contains nearly twenty thousand inhabitants; and upwards of nine thousand of this number are slaves. He made a considerable stay at this place, as well as at New York and Philadelphia. In June, 1802, he set out to cross the Allegany, having before him a journey of near two thousand miles, to be accomplished by the following October. From Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, the northern entrance into the western states, the road (he says) lies through a country whose hilly surface, covered with dark forests, gives it the appearance of an agitated sea. There are, however, intermediate spots of rich and cultivated soil, yielding crops of wheat, oats, and rye. Beyond Shippensburgh, 140 miles from Philadelphia, there is no public conveyance on this road; but, as the Americans it seems are always thirsty, there is no want of inns, frequently kept by captains, colonels, and other military dignitaries, with the appropriate sign of a general Washington. The breakfasts at these inns are much in that style which Dr. Johnson, when in Scotland, so highly approved; fried ham and eggs, with a broiled fowl, being generally served up with the tea and coffee. Upon our traveller's arrival at Bedford, a town near the foot of the Allegany ridge, he found all the inhabitants of the country engaged in a high festival, to commemorate, not a victory over the royalists, but the repeal of the duty upon whisky; and, upon this memorable occasion, every independent American thought it a civic duty to get exceedingly drunk. The German colonists he mentions as the most sober and industrious people in this part of America.

"With them," says he, "every thing announces that comfort which is the reward of assiduity and labour. They assist each other in their harvests, they intermarry with each other, and preserve, as much as possible, the manners of their Euro-

pean ancestors. They live much better than the descendants of the English, Scots, and Irish. They are not so much addicted to spirituous liquors, and have not, like them, that unsteady disposition which frequently, from the most trifling cause, induces them to emigrate several hundred miles in the hope of finding some more fertile territory."

After some account of Pittsburg, he describes the Mississippi as navigable by vessels of 300 tons all the way from Pittsburg; and from Limestone, four hundred and twenty-five miles farther down, it is navigable the whole year. In the spring, the current is extremely rapid; the boats, therefore, with which it is then navigated, are so constructed, as to diminish the velocity with which they would otherwise be carried down. They are of an oblong form, having their sides raised about four feet and a half above the water, and covered at one end with an angular roof: and in these vessels, whole families of emigrants commit themselves to the stream, without sail or oar.

"I was alone," says he, "on the banks of the Monongahela, when, for the first time, I observed five or six of these boats floating down the river. I could not conceive what these large square boxes were, which, abandoned to the current, presented by turns their ends, sides, and corners. As they approached, I heard a confused noise; but the height of their sides prevented me from distinguishing any thing. By getting upon the bank of the river, I at length discovered several families in these boats, which also conveyed their horses, cows, poultry, carriages, ploughs, beds, tools, in fact every thing which is required for furnishing a farm house, and cultivating the land."

In July, he left Pittsburgh for Kentucky, resolved to travel on foot to Wheeling, and there to embark on the Ohio. Having at this place purchased a canoe, he proceeded down the river, *paddling* from one side to the other, in order to obtain the shelter of the trees against the burning rays of the sun; and, during the night, he stopped at some of the plantations, or small towns, which are scattered upon its banks. A few days use so habituated him to this mode of travelling, that he could contemplate, at his ease, the surrounding scenery through the openings which presented themselves; and wherever he halted, he made such inquiries and observations as his stay permitted. On the fourth day of his voyage, he arrived at Marietta, situated at the mouth of the great Muskingum. This town, one of the chief places of the extensive state of Ohio, although of recent date, contains upwards of two hundred houses; and, being a busy commercial station, it is daily increasing.

At Gallipoli, farther down the river, he had an opportunity of surveying a colony of his countrymen, who, ten years before, had been seduced from their homes, by romantic and captivating relations of this region, published by certain poetical French travellers. Our author accounts for the poor state in which he found this misguided colony, by enumerating the peculiar hardships to which the colonists were unexpectedly exposed, from the war carrying on against the savages, upon their first arrival in this country. Volney, who visited this establishment before Michaux, gives a similar account of these obstacles: but that writer sagaciously perceived, that Frenchmen are not so well adapted for the labours of colonization as the emigrants from Britain or Germany. With a view to ascertain whether or not he was right in this supposition, he afterwards visited the French establishments upon the Wabash; and, from what he there saw, and the accounts he received regarding the other settlements of the French, upon the borders of Louisiana and Lake Erie, he was fully confirmed in his opinion.

Arrived at Limestone, in Kentucky, he had still near a thousand

miles of his arduous journey before him; and being pressed for time, he was forced to abandon his original plan of descending the river so far as the *rapids*. Taking leave of it, therefore, at this place, he directed his course towards Lexington, the chief town of this, and of all the western states. This still humble capital contains only three thousand inhabitants, who live in plank houses; but it must be recollected, that, till 1780, the place where it now stands was covered with trees. Like all the towns in this part of America, it is still embosomed in woods; but there are many plantations in the neighbourhood, and the soil is extremely fertile. An attempt was made to naturalize the vine in the neighbourhood of Lexington; but he found the vineyard, of which he had heard flattering reports, in a declining state. It seems probable, however, that the vine might be successfully cultivated in that country; and that the failure of this attempt was owing to an injudicious choice of situation. At Lexington, there is some degree of literature: newspapers are published, and the literary journals of Europe are regularly received. Dr. S. Brown, an intelligent physician, had introduced the vaccine inoculation with great success; and the same gentleman was laudably occupied in making a collection of the fossils, and other natural productions of this interesting country. It is pleasing to learn, that the inhabitants of these forests are cheered and enlightened with the distant literature of Europe; that there are here men capable of communicating the benefits of its discoveries, and emulous, in their turn, to extend the boundaries of knowledge, by new discoveries of their own.

After a short stay at Lexington, he set out, in August, for Nashville, in Tenessee, where he arrived on the 28th. Nashville, which contains about one hundred and thirty houses built of planks, is situated on Cumberland river, remarkable for the stupendous height of its calcareous banks. Here there is a plank *college*, containing one professor and six students. Leaving this melancholy spot, he proceeded to Knoxville, the seat of government of Tenessee. He traversed part of the territory of the Cherokees, on the Cumberland mountain; and he tells us, that these savages have lately made considerable progress in cultivating their lands, and are become more desirous of the comforts of a settled life. They sometimes appear in a hat, coat, and waistcoat; but no Cherokee has yet been known to submit to the bondage of breeches. In September he arrived at Jonesburgh, the last town in Tenessee, situated at the foot of the Allegany; and having recrossed these mountains, he again proceeded through the Carolinas to Charleston, where he arrived in October, three months and a half after his departure from Philadelphia; and, soon after, he returned to France.

From the intelligence afforded us by this traveller, the following general ideas may be formed of the western states.

They are bounded by the Allegany mountains on the east and south, and by the Mississippi, and the lakes Michigan, Huron, and Erie on the west and north. The surface of this extensive country, though not mountainous, is very uneven, and, except where cultivated, entirely covered with wood. The soil is, for the most part, uncommonly fertile: it consists of a rich vegetable mould, of considerable depth, resting on an immense stratum of limestone, which pervades the whole of this region. Here, indeed, nature seems to have exerted to the utmost her vegetative powers. In the forests, the trees are of extraordinary size; this traveller measured some whose circumference extended to forty-seven feet. It would be endless to describe their varieties; but it is worth while to remark, that the inhabitants are accustomed to judge of the quality of the soil by the trees, some species being peculiar to the most fertile

districts. Such, in particular, are the coffee-tree (*Guilandina dioica*), the honey-locust (*Gleditsia triacanthos*), and the papaver (*Annona triloba*). When the trees are cleared away, the soil, through almost the whole of these states, is found to repay the cultivator with the most abundant harvests. The principal articles of cultivation are maize and wheat; but, in Kentucky, considerable quantities of hemp and tobacco are also raised, and, in Tenessee, a great part of the inhabitants are occupied with the culture of cotton. In ordinary seasons, an acre of good land yields forty or fifty English bushels of maize; in abundant years, from sixty to seventy-five bushels; and the culture, after the ground is cleared, is extremely simple and easy. Wheat is chiefly raised for exportation; and good lands generally yield from twenty-five to thirty bushels each acre, without any manure, and with a single ploughing. The average crop of cotton is three hundred and fifty pounds weight to an acre; and it also appears that its cultivation does not require great labour. But if the soil of this country be fertile, it cannot be said that its climate is salubrious. Obstinate intermittent fevers prevail every autumn, and the inhabitants are also frequently afflicted with cutaneous diseases. Another disadvantage, too, arises from the want of water in many places, during the summer, from the drying up of the smaller rivers: an inconvenience so great as to prove a material obstacle to the progress of cultivation in some districts.

The population of this country, when compared with its great extent, makes but a poor figure. A few years only have elapsed since its first occupation; and, when considered under this point of view, the amount is surprising. Thirty years ago, there were scarce three thousand people in the whole country; at present, it contains more than four hundred thousand; and, as emigrants still continue to throng to it, the population must rapidly augment. Kentucky has the largest share, its proportion being two hundred and fifty thousand, including twenty thousand negro slaves. The greater part of the people are employed in clearing and cultivating the land, and in rearing cattle; but there is a considerable number engaged in manufactures and commerce. The inhabitants of the banks of the Ohio are mighty hunters; a circumstance by no means propitious to the progress of cultivation, for it is easier and more seducing to kill stags and bears than to fell large trees. In Kentucky and Tenessee, they are more agricultural; but, in all places, the scale of cultivation is extremely limited, for, as there are no labourers to be had for money, the operations of each farmer must proceed in proportion to the strength of his family. It follows, accordingly, that, in possessions of some hundred acres, there are often not more than ten or twelve under cultivation. In the plantations, the people live in miserable plank huts; but, within, there are always abundance of eatables, and peach brandy or whisky. The articles manufactured are leather, paper, cordage, linen, flour, cotton, and spirits, some of which afford the materials of a very profitable commerce. The articles imported from Europe, seven-tenths of which are supplied by Great Britain, consist of drugs, iron and tin wares, pottery, drapery, and mercery. Besides these, they obtain nankeen, tea, coffee, and sugar from the East and West Indies. The whole of these importations are carried from the sea ports on the Atlantic to Pittsburgh, and from thence distributed, by the channel of the Ohio, through all these states. The exportations consist of ginseng, salted provisions, tobacco, hemp, and flour, of all of which a very considerable quantity is annually exported. Of flour alone, there was, in 1802, exported 85,570 barrels, each holding 196 pounds. The greater part of the flour exported is put into boats at Louisville, and conveyed

to New Orleans, fourteen hundred miles. For nine hundred miles of this long voyage, there is not even a plank hut to be seen; and the people who accompany the boats must either return by land, or, proceeding by sea to Philadelphia, go thence to Pittsburg, and afterwards descend to Kentucky by the Ohio. Commerce, indeed, displays many of its wonders in this remote country. Ships of considerable tonnage, built at the head of the Ohio, two thousand miles from the sea, pass directly to the West Indies with cargoes; and what is, perhaps, equally striking, the flour with which some of them are laden is ground with millstones imported from France, and carried from the sea ports into the heart of this vast continent. With the progress of cultivation, the commerce of the Ohio must constantly increase; and when we consider what has been already done, there is every reason to believe, that the same active and enterprising spirit which now animates its banks, will speedily extend even to the distant borders of the Illinois and Missouri, where ships will also be built, to carry down the Mississippi the products of the extensive and fertile regions watered by these rivers. The mind delights to contemplate this magnificent perspective, where, instead of forests, peopled only with beasts, it sees rising into view cultivated districts, covered with men, and the monuments of their arts.

The author describes the manners of this country as rude and unamiable. The scattered and lonely state in which the people live, and the mutual independence which prevails, are circumstances by no means favourable to amenity of manners. They have not yet reached that advanced stage of society, where there are numerous classes who either do not labour at all, or are occupied only with the liberal arts. Their generals distil whisky, their colonels keep taverns, and their statesmen feed pigs. In such a state of society, we must not look for great refinement: it is also clear, that the political institutions of this country have a natural tendency to add to that roughness of character which prevails. The passion for spirituous liquors exists in a very strong degree among them; and their carousals seldom terminate without some dangerous affray. They are hospitable to strangers, because they are seldom troubled with them, and because they have always plenty of maize and smoked hams. Their hospitality, too, is always accompanied with impertinent questions, and a disgusting display of national vanity. In politics, they are stern democrats, hating the federalists with suitable ardour. Their minds seem to be in that state in which religious impressions find easy access. Here is a sect called *dunkers*, who cherish long beards; and also vast numbers of enthusiasts, who retire into woods, where they remain for days in holy communion, round large fires, frequently bawling out, *Glory! glory!* There is no established church in these states, and there are few places of public worship; where there are churches, the itinerants who officiate abound in zeal, but are deficient in education.

For the Literary Magazine.

BLIGHT OR MILDEW IN CORN EXPLAINED.

ALL perfect plants are provided by nature with mouths or pores on the surface of their leaves and stalks. These are destined to supply the vegetable's want of locomotion, by enabling it to profit by all the aqueous particles which may fall upon it, or be contained in the air which surrounds it. They are open in wet, and shut in dry weather; and greedily absorb the moisture that comes in contact with them. The surface of straw is covered with alternate stripes; the one set more solid, the other filled with the

mouths just now described. Into these the farina of a small parasitic fungus frequently penetrates; there it sprouts: and though its roots have not yet been detected beyond the bark, there can be no doubt that they push themselves into the cellular texture, and, intercepting the sap in its ascent, nourish the little mushroom at the expence of the grain. It is the kernel of the primary plant which suffers by this intrusion; in proportion to the number of fungi which take root in the stalk, the grain in the ear is shrivelled; and while the bran remains as plentiful as before, the flour is so much diminished, that some crops do not yield a stone from a sack of wheat, or it may happen that the whole produce, if ground, should give bran alone.

This fungus attacks corn early in spring; assumes an orange colour, which afterwards becomes deep brown; and, in hot weather, ripens and sheds its seed perhaps in the space of a week. Spring corn suffers less from it than winter, probably because the fungus has less time to spread over and exhaust it. All over Europe, where corn is grown, the blight is known; and specimens of a parasitic plant, nearly resembling the English, have been brought in wheat from New South Wales. Nor does this fungus appear to attack corn plants only. The neighbourhood of a barberry bush will infect a whole district of grain with the disease; whence we may infer, that this tree, known to be very subject to a rust resembling the blight, sheds the farina of its fungus, which the wind carries to the pores of the corn.

Early in the season, the rust, in its orange-coloured stage, may be observed upon a few stalks here and there in a field. At this period it takes many weeks of coming to maturity; and that interval the farmer should employ in eradicating those infected plants, which, if permitted to ripen, are so many nests of numberless fungi. Each pore may contain from twenty to forty, and each fungus sheds a hundred seed; so that, in the hot season, when they ripen quickly, a single stalk may infect a whole district. It may likewise find its way in the straw, mixed up with manure, and several grasses are obviously subject to it. The former cause is easily removed, and careful weeding is a certain preventive of the latter.

There are two questions of very great practical importance. First, whether the copious growth of these fungi upon the leaves and stalks of corn does not add to the nutritive matter of the straw? The weight of the straw is certainly increased in proportion as the grain loses by the growth of the parisitical plant; but the question is, whether the fungus has the qualities which adapt it to the stomachs of cattle?

Though the seeds of wheat are rendered, by the exhausting power of the fungus, so lean and shrivelled that scarce any flour fit for the manufacture of bread can be obtained by grinding them, these very seeds will, except, perhaps, in the very worst cases, answer the purpose of seed corn, as well as the fairest and plumpest sample that can be obtained, and in some respects better; for, as a bushel of much blighted corn will contain one-third at least more grains in number than a bushel of plump corn, three bushels of such corn will go as far, in sowing land, as four bushels of large grain.

The use of the flour of corn in furthering the process of vegetation, is to nourish the minute plant, from the time of its developement till its roots are able to attract food from the manured earth; for this purpose, one-tenth of the contents of a grain of good wheat is more than sufficient. The quantity of flour in wheat has been increased by culture and management calculated to improve its qualities for the benefit of mankind, in the same proportion as the pulp of apples and pears has been increased, by the same means, above what is found on the wildings and crabs in the hedges.

It is customary to set aside or to

purchase for seed corn the boldest and plumpest samples that can be obtained; that is, those which contain the most flour. But this is an unnecessary waste of human subsistence; the smallest grains, such as are sifted out before the wheat is carried to market, and either consumed in the farmer's family or given to his poultry, will be found, by experience, to answer the purpose of propagating the sort from whence they sprung, as effectually as the largest.

Every ear of wheat is composed of a number of cups, placed alternately on each side of the straw; the lower ones contain, according to circumstances, three or four grains, nearly equal in size, but, towards the top of the ear, where the quantity of nutriment is diminished by the more ample supply of those cups that are nearer the root, the third or fourth grain in a cup is frequently defrauded of its proportion, and becomes shrivelled and small. These small grains, which are rejected by the miller, because they do not contain flour enough for his purpose, have nevertheless an ample abundance for all purposes of vegetation, and as fully partake of the sap (or blood, as we should call it in animals) of the kind which produced them, as the fairest and fullest grain that can be obtained from the bottoms of the lower cups, by the wasteful process of beating the sheaves.

For the Literary Magazine.

FIRST PUBLIC TESTIMONY OF FRIENDS AGAINST SLAVERY.

I HAVE the pleasure of presenting to the lovers of humanity the following document, which I consider as a great curiosity: the EARLIEST TESTIMONY of friends, that remains on record, against the purchase of their fellow-men, and keeping them in a state of slavery during their lives.

I transcribe it *verbatim*, as it may probably be useful to some future historian, who, in delineating the origin and progress of this abominable traffic, shall have occasion to record the sentiments which, in former times, were entertained by those few, who were favoured to see the bounty of an indulgent Providence *equally* extended over all his creatures.

Extract from the Minutes of Nantucket Monthly Meeting, 26th of 9th month, 1716.

'An epistle from the last quarterly meeting was read, and the matter referred to this meeting, viz. "Whether it is agreeable to truth for friends to purchase slaves, and keep them term of life," was considered: and the sense and judgement of this meeting is, "That it is not agreeable to truth for friends to purchase slaves, and keep them term of life."

I have been assured, that the attention evinced by friends to this subject in so dark an age, when self-interest, the power of custom, and the force of prejudice had such a universal sway over the minds of men, acting diametrically contrary to the principles of truth and humanity, was productive of much benefit, as many were, even at that time, convinced of the injustice and enormity of the practice, although not converted; halting between two opinions; undecided whether to obey the dictates and follow the directions of duty, or suffer themselves to be deceived by the delusions of a misguided interest. This testimony of the meeting, therefore, so *decisive* and so *noble*, served, no doubt, in a great degree, to rend the veil which had hitherto concealed from the eyes of our unenlightened ancestors the magnitude of those crimes, which, in subsequent times, have claimed the attention and occupied the talents of our greatest statesmen, and exercised the pens of

men, whose names will ever be dear to Piety, Humanity, and Happiness.

DENVILLE.

New Bedford Aug. 19, 1805.

For the Literary Magazine.

AN ACCOUNT OF PARKINSON'S TOUR IN AMERICA.

A TOUR in the United States has lately been published in Europe, written by Richard Parkinson, a practical farmer, who lately spent three years among us. If a native reader derives no instruction from the wisdom of this, he will at least be amused with its follies and mistakes.

The professed object of his work is to undeceive those who have been taught to consider America, either as a place of refuge from poverty, or as a scene of speculation. The author belonged to the latter class; and his narrative is chiefly made up of details respecting his various disappointments, and the similar fate of others in his own situation. His style is as coarse and vulgar as might be expected from a mere practical farmer; talking without ceremony, and for the most part in ill humour, on every thing that befel him or came in his way during his last lease. The weather, the land, roads, markets, landlord, parson, justices, servants, and neighbours, all come in for a share of his abuse: and so cautiously is every consolatory topic avoided, that we are at a loss how, in the midst of all sorts of calamity and vexation, he could either have paid his rent, or preserved his reason. Such a man has only one mode of discussing whatever you propose to him; the method of averment and instance. He suddenly comes down with a broad, positive, blundering assertion, and backs it with "the very thing that happened to himself," or the story of his neighbour *such a one*, which, being *fact*, must decide the matter. There is, indeed, always abundance of inconsistency in the statements of these lovers of plain fact; and it requires but little attention to their stories, to refute them on their own ground. But till this is done, or some other kind of remedy administered, they are absolute masters of the argument; and when they embody their conversations for public use, it is wonderful how implicitly they are followed by the multitude, always abhorrent of just theory or general principle, prone to the observation of insulated occurrences, and unwilling, through timidity, to depart from particular examples, though often beguiled by indolence into the most dangerous applications of them.

There is little ground for fearing or hoping that the land of the United States will be cleared and cultivated by British capital or industry, while their own wastes, both in Europe and America, are left under heath and forest. This event, indeed, it is this author's aim to avert by his book, written to prove that there is *no land* in America worth cultivating, and *no enjoyment of life* to be procured. It has hitherto been supposed, that the cause of the rapid increase of America in wealth and population is the abundance of good land. Mr. Parkinson maintains, that, after travelling repeatedly over the most favoured parts of the continent, and partly viewing, partly trying the soil, as an experienced farmer, he has been unable to find any which would be deemed worth the trouble of touching in England; that every appearance of poverty is to be met with in all parts of the country; that the labour required to preserve a wretched existence in America would procure the comforts of life any where else; that the nature of the climate and soil offers unsurmountable obstacles to the profitable employment of capital in agricultural speculations; and, in short, that Europeans have hitherto been more deceived in their ideas of America, than in the earliest descriptions of China. It is for the

purpose of opening men's eyes upon this subject, by a narrative of his own adventures and observations, that Mr. Parkinson has compiled these volumes. Through the whole recital are displayed the effects of disappointment, rendered inevitable by previous unreasonable expectations; of the strongest national prejudice; sometimes rising into perfect animosity; fostered, it is probable, by a willingness to court the prevailing partialities of Englishmen, and diversified by an occasional appeal to the feelings which find favour within the circle of courts.

Mr. Parkinson, it seems, was a thorough-bred Lincolnshire farmer; accustomed from his infancy to the management of the finest cattle in the world; and, in general, to the practice of agriculture peculiar to the more refined stages of the art, and the wealthiest period of society. But he had "the honour of being acquainted with sir John Sinclair," to whom general Washington had sent over proposals for letting his land to British farmers; he never doubted that an introduction from sir John to the general and his rich soil, was equivalent to a "real treasure;" and, "*with all these encouragements*," he "speculated to make a rapid fortune." He pitched on a farm of twelve hundred acres, at twenty-two shillings (about five dollars) an acre of rent; carried out his work on farming to sell there; bought Phænomenon and Cardinal Puff, two famous race horses, besides various other blood horses, and sundry pigs and cows; and having chartered a ship, and put all his live stock (his family included) on board, he thought he had "a most favourable prospect." So little desponding was Mr. Parkinson's temper while planning his adventure, and so entirely did he reserve for the season of action those doubts and discontents which should have searched the scheme in its formation.

His disasters and crosses began in port. The ship was improperly laden, and had to wait a fortnight for ballast. This delay injured the horses, and consumed the stores. One of the servants was dismissed for sickness; the other was pressed. Our author, and his son of twelve years old, had to wait upon the whole live stock; they had a bad passage of twelve weeks; lost eleven out of sixteen horses; and arrived at Norfolk in the middle of November. In the frame of mind, which these incidents were calculated to create, he entered on his examination of the *promised land*. The first of his discoveries forms the groundwork of all his disappointments, and this is his account of the manner in which the melancholy truth burst upon him, that North America is not yet the proper country for rearing prize cattle.

"After dinner was over, I began to inquire for some hay for my horses and cattle; but was told there was no such thing. I was astonished to find in so large a town, where a great number of horses, mules, and cows were kept, no hay, and in the month of November too. The people seemed as much surprised at my asking for hay, as I was at their being none: and well they might; for when I walked out into the ground, I saw no such thing as grass growing, nor any sort of green herb. This to me, as an Englishman, was a very unusual spectacle; to see land without something upon it: and not a little mortifying, to one who had been tempted to believe it to be (as they term it) the best land in the world. I knew that if all their land was like that, a man could not live in plenty and splendour from the produce of such crops as it would bring.

"It was natural for me now to inquire, what they kept their cows and horses on during the winter. They told me, their horses on blades, and their cows on slops. I neither knew what *blades* nor *slops* were. The people seemed to laugh at me for my inquiry; as by this time they had learnt that I was the English farmer who had come over with a quantity of horses, bulls, cows, hogs, and dogs, and taken a farm of gene-

ral Washington, at Mount Vernon. I have reason to say, indeed, I was not a fit man to farm in their country; which I heard said repeatedly, both at that time and afterwards, during my stay in America. This I knew to be true: nor is any Englishman; it does not suit very well to take any thing from rich land to poor.

"Now to return to the slops and the blades. The latter proved to be blades and tops of Indian corn: and the slops were the same that are put into the swill-tub in England, and given to hogs; composed of broth, dish-washings, cabbage leaves, potatoe parings, &c. The cows even eat the dung of a horse, as naturally as an English cow does hay; and are all in the streets, robbing every man's cart of these *blades* as they come to be sold, or picking up any thing else they can find. It appeared to me that a man's having land in or about that town was of no advantage to him in keeping cows, as it growed no grass; the street was the cheapest place to keep them in, and the best."

It may be proper to add, however, that our author, in the sequel, found the trade of a cowfeeder a singularly profitable one; and that his horses approved exceedingly of those *blades*, "which it was the practice to sell by the pound, in the same manner as tea in England."

From Norfolk Mr. Parkinson proceeded to Mount Vernon, a voyage generally of eleven hours, but which his usual bad luck protracted to nine days; and, on viewing the farm, he declared he would not accept the fee-simple of it for one year's rent. He was very kindly received at the general's, but found every thing so bad, that his conversation seems to have been one continued grumble. There was no grass; the clover was miserable; the oats had never more than four grains on a stalk; the longest straw was twelve inches; the cattle were poor; nor was his eye refreshed by the sight of a single dunghill. It was some consolation, however, to meet with a steward, who "found fault with every thing, *just like a foreigner*;" and, among other things, with his master, of whom he gave our author so unfavourable an account, that he thought the steward had some fears of being supplanted by him. Our author now made a tour of about five months, through the different parts of the country; was every where well received, and constantly pressed to settle as a farmer, by the great landed proprietors. His answer seems to have been pretty uniform; that he would not take a present of their land. It is very clear, from his own statements, that his opinion of the soil was mingled with his disgust at the manners and customs of the country, and that the want of those comforts to which he had been habituated in England was the chief cause of his discontent with the farms of America. In the whole of his numerous details and anecdotes, nothing is asserted of the country, which might not have been predicted from a little consideration of its peculiar circumstances; and no inconvenience imputed, which is not susceptible of an effectual remedy, either at the present moment, or in the rapid progress of its improvement. The grievances which form the theme of these volumes is the necessary consequence of the recent settlement of America, its scanty population, and limited capital.

The difficulty of procuring servants, or labourers of any kind, is Mr. Parkinson's chief complaint. Their wages are extremely high; they come and go according to their fancy; their insolence is unbounded; and a farmer in the best circumstances must lay his account with frequently devoting both himself and his family to the meanest occupations in agriculture. The laziness and insolence of servants he uniformly ascribes to what he is always railing at, under the name of American liberty and equality.

"None but those," says he, "who have been in America, would suppose but there are people to be had, for either love or money, to do the

dirty work; but I have been obliged to clean my own boots and shoes when I have had four servants in the house; and myself, wife, and family, have risen in a morning to milk the cows, when our servants were in bed. I should term such, very bad management in England; but the idea of liberty and equality there destroys all the rights of the master, and every man does as he likes.

"If a white servant is sent on an errand to a neighbour's house, he will go in with his hat on, and perhaps sit down with as much freedom as though he was in his own or master's house. It is very common, if you step out of your house into the garden, to find a man of any description (black or white) when you come in, to have lighted his pipe, and sitting down in a chair, smoking, without apology, with as much composure as though he was a lodger in the house: and any man that obstructs these liberties is looked upon as a bad subject, and an enemy to the rights of man, and an infringer of the rights which they and their fathers have fought for."

"Now, with regard to the liberty and equality expected by some who emigrate from these kingdoms to America, they will find that not very pleasant. There is no Englishman who does not think himself above the negro; but, when he comes there, he will have to eat, drink, and sleep with the negro slaves. Hence it is that stories are told of the servants in America wanting to eat and drink in the dining-room with their masters. As the master cannot keep three tables, the white servant thinks himself (from the boast of the American liberty and equality) more on an *equality* with the master than with the negro; and as the negro is under no greater subordination than to acknowledge the man he works for as master, the white man (if he be not a slave) to cause a distinction, will not call him *master*: therefore, among the white men in America, they are all *Mr.* and *sir*; so that in conversation, you cannot discover which is the master, or which is the man. It is the same with the white women; they are all *madam* and *miss*. If you call at the door of any man, and ask the servant if his master is at home, he will say, "Master! I have no master: do you want Mr. Such-a-one?" that is, the man he serves: and if you want a man that is a white servant, the master calls him in the same manner.

"Now, this sits so uneasy on an English servant, that, by being called *Mr.* and *sir*, he soon becomes the greatest puppy imaginable, and much unpleasanter even than the negro. Then, as all men imitate their betters in pride and consequence, when the negroes meet together, they are all *Mr.* and *madam* among themselves."

The folly of these representations applied to America in general is obvious; but a person disposed to argue with Mr. Parkinson, upon his favourite ground of comparing America with England, might be permitted to suggest, as a counterpoise to these evils of a scanty population, the poor-rates which an excessive population have entailed on the English cultivator. But, at any rate, it must be allowed, that as numbers increase in America, the evil complained of will wear out; that while the government remains sufficiently strong to secure the rights of property, and the monopoly of the labouring classes continues to decrease; these, like all other dealers in articles of growing supply, will become more and more courteous to their employers.

A farmer who repairs to America, says our author, will find his occupation there quite a new trade. He will have to chop up trees, and cultivate the land by the hoe and pick-axe, instead of the plough and harrows. The implements of husbandry are so expensive, that he will have to make them himself, and will therefore make them badly. There is no doubt, that if a person will have cheap land, he must go to

some distance from great towns; and, to get the cheapest, he must take it uncleared. But was not this a very obvious consideration?

In like manner does he complain of the want of corn-merchants, and the distance from market towns: evils which are common to America with every extensive country, ill peopled and deficient in capital.

"It may be worthy of remark, that the grain raised in those parts of America passes through a number of hands before it comes to the consumer, which must lessen the grower's gains. He first sends it one or two hundred miles, and from that to eight hundred miles, to market, and commissions a man to sell it; then the miller gets hold of it: there is a cask to put the flour in, which is nearly a waste: there is an inspector to examine the flour: then there is frequently another commission to buy the flour to ship it: then there is the ship's freight to pay, and another commission, warehouse-room in England, &c. All these certainly are great disadvantages: they shackle the commercial interests of those parts called the eastern shore, and lessen the profits of the land's produce."

He complains, also, that most of the common trades are unprofitable in America. A miller's used to be reckoned a good one; but our author asserts, that two millers will not say so. A brewer's business he thinks among the best; but tells a story of an attempt made by one to impose upon him: and in Baltimore, where he wished to settle, there were too few inhabitants to render a brewery worth while; nevertheless, he made money by teaching some people who had established one. The leather made in America is bad, though tanning is reckoned profitable; but people make rich by importing leather from England: and he asserts, that more is saved by retailing English hats, at *500 per cent.* advance, than by making them in the country. It was surely his own folly, if he expected to find flourishing manufactures in America, or indeed to see any thing made here, which was sufficiently valuable, in proportion to its bulk, to bear the expence of a voyage from Europe.

In various instances, he betrays his disgust at the inelegant manner of living, common among the cultivators in remote settlements; nor is he satisfied even with the style of the best societies. He seems to be offended with the practice of having early suppers of tea and beef steaks: in short, he is resolved to be contented with nothing that is not English. No one certainly ever thought of recommending America as the land of elegance and refinement; but by his own account the author has no right to complain of New York, or even Baltimore, in this point, and he surely saw no living, in the woods themselves, less choice than his own Lincolnshire regimen thirty years ago, according to the description he has given of it.

"I was accustomed to eat what may be termed black bread, for which the small wheat, called hinder ends, or light wheat, taken out of the best sent to market, is used, and kept for family use; which, being ground, was afterwards passed through a wide sieve, with the small bran searced out of the best wheat flour, and put amongst the bread meal; altogether making a sort of coarse or black bread, and the fine flour used for puddings, pies, &c. Yeast not being then in general use, a piece of dough was kept out of the last baking, and salted; which, before the time of using it for the next batch, becoming sour, this sort of bread acquired the same quality."

"Very fat bacon was the chief of our diet, garden stuff not being in such general use as at this time, excepting the large Windsor beans in summer, and potatoes occasionally in the winter, with pease-puddings. I know no greater dainty to me than these beans and fat bacon, or pease-pudding to the offal of pig's flesh in the winter, or some of the black and fat bacon."

The climate of America is the

object of frequent animadversion. He seems never to have recovered from the fright which a thunder storm gave him soon after his arrival.

"A small cloud appears first, and very quickly gathers and blackens the sky. The winds begin to blow, with thunder and lightning, so tremendous, that a stranger might suppose it would destroy every thing upon the earth. The thunder-bolts will split the trees in the woods in such a manner as was very surprising to me when I first saw it; and made me believe the country was ordained by the Almighty a proper place for convicts, as it would make them repent of their former sins."

This idea, suggested by the storm, is not lost sight of in the sequel. Sly hints are thrown out, from time to time, respecting the share which 'twelve honest men' had in peopling the country; and our author sums up his opinion of the *whole continent*, by stating, that "it appears to him to be a most proper place for the use to which it was first appropriated, namely, the reception of convicts."

The extravagance of his assertion regarding the quality of the land in America, may be estimated by the following specimens: "The land of America is so barren, that it costs more to raise a crop and carry it to market, than will afford the usual comforts of life." He used to think Baltimore a most industrious and lively place; but he cannot conceive how it should be so, or whence the riches of a nation can come, "if the produce costs more in raising and sending to market than it is worth." He knew a gentleman at Baltimore who acknowledged, that, by cultivating part of two estates, the one fourteen miles, the other only a mile and a half from that city, he lost one thousand pounds a year. This ingenious person was *from Ireland*. Our author lost above four pounds an acre on his barley crop, upon his best land. It is true, he had not manured it, and when he did he gained greatly. A seller of potatoes in Philadelphia market made him believe, that they sold for less than it cost to get them out of the ground. This very credible informer was a Scotsman. It would be endless to relate the stories with which these volumes abound, of persons ruined by American speculations; driven mad by their disappointments; and, what is still more singular, remaining in the country as cultivators, while their capital is yearly absorbed, and the land barely yields, to their utmost exertions, enough to pay the taxes.

One chief subject of complaint is the constant practice of making free with growing crops, and especially fruit, which prevails among this people. A waggoner, in passing your field, thinks nothing of giving his horses a good feed of corn or hay, and taking as much maize as he can eat at a meal himself. If a person has an orchard at all near the road, every one who travels that way helps himself to as much fruit as he pleases; and no proprietor ever thinks of checking this practice. Our author was, however, resolved to set another example, and applied to a justice of peace, who received him very civilly; told him the laws were the same upon such trespasses as in England; but advised him not to think of "bringing offenders to justice for so small crimes;" and added, "that as it was customary in that country for people to take a little fruit, they were sure not to be punished, if they did not behave ill in any other respect."—"In short (says he), I began to understand, that if they only filled their pockets and handkerchiefs, I was not to mind it." His only resource was the assistance of an oak sapling, by the copious use of which, accompanied with the frequent firing of musquets, he at last succeeded in explaining his views of property to the vicinage. The natives for a long time did not at all comprehend the meaning of his "*insults*," as they termed it; and could not imagine how any one should be so stingy, as

to prevent them from "*taking a few peaches and apples in a friendly way.*" All this is merely a proof of abundance, and not of the bad police to which *he* ascribes it.

Parkinson's turnip crop yielded him three hundred and sixty bushels an acre, which brought in from three acres one hundred and sixty-two pounds. He had as many bushels of potatoes in an acre. He does not deny that the Indian corn is a most profitable crop; and that a dairy-farm yields very great returns. Even from breeding, which he is most inclined to undervalue, he shows that large gains may be obtained. The American hogs pay most for food, he says, of any he ever saw; and from one sow, he had in eleven months above one hundred and twenty-five pounds.—The sheep, too, thrive extremely well, in spite of all his invectives against American stock-farming.—Their wool is in general soft and fine; and they might clip for as good clothing-wool as in any part of the world, were the proper attention bestowed on the breed. The rapid increase of population in America is a more general fact, utterly subversive of all his declamations against the soil; and his only answer to the obvious refutation which he receives from the great exportation of wheat, is nothing more than an explanation of it. He says, nearly all the wheat grown there is exported, and its place supplied by Indian corn, to which the natives give the preference. How strangely will this sound to those natives, of which there are vast numbers, who do not taste any preparation of maize three times in a year!

What Parkinson means by *good land*, is land which can support the fat cattle known in the breeding districts of England; and he has confounded the qualities of the soil with the stages of cultivation and the progress of society. He evidently chose the parts of the country where he was sure of meeting with appearances of want and comfortless living. "I was very much attached," says he, "to Baltimore, finding that New York and Philadelphia were much cheaper supplied with the land's produce than that city; they having great plenty of hay, more clover than could be sold, excellent beef, good veal (the mutton but middling), pork very fine, turkeys very fine, and all sorts of poultry; vegetables in great plenty. I returned, therefore, from New York," &c. And again, "In my journey between New York and Philadelphia, along that road, the farm houses seemed to be as thickly planted as in most parts of England, and had a greater show of produce than I ever saw any where else in America; but from the best information I could get, land was very dear." Now, where such improvements can proceed, it is manifest that there is no curse upon the soil; that a little time only is required for spreading the same wealthy aspect over the less cultivated districts; and that Mr. P. may possibly live to see, in the neighbourhood of New York, even an imitation of Mr. Bakewell, whom he considers as the greatest man that ever lived. "There is no record," says he, blunderingly, "of such a man existing upon earth, in any age whatever."

In the course of his narrative, we meet with a great deal of low scurrility, sometimes approaching to the nature of libels against individuals; a few specimens occur of the propensity, too common among travellers, to repeat in print what was committed to the confidential intercourse of private society. When general Washington gave him permission to dedicate his book on farming to him, he desired that this might not be mentioned in the dedication, because he had refused a similar request to many of his own countrymen. Our author only half complies with this condition, when he prints it in the body of the present work. He elsewhere relates some comments of his particular friend, an American magistrate and judge, highly disrespectful both to

congress and his country in general. And he tells the whole story of the impositions which his host practised in his trade. The invective against Mr. Cooper is almost actionable. The cause of our author's rage at this gentleman is, that he praised the land in America. The following passage is truly singular, and forms the climax of this traveller's absurdities. "I am persuaded that there are thousands of Americans who, for want of education and attending divine worship, think that man a fool who pays any attention to those duties, believing that cunning is the most necessary qualification for mankind to possess. From their unfortunate independency being obtained by artifice, it strengthens their mind much in the practice: the reader may conceive this to be more likely, when it is known that their chief teachers are Tom Paine, doctor Priestley, and others of the same description. Mr. Jefferson, the president, is by many gentlemen in America believed to be an atheist; though, from my own knowledge in being in his company, I have no reason to say so. There are in his writings some allusions to it; and I saw a paragraph in the newspaper, of his having given Tom Paine a pressing invitation to return to America. If so, I should think the report to be true."

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.

THE following relations are to be found in the American tour of Mr. Parkinson, lately published. Whether authentic or not, the reader must judge.

"I think," says this traveller, "a large number of negroes to require as severe discipline as a company of soldiers: and that may be one and the great cause why general Washington managed his negroes better than any other man, he being brought up to the army, and by nature industrious beyond any description, and in regularity the same. There are several anecdotes related of him, for being methodical. I was told by general Stone, that he was travelling with his family in his carriage across the country, and, arriving at a ferry belonging to general Washington, he offered the ferryman a moidore. The man said, "I cannot take it." The general asked, "Why, John?" He replied, "I am only a servant to general Washington; and I have no weights to weigh it with: and the general will weigh it; and if it should not be weight, he will not only make me the loser, but he will be angry with me." "Well, John, you must take it; and I will lose three pence in its value:" the ferryman did so; and he carried it to general Washington on the Saturday night following. The general weighed it; and it was not weight: it wanted three half-pence: general Washington carefully lapped up the three half-pence in a piece of paper, and directed it to general Stone, which he received from the ferryman, on his return. General Stone told me another of his regularities; that, during the time he was engaged in the army in the American war, and from home, he had a plasterer from Baltimore, to plaster a room for him; and the room was measured, and the plasterer's demand paid by the steward. When the general returned home, he measured the room, and found the work to come to less by fifteen shillings than the man had received. Some time after, the plasterer died; and the widow married another man, who advertised in the newspapers to receive all and pay all due to or by her former husband. The general, seeing the paper, made a demand of the fifteen shillings, and received them. Another time, a man came to Mount Vernon to pay rent; and he had not the exact balance due to the general: when the money was counted, the general said, "There wants four pence." The man offered him a dollar, and desired him

to put it to the next year's account. No, he must get the change, and leave the money on the table until he had got it. The man rode to Alexandria, which is nine miles from Mount Vernon; and then the general settled the account. It was always his custom, when he travelled, to pay as much for his servant's breakfast, dinner, or supper, as for his own. I was told this by the keeper of a tavern, where the general breakfasted; and he made the bill three shillings and nine pence for the master's breakfast, and three shillings the servant's. The general sent for the tavern-keeper into the room, and desired he would make the same charge for his servants as for himself, for he doubted not that they had eaten as much. This shows he was as correct in paying as in receiving. It is said that he never had any thing bought for his use that was by weight, but he weighed it, or any thing by tale, but he had it counted: and if he did not find the due weight or number, he sent the articles back again to be regulated. There is a striking instance related of his condescendency: he sent to a shoemaker in Alexandria to come to measure him for a pair of shoes; the shoemaker answered by the servant, that it was not his custom to go to any one's house to take measure for shoes. The general being told that, mounted his horse, and went to the shoemaker to be measured.

"It may be worthy the reader's notice, to observe what regularity does; since there cannot be any other particular reason given for general Washington's superior powers, than his correctness, that made him able to govern that wild country: for it was the opinion of many of his most intimate friends that his intellects were not brighter than those of many other men. To me he appeared a mild friendly man; in company rather reserved; in private speaking with candour. His behaviour to me was such, that I shall ever revere his name. Before he died, general Washington himself, with his own hands, closed his eyes and mouth.

"General Washington lived a great man, and died the same. He rode into his plantation in the fore part of the day, came home, and died about eleven o'clock at night, of a putrid sore throat, an inflammatory complaint frequent in America. I conceive it to be occasioned by a poisonous insect received in with the breath. I am of opinion that the general never knowingly did any thing wrong, but did to all men as he would they should do to him. Therefore, it is not to be supposed that he would injure the negro. Cowards only act cruelly to those beneath them. There was an instance of his giving encouragement to duelling, which much surprised military men: two officers had fought a duel; and, according to the laws and regulations of the army, one of them was broke: but in four days afterwards, the general promoted him to a much higher rank. The officers I heard speak of it, said it was done with an intention of making the inferior officers obey their superiors. There is a remark frequently made, of the general's exposing his old white horse to sale, which he rode during the war; which shows that he treated every creature according to its nature; a horse as a horse, a negro as a negro."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ADVERSARIA,

Or Winter Evening Amusements.

NO. XIV.

FEW of our readers have forgotten a fracas, which happened, some years since, between two English poets, in the shop of the respectable Mr. Wright, in Piccadilly. In this encounter, the cowardly attack of Peter Pindar, another name for all that is profane and infamous,

was met with a calm but determined courage, and the bard of king Log found little redress from the mob, when he was thrust into the streets. The generous sympathy of a London populace was tempered by the indignant spirit of British loyalty, and poor Peter sneaked to his garret, equally dissatisfied with the pen and the cane of his antagonist.

The affair occasioned a number of pamphlets, in which the provocations and mutual irritations of the parties were discussed with considerable warmth by their various partizans; for even Pindar has friends! others displayed their wit in ironical strictures. From these, the wit and learning of Mauritius Moonshine, F. R. S. Ox. Cant. Dubl. et Edin. Soc. A. B. C. & D. &c. secure an honourable distinction for his BATTLE OF THE BARDS. The preface is couched in a style of irony, finely adapted for the purpose of introducing a mock epic.

The following extract affords a fair criterion of the author's merit, and will be more generally relished than the immediate subject of the poem itself. The author speaks of *a review*.

Hast thou not heard the undisputed fame
Of these great sheets that note an author's name?
That hunt lank poets in the eye of day,
And, rav'nous, on their fleshless members feed?
Not fiercer Afric or Hyrcania breed!
Oh hast thou not in shaggy vesture blue,
Beheld that MONTHLY MONSTER, a REVIEW!
Wont every garret horrible to scour,
Bloodier than bum, seeking to devour.
A hungry tyger of this horrid crew,
To the rank scent of carrion ever true,
"Upturn'd into the air his nostril wide,"
And from afar the drooping minstrel spied;
Forth from his lair thundered critick law,
Then clapp'd on PETER his tremendous paw.
Whole pamphlets, in his ireful mood, he tore,
Fresh-bleeding sonnets strew the letter'd floor;
Meek eclogues murmur, strangled in the birth;
Lampoons inflammatory load the hearth;
Sad elegies, their swan-like requiem breathe;
Pert epigrams, still lively, smile in death,
Soft am'rous odes their "balmy fragrance" shed,
And heap the desk with mountains of the dead.
Hence stern debate, hence anger, ferret-ey'd,
Wolvish dissention hence, and leopard pride;
Hence bull-dog-battle, monkey-malice hence,
The mule's deep sullens, and the ass's sense;
On ev'ry side wild blaz'd the wrathful soul,
And either ink-stand bled at every hole!

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Perhaps there is nothing in which people err so egregiously, as in the manner of carrying on conversation. In those who value themselves on superior talents and information, there is often an eagerness to be attended to, that defeats their purpose of being either instructive or agreeable. To bear an equal part in conversation, without hurting the self-love of others, to allow that reciprocity of discourse that gives to every one an opportunity of being heard, and which is the great charm of society, is the effect of that *something* we have agreed to call *good-breeding*. And to be really well-bred requires good sense, which enables us to enter into the characters and sentiments of others. Thus, there are people naturally well-bred, and there are others who are so rude and ill-mannered, notwithstanding they have been accustomed to the best company, that it is a penance to be in their company.

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A celebrated essayist says, "that were the door opened to self-praise, and were Montaigne's maxim to be observed, that one should say as frankly as one thinks, I have sense,

I have learning, courage, beauty, or wit; such a flood of impertinence would break in upon us as would be wholly intolerable." If we indulge violent indignation against all the people we meet, whose self-consequence is offensive, we may spoil our own tempers; but the world will go on just as it did before.

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The dazzling rays of beauty may affect us like a charm; but if they have nothing to support them, their effects, like those of a fairy tale, will soon vanish. And when this delusive fascination slips from before our eyes, we shall find that we have been caught by a thing as light as air, without one single quality to fill the capacities of a sensible and liberal mind: for as beauty decays, the image it impressed wears out. True love is always disinterested, always constant. Those whose fortunes are nearly equal have the best chance for happiness. But, unfortunately, in this age, few pursue it in matrimonial connections; and Plutus conducts more to Hymen's temple than Cupid.

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The positive wants of nature are few and fixed; those of imagination fleeting and innumerable. The wretch who is really hungry, and in need of food to appease that corroding sensation, will not be very scrupulous about the cleanliness of the cook. Cold cannot be diverted by the fineness of Dresden lace, nor the idea of its reputation; pride may. The implacability of pain cannot be mitigated by the most soothing sounds of melody. There is scarcely a wretch existing who has not the means of permanent happiness within his power. Imagination is the painter; 'tis she who gives those light and gloomy shades, which pollute the canvas with deformity, or captivate the eye by their enchanting brilliancy. We cannot desire stronger proofs of the truth of this assertion, were it possible for even ignorance itself to doubt, than those observations which every hour may furnish. We hear the labourer singing on the scaffold, surrounded by dangers, sweating with fatigue, or tottering beneath a burthen, with which he mounts a frightful precipice, step by step. His countenance wears the smiles of content, his mind is unembarrassed, he glories in the number of bricks he can lay, and laughs at the delicate limbs and frippery of an affected being that walks beneath him, who calls himself a gentleman. He has not leisure to wish, and he therefore feels no want. His necessities are greatest in the hour of idleness, but vanish when hunger drives him again to labour. He hears beneath him the rattling of coaches, without emotion; seldom or ever reflecting on the ease and security of those within. "It is the hand of little employment, that hath the daintier sense."

Riches are almost universally sought after; they are thought to be the fountain from which the streams of pleasure issue: were men wise, they would be convinced of the impossibility of purchasing felicity with a paltry ore. It is in vain, they say, we sigh for power, and riches only obtain it; we languish for precedence, and men bow but to the wealthy. Philosophy, moral as well as physical, must take experience for her guide. Sallow looks, restless minds, and unhealthy bodies, are not the symptoms of content; she hangs no such signs at the outside of the house where she dwells; she tortures not the fancy with ideal dreams of real wants; she casts not her eyes upon the earth and says, "I hope I am happy," but she lifts them up to Heaven, and gratitude beams a new lustre, whilst she exclaims "I am."

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Sir John Denham is a favourite with me, not only because he was a good poet, but because he was a loyal subject and a good sol-

dier. He was born of noble family, in the reign of James I, and during all the persecution which Charles I experienced, from the turbulence of infatuated ignorance, deluded by the patriots of that day, he followed the fortunes of his master with zeal unabated, and courage undaunted. At the restoration, the discernment and gratitude of a liberal sovereign honoured and rewarded his constancy.

But of the claims of sir John Denham to the regard of posterity, that of having improved our versification is the most popular. Though his title to this honour be undisputed, he enjoys it in common with Waller, and, in some measure, with Fairfax: and Drummond, almost before Denham's birth, had written in numbers that are scarcely inferior to the most harmonious lines of Pope But Denham's fame rests not here: in the short preface to his second book of Virgil, he gave the best rules for translation that had then appeared, or will, perhaps, ever appear. His Cooper's Hill is universally admired.

The species was new, and here he stands an original. His Apostrophe to the Thames has never received too high an encomium; and it is not, perhaps, even at this day, any where equalled.

These celebrated verses, however, were not in the first printed edition of the poem; though the general sentiment is there.

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear; though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast;
Her fame in thine, like lesser currents, lost;
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the Gods.

The original edition was thus:

O, could my verse freely and smoothly flow
As thy pure flood, heav'n should no longer know
Her old Eridanus; thy purer stream
Should bathe the Gods, and be the poet's theme!

Among his other poems, the "Verses on Cowley," "on Lord Strafford," and "on Fletcher," exhibit instances of the same force of sense and harmony united. He has translated from Homer, Virgil, Martial, and Marcini; but his verses are without the spirit of his own rules, or the practice of his own examples in his original pieces. His "Imitation of D'Avenaut" and "Poem on Brother Green" evince ability, in different modes of composition: and though his tragedy, "The Sophy," can be praised neither for much dramatic nor poetical excellence, it still affords some proof of the versatility of his genius. Considering, therefore, the history of his life; how general and lasting a distraction gaming, by which vice he lost all his estate in his youth, leaves on the mind; how much and how early he was employed in the public affairs; how deeply he must have partaken of the distresses of the times; and the little encouragement given to poetry by his master, Charles I; his genius must have operated very strongly against his habits, in the production of pieces so serious, and some of such distinguished excellence. Whoever so far surpasses his cotemporaries, as to furnish precepts for his followers, and good models for their imitation, is entitled to the admiration and gratitude of posterity as an inventor; and his praise is reflected in every future work produced or influenced by his rules or example.

In 1668, the year in which he died, sir John Denham collected and published his poems, with a dedication to the king, well worth perusal. A very good idea of the different tastes of the first and second

Charles, with respect to poetry, may be derived from this dedication.

I. E. H.

Baltimore.

For the Literary Magazine.

INSTITUTIONS FOR EXTINGUISHING FIRES.

PHILADELPHIA has long since been justly praised for the number of her useful and humane institutions, amongst the long list of which there are none more deservedly worthy of imitation in our sister cities, than those which are calculated to rescue property from destruction by fire; involving in its consequences the little *all* of the industrious citizen, entailing on families, neighbourhoods, and sometimes even considerable towns, entire ruin. Since the introduction of Schuylkill water into this city, by means of steam engines, there have been no less than seven hose companies established, whose beneficial effect in affording an immediate and regular supply of water from the hydrants has already greatly diminished the apprehension of danger from fire, and which, it may be confidently asserted, have been the powerful agents whereby property to an immense amount was saved from devastation. It is also a source of peculiar gratification to remark, that these associations are conducted by our enterprizing youth, to whom we are indebted for their establishment*.

The hose are made of leather, from 1¾ to 2 inches in diameter, divided into sections of 20 and 50 feet, connected or disjointed at pleasure by screws. Each company possess from five to eight hundred feet. It is conveyed in a low carriage, to which is attached a variety of apparatus, necessary for bringing them into service with ease and activity.

These remarks are communicated with a view to distribute information, which I deem to be of considerable importance to our rapidly increasing cities and towns, and trust the valuable improvement hinted at will not escape the notice of those who are concerned to forward the general good.

P. G.

* Particularly so to Roberts Vaux and Reuben Haines, two young gentlemen of our city, whose names deserve to be recorded as the original designers of these institutions.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE COW-POX.

AFTER Galileo had invented the telescope, and had actually communicated to the world the discoveries he had made with that instrument, certain persons, envious of his honours, undertook to demonstrate, and they actually called mathematics to their aid, that such an instrument as the telescope was an impossible thing, and consequently that all that Galileo had told them about Jupiter's moons, the phases of Venus, and the spots in the sun, were absolute falsehoods! One of these opponents of Galileo actually made an *incomplete* telescope, and thus endeavoured to prove to the eye-sight of those who listened to him, that Jupiter's moons were not to be seen by any such instrument! Nothing can be more analogous to the state of the question relative to vaccination. Myriads of subjects in all the quarters of the world have been inoculated with vaccine matter for several years past, and this experience has left one concurring opinion of its uniform mildness and inoffensiveness, and of its efficacy as a preservative against the small-pox. Indeed, there appears little doubt that, inasmuch *as this disease is not contagious*, the small-pox must in a few years be completely eradicated. A more important discovery certainly was never communicated to the human race.

It must be obvious, from the deli-

cate circumstances and numerous qualifications which attend the process of inoculation generally, and of a new species in particular, that the opponents of the cow-pox need take no great credit for ingenuity, in availing themselves of some unfavourable results in the infancy of the practice, which at the same time are wholly unconnected with the salutariness or efficacy of the disease. That a human subject should have a particular disorder but once is a point yet unexplained by the philosophy of medicine. The susceptibility to such diseases at one time rather than at another is also in a great measure unintelligible. These are parts of the *arcana* of nature, the knowledge of which would certainly be useful and desirable; but the practice of medicine may notwithstanding proceed to a certain degree without our understanding all the relations of cause and effect. Thus, as matter of fact it was fortunately ascertained that we might choose *our time* for communicating the infection of small-pox, and consequently abate the virulence of that disease. This was a great discovery; but Dr. Jenner has carried it further. He has found out a substitute which is *uniformly* mild, which equally prevents the recurrence, and which at the same time *is not contagious*. The difficulty attending all inoculation is the same. Our imperfect knowledge of nature does not enable us to chuse the exact moment of susceptibility; consequently many persons who have been inoculated for the small-pox, have imperfectly taken the disease, and have afterwards been the victims of a natural attack. Just so, many subjects may have been inoculated for the cow-pox, who may not have been in the requisite state of susceptibility, and may consequently not have acquired protection. We must abandon inoculation altogether, and return to the miseries of the natural small-pox, or we must receive it with the slight disadvantage, that in one case out of many thousands we may be uncertain whether it operates as a sure preventive. This uncertainty, however, has no particular connection with vaccine inoculation. It opposes itself equally to variolous inoculation; and the same uncertain protection operates with equal force against the one as the other. Yet the cow-pox inoculation is *always* mild; so mild as not to be felt or perceived in the constitution, and the small-pox inoculation is *often* violent, and *not unfrequently* fatal! No person can hesitate to decide which to prefer. But there is another consideration of weight to him who knows his duty to society: that by inoculating for the small-pox he engenders and spreads a contagious disorder, while, on the contrary, the cow-pox is incommunicable except by means of artificial inoculation.

For the Literary Magazine.

SUBSTITUTE FOR BRIDGES.

AN act of parliament was obtained, during the last session, for powers to make, *underneath the Thames*, a communication, by means of a tunnel or archway, for foot passengers, and a larger one for carriages. The scite chosen for the opening of the foot-passage is a little to the west of the London Docks, on the north side, and in a line opposite at Rotherhithe. The carriage-road is intended to be opened at or near the ancient horse-ferry at Limehouse and Rotherhithe. The recent establishment of the London Docks, West India Docks, East India Docks, and the Commercial Road, on the north side of the river, and of the Rotherhithe Dock, the Grand Surrey Canal, and the Dartford road, leading through Rotherhithe to London, on the south side, require a greater facility in passing from shore to shore than can be produced by a ferry. To the foregoing noble and stupendous works the intended passages will be no less useful and important for the con-

veniences which they will produce, than for the singularity of the undertaking. Measures are taken for immediately entering upon the execution of the plan, under the direction of engineers of the highest reputation, who entertain no doubt whatever of accomplishing it.

For the Literary Magazine.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

THE following publications are mentioned in the latest accounts from England.

Dr. Beddoes is preparing for the press an Almanack of Health.

Mr. Bonnycastle, well known for several useful mathematical works, has published a Treatise on Trigonometry.

There is expected a new translation of Juvenal, from Mr. Hodson, of King's College, Cambridge.

Travels through Germany and Italy, by Mr. Lemaistre, has just been published in London.

A fourth volume of the Munimenta Antiqua, by Mr. King, is almost ready for publication.

A posthumous work of the late Mr. Strutt, with his life prefixed, is in the press.

Mr. Kidd proposes to publish a new edition of Homer, with collations of many manuscripts never before examined.

A work of recent Travels through Great Britain and Ireland, by M. Goede, has lately appeared in Germany, and has excited great attention. It is said to abound in the most enlightened views, and to contain the most accurate information relative to these kingdoms, and to be written in a style which cannot fail to merit an English translation. The last foreign work on the state of England was by Archenholz.

Mr. John Anstey is preparing to publish a complete edition of the works of his deceased father, with memoirs of his life.

The Rev. C. Wywill will shortly lay before the public a sixth volume of political papers, comprizing the correspondence of several distinguished persons on the subject of parliamentary reform.

A Greek-English Derivative Dictionary is preparing for the press, shewing in English characters the Greek originals of such words in the English language as are derived from the Greek, and comprizing correct explanations, from the approved lexicographers, of the meaning of each word.

The Rev. Job Orton's Letters, which have been some time in the press, will be published in a few days. The collection, being larger than was expected, will, with his life, make two volumes.

Brigade Major Reide has just completed a new edition of his Treatise on the Duty of Infantry Officers, and an Elucidation of the present System of Military Discipline. The same gentleman has lately published the ninth edition of the Treatise on Military Finance, in which is detailed many official documents relative to the pay and allowances of the British army.

The second volume of the interesting Memoirs of Maria Antoinette, queen of France, by her foster-brother, M. Weber, will make its appearance speedily. It will contain the history of the three grand periods of the revolution, including an affecting recital of the sufferings of that unfortunate woman. The volume will be enriched with some very superior copperplates.

A practical Treatise on the Game at Billiards has been recently composed by a distinguished amateur, and will speedily be given to the world.

An Introduction to the Game of Chess will soon be published, containing upwards of a hundred examples of games, including the whole of Philidor's Analysis, with copious selections from Stamma, the Calabrois, &c. &c. The instructions for learners, and the arrangement of the work, will be en-

tirely new, and will render a complete knowledge of that scientific and fashionable game perfectly easy of attainment.

Mr. Gladwin, of Bengal, the celebrated author of the Persian Moonshee, and other valuable works on eastern literature, has at length, after a laborious study of many years, and with the assistance of the most learned native orientalists, completed his great Persian dictionary, which, besides a multiplicity of words not to be found in Richardson or Meninski, contains above thirty thousand words with examples, taken from the best poets and philological writers, the Jehangiri, Borhan Kata, and other dictionaries.

Mr. Gladwin has also prepared for the press Illustrations of the Bostan, Beharistan, Ayàr-damesh, and the Letters of Abul'suzl, adapted to the use of the students of Fort William College; and he has begun to print the Gulistan of Sadi, in the original Persian, with a literal translation, and a complete analysis of every word, Arabic and Persian, which occurs in that celebrated work. This will form a large quarto volume, and is printed at the Hindoostannee press in Calcutta.

The third and fourth volumes of the works of the late king of Sweden have just appeared at Stockholm. This collection, published by his son, will be the most durable monument that can be erected to his memory.

At Teflis, a public academy has been lately opened under the direction of Alexei Petrief, who is conversant in the Russian language, and who has made considerable progress in the fine arts. Every means are employed by the Russian government to render the Georgians acquainted with the language, and familiar with the manners of the Russians. A number of Russian books have already been translated into the Georgian language; and, in return, the romances of Sergei Finogwell, and the works of other Georgians, have been translated into Russian.

The new calendar of France is abolished by a decree of the senate, and the Georgian calendar restored, according to which all dates will be expressed after the first of January, 1806.

Ventenat, charged by madame Bonaparte with making known to the public all the new species of the garden of Malmaison, has consecrated to her the Josephina, originally from New Holland, and near akin to the *digitalia*, and the *pedalia*.

Beauvois, another French botanist, has dedicated to Napoleon, a tree of the country of Oware, in Africa, distinguished by its splendour, and the size and singularity of its flower.

Peron has communicated to the National Institute two observations in regard to the natural history of man. The first relates to the apron of the Hottentot women; denied by some, and differently described by others. Peron proves that it is an excrescence, which forms one of the characters of a particular race, known under the name of the Boschiesmen. The other relates to the strength of savages. A number of experiments, made by Regnier's dynamometer, has shown that they are weaker, *cæteris paribus*, than people of civilized nations.

A society in France has proposed as a prize poem, a question on the influence of women on public opinion, and on the means of directing that influence to general utility.

A new aquatic insect has been lately discovered, whose principal food is tadpoles.

A thick rampart has been discovered in the territory called the Margraviate of Anspach, which extends from the foot of the highest hills in the country to the Rhine; and is supposed to have been erected by the Romans, to stop or prevent the incursions of the Germans.

Rose has discovered a new vegetable substance in the root of ele-

campane, a concentrated decoction of which, after standing some hours, deposits a white powder, appearing, at first sight, like starch, but differing from it in its principles. This substance is insoluble in cold water, but dissolves in boiling water. On mixing the solution of the white powder with an equal quantity of alkohol, the mixture is at first clear, but in a little time the powder separates in the form of a tumid white sediment, leaving the fluid above it transparent. When thrown on burning coals, the white powder melts like sugar and evaporates, diffusing a white, thick, pungent smoke, with a smell of burnt sugar. By dry distillation a brown empyreumatic acid is obtained from this powder. The nitric acid transforms the powder into malic and oxalic acid, and when used in great excess into acetic acid. From these phenomena it is inferred that this farinaceous powder, extracted from elecampane root, is neither starch nor gum, but a peculiar vegetable substance holding a middle rank between the two. It may exist in many other vegetables, and perhaps several products hitherto considered as starch are of the same nature as this farina.

Lalande's medal for the best astronomical work, has been adjudged by the National Institute to M. Harding, for his discovery of the last new planet. That able astronomer has been appointed to the direction of the observatory at Gottingen.

Maslousky, a Polish clock-maker, has exhibited at Berlin a new musical instrument, called a koelison. It consists of a sound board, on which the usual system of wires of the piano are fixed. Between these wires are small wooden cylinders, which, being put into motion, communicate their vibrations to the wires. The tones are said to be so soft and enchanting that the harmonica does not equal them; the forte and piano are given in every imaginable gradation, and the whole effect is surprizing.

Count Moussin Pouschkin has dissolved both the red lead spar and chromate of silver in nitric acid, by adding a little sugar the moment the acid is poured on, and promoting the action by gentle heat. The spar then requires only five or six parts of acid, the chromate of silver still less. Nitrous acid gas is evolved, and the solution of the former is of an amethyst colour, of the latter a garnet red, without the least trace of green either by reflection or refraction.

Dr. Valli having left a pound of soup, in which were twelve or fifteen grains of red precipitate, exposed to the open air for four months, found it exhibited no sign of putrefaction. He repeated the experiment for a month in the height of summer, with the same effect.

Van Mons has found broth keep for many years by means of a few grains of mercury in the state of oxide and citrate. Nitrate of silver has long been considered as the most powerful of antiseptics, and those of gold and mercury are equally so. Oxigenated muriate of potash retarded the putrefaction of strong soup several days, and ultimately put a stop to it at a certain point. Very dilute nitric acid, and oxigenated muriatic acid preserved soup for several months.

The Military Society of Berlin has printed the fourth volume of its memoirs. The number of copies taken off does not exceed that of the members of the society, which is composed of two hundred officers of all ranks, and is under the immediate patronage of the king.

The celebrated Voss, translator of Homer and Virgil into German, a poet equally distinguished for his lyrical and pastoral composition, is about to leave Jena for Heidelberg, where he will receive a pension of 1000 florins from the elector of Baden, in return for which he is only expected to give advice. He likewise retains the pension he before received from the duke of Oldenburg.

Some workmen lately employed

in digging a cellar 15 feet deep near the gates of Stuttgard, discovered some bones and teeth of the elephant. The largest is six feet in length. About a century ago, a discovery was made at Konnstadt, about three miles from Stuttgard, of the skeletons of fourteen elephants, which appeared to be of different species from that which at present exists. Near these elephants' bones were likewise found some belonging to the rhinoceros. It is hoped that the researches for which orders have been given by the elector may be productive of farther discoveries.

Horstig, author of Travels in the Hartz, which he has embellished with engravings of scenery from drawings by himself, has been presented by the duke of Brunswick with a service of porcelain, on which the prince has caused the same landscapes to be painted. A French translation of Horstig's Travels has been announced.

Dr. Faust, in conjunction with Dr. Hunold, of Cassel, will speedily publish a work, in which they will demonstrate, that, excepting the lancet employed in vaccination, all the instruments of surgery ought to be dipped into oil at the moment when they are going to be used; by which method the pain of the subject operated upon will always be diminished. In the same work it is recommended to make all instruments of a blood-heat a little before the operation. These two precautions have already ben practised in certain cases, and with certain instruments.

A dictionary of the language of Angola or Bunda, with an explanation of all the words in Portuguese, has been published at Lisbon. No dictionary of that language previously existed. It was printed for the benefit of the Portuguese, who have commercial relations with the settlements possessed by that country on the coast of Angola.

The Celtic academy at Paris, at one of its late meetings, submitted to the test an ingenious contrivance of one of its members, which communicates the faculty of corresponding and conversing with persons of whose language you are entirely ignorant, without any preliminary study, without expence, without embarrassment, or the least mental exertions. It was tried by twenty-five academicians on the European languages, and this trial demonstrated, that, by means of this discovery, a person may travel whereever he pleases without an interpreter, that he may ask for every thing he wants, converse on every kind of subject interesting to a traveller, and even express metaphysical ideas. This process is intended to be made public.

The academy of fine arts at Dusseldorf is about to be regulated on a better and more extensive plan. The number of its professors is to be augmented. M. Schaffer, a young architect, already known by several works relating to his art, and a plan he has recently published for a monument of Luther, is appointed professor of architecture.

A most extraordinary hypothesis has been made by M. Witte, a German writer, relative to the origin of the pyramids of Egypt, and the ruins of Palmyra. The pyramids, according to this gentleman, are nothing but the effects of certain volcanic eruptions, and the relics of certain revolutions of our globe, with which we are unacquainted. This he pretends to prove by a two-fold anology, namely by the relations which certain monuments at Persepolis, Palmyra, &c. have to each other, and their resemblance to volcanic productions, as well in general as individually. He quotes Desmarest and Faujas de Saint Fond; he endeavours to support his assertions by the column of basaltes of Rochemaure, the red rock of Landriar, in the Velay, the wall of basaltes of Mount Janjeac, in the Vivarais, &c. With regard to the exterior construction and interior form of the pyramids, he enters into the most minute details, and reconciles them all to his hypothesis. He makes

every thing, not excepting even the labyrinth, the catacombs, the inscriptions; the entire ruins of Palmyra and Balbec are the results of volcanic explosions, or some revolution of the globe; and the lake Mœris is nothing but the mouth by which the volcanoes formerly belched forth fire and flames. In a second work, published by M. Witte, in defence of his hypothesis, he proves that, with great learning and a spirit of research, it is possible to defend a great absurdity with much ingenuity. He goes so far as to maintain, that if the pyramids are not of basaltes, and if it were possible to prove that they are not a volcanic production, still his hypothesis would not be overturned; that, to destroy it, it would be necessary to demonstrate that these pyramids are not actually a production of nature. He adds, it must not be forgotten that he has judged in this instance only by analogy; that is, by the resemblance of the same causes to the same effects, without confining himself to geological or mineralogical proofs.

The catalogue of the Leipzig Easter fair considerably exceeds that of last year. Easter, it is true, took place a fortnight later than in 1804, and during that period the presses were not undoubtedly idle, so that the number of works that would be announced as ready for delivery was expected to surpass that of the preceding year; but probably no person would have suspected that this difference could amount to 1092. This observation relates only to works in German and in Latin printed in Germany. The total number of works in those languages, comprized in this catalogue, is 3787, that of works in foreign languages 313, making a total of 4100. The number of booksellers who furnished articles for this fair amounts to 380, of whom there are very few who have not published at least one or two new works.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MURDER OF THE RED CUMING.

Robert Bruce having, in the year 1304, a dispute with John, surnamed, from the colour of his hair, the Red Cuming, a powerful chieftain, and formerly regent of Scotland, stabbed him in the dominican church of Dumfries; but, full of confusion and remorse, the future monarch rushed out of the church with the bloody poinard in his hand. Kirkpatrick and Lindsay, two barons of his party, were waiting at the gate. "I doubt (said Bruce) I have slain the Red Cuming." "Doubtest thou? (exclaimed Kirkpatrick): I mak sicker." Accordingly with Lindsay and a few followers he rushed into the church, and dispatched the wounded Cuming. The priests, offended at a sanctuary's being violated, reported, that as they were watching the dead body at midnight, they all were overtaken by a deep sleep, except one aged father, who heard a voice exclaim, "How long, O Lord! shall vengeance be deferred?" It was answered, "Endure with patience till this day shall return for the fifty-second time." In 1357, James of Lindsay was hospitably feasted in the castle of Caerlaveroc in Dumfrieshire, belonging to Roger Kirkpatrick. They were the sons of the murderers of the regent. In the dead of the night, for some unknown cause, Lindsay arose and poinarded in his bed his unsuspecting host. He then mounted his horse to fly, but guilt and fear had so bewildered his senses, that after riding till day-break he was taken not three miles from the castle, and executed by order of king David II.

THE haly abbot of Dumfries
Was striken with affright;
Returning thro' the kirkyard trees,
He herde the bird o' night.

He drapt a bead, he cros'd himsel,
"Gramercie Christ me save."
Anon he heard a tolling bell,
And thought him and the grave.

He left his palfrey in the stall;
The cloisters all were mirk,
Nae monk found he in cell or hall,
He hasted to the kirk.

The kirk was deck'd in black attire,
The saints in black array'd,
And in the middle o' the quire
A bloody corpse was laid,
And round it mony a monk and frier
In silence watch'd and pray'd.

And when they saw their abbot come,
And bless them wi' the sign,
With luiks they spake, their lips were dumb,
They pointed to the shrine.

And nearer as he came, he found
The altar stain'd in blood,
And on the steps and all around
There stream'd a crimson flood.

His silver locks wild horror rais'd,
And wae! he cried, wae! wae!
The mae he cried, the mae he gaz'd,
The wounds they bled the mae.

"Say wha is murder'd here? (he cried)
And by whase arms he fell?
He seems a chief o' mickle pride;
Methinks I ken him well."

"Red Cuming lies upon that bier
(A monk arose and said),
And giff he war a traitor here,
He is a saint now dead.

"For being slain in holy ground
By ruthless dirks and keen,
The blood that trickles frae his wound
Will wash his conscience clean.

"Cuming, the friend of England's name,
And Bruce, the Scotsman bold,
This morning unattended came
A parley here to hold.

"Red Cuming had for Edward spoke,
And spoke of English gold:
Quoth Bruce, 'Thou hast thy honour broke,
And our dear country sold.'

'You lie,' quoth Cuming; Bruce replied
Nae word, but drew his dirk,
And plung'd it in the regent's side,
In spite o' mither kirk.

"But Bruce was struck wi' haly fear,
And fled without the kirk,
The barons saw the chief appear,
Grasping the bloody dirk.

"His bushy hair like bristles stood
His luiks war all astound,
And frae his dirk the draps o' blood
Ran trickling to the ground.

'What now? what now?' (Kirkpatrick cried,
Wi' frown o' fierce disdain);
'I doubt (said Bruce, he said and sigh'd)
I have Red Cuming slain.'

'What doubtest thou (with knotty brow
Return'd Caerlaveroc's knight);
'I sicker mak,' Kirkpatrick spake,
And vanish'd out o' sight.

"And he and Lindsay, like blood-hounds,
Pursu'd the track o' gore,
And, while we strove to bind his wounds,
Pierc'd Cuming o'er and o'er.

"Red Cuming's ghaist has ta'en its flight
E'en frae the altar's side:
Ah wae to Lindsay's impious spite!
Wae to Kirkpatrick's pride!

"For Bruce to rue the deed begins,
And tears are in his e'en;
He vows he'll wash away his sins
Wi' blood in Palestine.

"And when he dies his squire sall lock*
His harte in gouden case,

* The Lockharts derived their name from their ancestors being charged to transport to Jerusalem the heart of king Robert Bruce, locked in a golden case.

And sall inter it in the rock
At Joseph's burying-place.

" Yet still I herde Kirkpatrick swear,
In spite o' state and kirk,
That he above his helme would bear
As crest the bloody dirk.

" And that, in spite o' hell, he'd write
As his devise belae,
The words he spake, ' I sicker make* :'
Wae to Kirkpatrick ! wae!"

The monk had spoke, and ta'n his place:
" Ah wae! (the abbot cried)
Wae to Kirkpatrick's haughty race!
And wae to Lindsay's pride

The monks prepar'd the funeral rite,
The corpse in shroud was dress'd,
The monks were watching at midnight,
When sleep their e'en oppress'd.

But tir'd with watching while they slept,
The abbot wak'd alane,
And o'er the corpse his vigils kept,
When strait he herde a mane.

Him thought it was an infant's cry,
The wailing voice he herde;
" How lang, O Lord! (it seem'd to sigh)
Shall vengeance be deferr'd?"

To this from high a loud reply
Was thunder'd thro' the air:
" Whan yeres are gane fifty and ane,
The following yere beware."

For the Literary Magazine.

SONG.

Air, *Ye Gentlemen of England.*

YE sons of blest Columbia,
Whose fathers dared the waves,
The battle, and the wilderness,
To shun the fate of slaves!

The rights they fought for now maintain,
Where'er those waves do flow,
And sweep o'er the deep
In despite of ev'ry foe:
While mountain waves roll wild and loud,
And the stormy winds do blow.

With daring sons Columbia blest,
Will know her rights to prize;
Her seat is on a continent,
Her head among the skies!
Where'er old Ocean rolls his wave
Her ships triumphant go,
And sweep, &c.

Columbia tow'rs above controul
By Heaven's supreme command,
Between two mighty oceans placed,
To rule both sea and land.
Her sons the fruits of every clime
Cause ceaselessly to flow,
As they sweep, &c.

To every nation equal rights,
Where'er the sun does roll;
To every people " bread and peace,"
" From Indus to the pole."
To every port, with blessings fraught,
Columbia's flag shall go,
And sweep, &c.

* Hence the crest of Kirkpatrick is a hand grasping a dagger distilling gouts of blood. Motto, " *I mak sicker.*"

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES.

By a Young American Lady, deceased a few years since.

WHEN through the clouds of deep distress
A sun-beam darts its ray,
How does my soul expand to bless
The radiance of the day!

Hope, long dismiss'd, extends her wing,
And flutters o'er my breast,
Bursts through the clouds of gathering ill,
And points my views to rest.

Yet, shall that heart, once dead to joy,
Engage in fruitless cares?
In vain pursuits that life employ,
Whose morning rose in tears?

Ah! what avails if misery now
My transient prospects fade,
If rose-buds wither on my brow,
And life's a constant shade?

Soon, soon will every hope and fear
Be dead within my breast;
The friendly glow, the anxious care
Alike be lull'd to rest.

Then welcome every threaten'd woe,
Which this frail form can dread!
Still may the tear of anguish flow,
And thorns corrode my head!

Still let my heart responsive beat
To Sorrow's plaintive strain,
Possess the hapless art from sweet
To cull the latent pain!

Nor comfortless the tear shall flow,
Nor fruitless visions rise;
Religion sheds a healing balm,
And wafts them to the skies.

For the Literary Magazine.

TO A NEW-BORN CHILD.

ON parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smil'd:
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor has received several valuable communications, both in prose and verse, many of which he is obliged to postpone to a future number.

The extract from the American Letters, as well as the conclusion of the Criticism on that work, which he designed for this month, he has been under the necessity of omitting.

He has perused, with pleasure, an effusion of juvenile zeal in the cause of literature, of which he purposes to take more ample notice in his next number.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

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THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 31. APRIL, 1806. VOL. V.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

HAD not several accidental circumstances established the freedom of the press, it might be difficult, by a retrograde calculation, to fix on that low degree, at which, to the present moment, popular opinion, with a somniferous stability, had rested. Europe had now been more barbarous than in her cloudiest ages; for the press had become an instrument, not to restrain, but to extend; not to undermine, but to prop; not to wrestle with, but to cherish those inhuman prejudices, which were once dignified by the holy titles of religion and politics. A Locke and a Montesquieu had never existed for the world, and at this day we should have admired, like our predecessors, the subtilties of an Aquinas, and the doctrines of a Filmer. Our ideas had been fabricated in an inquisitorial forge, and though they would not have consisted of a variety of forms, they would not have wanted that heat which might have given durability.

The Romish inquisitors having long examined and deprecated a vast multitude of publications, which the freedom of foreign presses allowed, and their critical occupations, after the revolution of Luther, becoming greater and more important at every hour, they were desirous of assisting those of their numerous adherents, who were fearful of employing their own eyes, and trusting to their own sensations, by preserving them in their antiquated blindness. It was now they invented the scheme of printing catalogues of prohibited books, which they called EXPURGATORY INDEXES. Almost every new work augmented these voluminous catalogues; and, perhaps, in some respect, they invited readers to publications which might not otherwise have attracted notice. It is curious to reflect on the use which the two parties made of them; for while the pious catholic crossed himself at every title, and frequently breathed an orison for

the eternal damnation of the authors, the heretics on the contrary would purchase no book which had not been inserted in these indexes. The heretic had certainly a finer taste, and a more lively entertainment in reading, than the pious catholic; for the most animated and the most valuable authors have found their way into these indexes. Nothing then, but orthodox dulness, was exempt from censure. Among the cruel absurdities of that day, is an edict from the French king, to forbid the unfortunate professor Ramus the reading of his own works, and which, so very frequently, is the only real pleasure some writers receive from their labours.

The venerable authors of these indexes long, indeed, had reason to suppose, that a submissive credulity was attached to the human character; and, therefore, they considered the publications of their adversaries as requiring no other answer, than an insertion in their indexes. Literary controversy was threatened to be eternally annihilated, by this concise and commodious mode. They multiplied editions throughout Europe; but the heretics as industriously reprinted them with ample prefaces, and useful annotations. In England, Dr. James, of Oxford, republished an index with proper animadversions. One of their portions included a list of those heretics whose heads were condemned as well as their works. It is curious to observe, that as these indexes were formed in different countries, the opinions were sometimes diametrically opposite to each other: the examiners in Italy, under the title of the council of Trent, prohibited what those in the Netherlands admitted; and some inquisitors, who complained of the partial conduct of these catalogues, were, in their turn, placed by the confraternity in their indexes; retaliation succeeded retaliation. Even to the present moment such indexes are formed in Spain, Germany, and Italy.

When these insertions were found of no other use than to disperse the criminal volumes, the ecclesiastical arm was employed in burning them in public places; and, among several instances of authors sent to the flames before their time, Monnoie discovered in one of these sepulchral fires that an edition of Josephus had been burnt; not, says he, because the author was a Jew, but because the translator was a jansenist. These literary conflagrations served the purposes of booksellers; and the publisher of Erasmus's Colloquies intrigued for the burning of the work, on purpose to raise the sale; and he sold 24,000. The curiosity of man is raised by difficulties, and it is with the freedom of the mind as with that herb, which grows better the more it is trodden on.

The fancy of the poet and the veracity of the historian were alike amputated by censors of books; a simile or even an epithet might send the immortal bard to the galleys, and as for the discernment and freedom to be expected in historians, whose genius was first to be closeted with such an examiner, we may form a notion, by quoting the usual expression in the privileges. Nani's History of Venice is allowed to be printed because it contained *nothing against princes*. This mode of approbation shows either that princes were immaculate, or historians were ignorant or false. The history of Guicciardini is still scarred with the merciless wounds of the papistical censor; for Le Clerc informs us, that a curious account of the origin and increase of papal power is wanting in the third and fourth book of his history. Velli's History of France would have been an admirable work, had it not been printed at Paris. A book, in Spain, passes through six courts before it can be published; and in Portugal, it is said, through seven. A book in those countries is supposed to recommend itself to the reader, by the information that it is published with *all* the necessary privileges.

Literary history has been so little perpetuated, either by tradition or by record, that there are but few in-

dividual topics which can be pursued through a regular series of events. Authors have groaned under the leaden arm of licensers of the press, and no doubt many interesting facts have perished, which would have instructed the present generation. The poems of lord Brooke, if they cannot delight, accidentally instruct posterity in the value of freedom of thinking. In this book one is surprised at finding twenty of its first pages deficient. Mr. Malone has discovered that these pages contained a poem on religion, which was cancelled by order of archbishop Laud, who probably considered that religion could not be secure in the hands of any one but an archbishop.

The ignorance and stupidity of these censors became as remarkable as their exterminating spirit. The noble simile of Milton, of Satan with the rising-sun, in the first book of the Paradise Lost, had almost occasioned the suppression of that immortal epic: it was supposed to contain treason. The tragedy of Arminius, by one Paterson, who was an amanuensis of the poet Thomson, was intended for representation, but the dramatic censor refused a licence: as Edward and Eleanora was not permitted to be performed, being deemed a party work, the sagacious state-critic imagined that Paterson's *own* play was in the same predicament by being in the same hand-writing! The French have retained many curious facts of the singular folly of these censors. Mallebranche said that he could never obtain an approbation for his Enquiry after Truth, because it was unintelligible to his censors; and at length Mezeray the historian approved of it as a book of geometry. Latterly in France, when a kingdom, it is said, that the greatest geniuses were obliged to submit their works to persons who had formerly been low dependants on some man of quality, and who brought the same servility of mind to the examination of works of genius. There is something, which, on the principles of incongruity and contrast, becomes exquisitely ludicrous, in observing the works of such writers as Voltaire, d'Alembert, Marmontel, and Raynal, allowed to be printed, and even commended, by certain persons, who had never printed any thing themselves but their names. One of these gentlemen suppressed a work, because it contained principles of government which appeared to him not conformable to the laws of Moses. Another said to a geometrician, "I cannot permit the publication of your book; you dare to say, that between two given points the shortest line is the straight line. Do you think me such an idiot as not to perceive your allusion? If your work appeared, I should make enemies of all those who find, by crooked ways, an easier admittance into court, than by a straight line. Consider their number."

One of these censors erased from a comedy of Beaumarchais the asseveration *ma foi*, and instituted in its place *morbleu*; because, observed the profound critic, religion is less offended by this word than by the other. These appear trifling minutiæ; and yet, like a hair in a watch, that utterly destroys its progress, these little rubs obliged writers to have recourse to foreign presses; compelled a Montesquieu to write with a laboured ambiguity of phrase, and Helvetius to sign a retractation of his principles.

At the revolution, ceased, in England, the licences for the press; but its liberty did not commence till 1694, when every restraint was taken off, by the firm and decisive voice of the commons. It was granted, says Hume, 'to the great displeasure of the king and his ministers, who, seeing no where, in any government during present or past ages, any example of such unlimited freedom, doubted much of its salutary effects, and probably thought, that no books or writings would ever so much improve the general understanding of men, as to render it safe to entrust them with an indulgence so easily abused.'

The present moment verifies this conjecture. Such, indeed, is the licentiousness of the English press, that some, not perhaps the most hostile to the cause of freedom, would not be averse to manacle authors once more with an imprimatur. Erasmus was, no doubt, a friend to the freedom of the press, yet he was so shocked at the licentiousness of Luther's pen, that, at one time, he thought it necessary to restrain the liberty of the press. He had indeed been miserably calumniated, and expected future libels. I am glad, however, to observe, that he afterwards, on a more impartial investigation, confessed that such a remedy was much more dangerous than the disease. To restrain the liberty of the press can only be the interest of the individual, never that of the public. It may be honestly urged, that the worst abuse of the press is more tolerable than would be such a violation of liberty.

A virtuous government will consider the freedom of the press as the organ of the people's felicity; for by that organ alone can the voice of truth be generally heard. They will respect the language of the philosopher, and they will leave calumniators to the fate of all calumny; a fate similar to those who, having overcharged their arms, with the fellest intentions, find, that the death they intended for others only, in bursting annihilates themselves.

For the Literary Magazine.

A LITERARY ENTHUSIAST.

THE following interesting details concern a scholar who conceived the design of writing a history of Russia, and whose perseverance in the prosecution of his object was truly extraordinary.

This man, whose name was Sellius, lived at Petersburgh about the middle of the last century. With a mind wholly intent on the plan he had formed, he began to study all the languages which might enable him to seek materials in the most authentic sources. He was indefatigable in his researches, and at length imagined that he had discovered in the convent of St. Alexander Newski, at Petersburgh, a valuable collection of manuscripts and other documents relative to the subject. He accordingly sought the acquaintance of the superior, and after some time requested his permission to inspect the archives and the library of the convent. "Foreigners (replied the prelate), and you Germans in particular, make a point of publishing every thing; but our history is so black, and frequently so tragical, that we consider it our duty to throw over it an impenetrable veil. As to the manuscripts of which you speak, I have no knowledge of them; at least I can assure you that they are not in the convent you have mentioned."

This reply, which would have discouraged any other, was on the contrary a fresh spur to Sellius. After several other attempts equally unsuccessful, he conceived the most extraordinary design that the love of letters and the passion for research ever produced. Finding it impossible to penetrate into this convent, which contained the object of his most ardent desires, he again waited on the superior, and declared that he felt himself most powerfully impelled to enter into the bosom of the Greek church; that he wished in consequence to abjure his religion, and to assume the religious habit in the above-mentioned convent. The astonished prelate in vain remonstrated and detailed all the discouraging circumstances to which he would be subjected by the discipline of the order, which is one of the most rigid. Sellius persisted in his resolution; he assumed the habit, and, as it may be supposed, the fathers did not study to render his noviciate easy to him. He supported this severe trial, and as his whole attention seemed to be occupied with fasting and prayer, he at length dis-

pelled the suspicions with which he was regarded, and obtained access to the library and the archives of the convent.

From the magnitude of the sacrifice he had made, some idea may be formed of his disappointment when he found that they did not contain what he sought; but another discovery which he made at the same time somewhat diminished his chagrin. He ascertained that a great quantity of manuscripts had been taken from these archives, and conveyed to several convents in the interior of the empire, the names of which were specified. These he carefully noted down. He then repaired to the superior, and requested his permission to make a pilgrimage, which he said he had been commanded to do by his patron, who appeared to him in a dream. To such a pious undertaking it was impossible to oppose any obstacles; he received the pontifical benediction, assumed the habit of a pilgrim, and set out to visit all the convents in the interior of the empire. Invariably faithful to his plan, every chapel, every miraculous image, received his homage; the reputation of his eminent piety every where preceded him; and whenever he ventured to approach the libraries and the archives of the convents that he visited, it was not without observing the greatest precautions.

For so many sacrifices he often found himself amply compensated; but frequently his expectations were cruelly disappointed. He lost not a moment, he transcribed, compiled, and when it was impossible for him to make extracts, he had the address to prevail on the librarians, mostly ignorant men, to entrust him with the originals, and they even suffered him without hesitation to carry away the most valuable manuscripts. Sellius successively transmitted these precious gleanings to a trusty friend at Moscow, whom he had previously requested to procure for him a private place, were it even a cellar, in which on his arrival he might without fear of surprise enjoy the fruit of so many painful researches.

On hearing that the whole had arrived in safety, he hastened to Moscow, and shut himself up for six whole weeks in a kind of cellar, because he thought himself secure in no other situation. There engaged night and day in digesting, transcribing, and analysing, he scarcely allowed himself a few hours for repose. When he had, at length, exhausted his manuscripts, he issued from his tomb and returned to his convent, where he intended to begin the great work for which he had been collecting materials; but his health being impaired by the extreme fatigue and labour of the last six weeks in particular, he was totally unable to proceed with it. He soon afterwards fell sick, was obliged to keep his bed, and perceiving that his end was approaching, he wrote to a friend of his at Petersburgh, to whom he bequeathed all the papers that should be found in his cell after his death: but when the latter appeared to take possession of this legacy, the superior replied, "Don't you know that a religious has no property, and consequently cannot make any bequest? Besides, your friend has not left any papers."

For the Literary Magazine.

WHAT IS LITERARY GENIUS?

IN an age of rudeness, whatever excellence is produced is immediately ascribed to an occult power; after a lapse of ages men become minuter enquirers and calmer reasoners, and then it is discovered how much art has entered into every great composition; and at length, among artists themselves, it becomes a dubious point, whether *art* is not sufficient to produce *similar effects* to *genius*; or, in other words, whether certain combinations of art form not genius itself.

We still have a few writers who

exult in some mystical power in their faculties; who hint at the solicitude of nature at their birth; who talk with fluency on *the stellar virtue*, which Boileau has made the first position in the *art* of poetry. Frail females formerly accused their stars as the cause of their incontinence; and we have idlers who apologize for their defects from no lower influence: a resolute love of virtue would have preserved the female, and a resolute love of labour would have rendered the idler active.

While some reject this occult influence, others utter equal extravagances; genius has been regulated by the degree of longitude and latitude; it has been derived from the subtilty of the blood, and even the refinements of cookery; others suppose that a writer of imagination is incapable of learned research, and that for every particular study a peculiar construction of the intellectual powers becomes necessary; that the solidity of judgment impedes the vigour of fancy, and that the poet cannot investigate nature with the eye of science.

Genius has been divided and subdivided. There is a genius for oratory, consisting of the art of moving the passions, united with the art of applying our arguments; a genius for physics and geometry, when occupied in calculating the motions and action of the globes of the universe, and the whole phenomena of nature; a genius for painting and sculpture, when the pencil and chisel trace on the marble or canvas the actions or the features of a hero; and the genius for poetry is said to consist in the power which nature imparts by physical sensibility, and a happy conformation of the organs to certain persons, in conceiving boldly, and delivering easily; in painting what is strongly felt, and it is, in a word, what Horace calls *splendida bilis*, which we are further informed is *a kind of central fire*, which elevates the mind, warms the imagination, which makes one think with force, and describe with liveliness.

But what is gained by all these mystical distinctions, this *splendida bilis* and *central fire?* Are we always to take words for things? Do such critics say any thing more, than that genius is genius? I lament that even Pope extends this system to critisism; for he says of poets and critics,

> Both must alike from *heaven* derive their light;
> These *born to judge*, as well as those to *write;*

which is certainly contrary to experience; *taste*, the characteristic of criticism, is now acknowledged to be obtainable by a constant attachment to the most finished performances of art. And when he adds,

> Let such teach others who themselves excel;
> And censure freely who have written well,

the maxim is not less erroneous: for the best poets are not always the surest critics, as in the case of Goldsmith and others; and most of the best critics have not been poets.

With chilling fancies like these have the minds of the most adventurous been rendered pusillanimous; and grand designs, conceived with ardent felicity, have suddenly expired, because their affrighted parents refused to foster them with industry. In an accomplished genius, Horace, one of the most philosophical of poets, allows that art must be united with nature; but we have probably ideas of this power of nature different from those of Horace. Since his time, and even at present, some regard genius as nothing short of inspiration, and employ, in these sober disquisitions, the fanciful terms of poetry. We are told, that to attain superiority in any art, we must be *born* with a certain *susceptibility*, or *aptitude;* we must be *born* a poet, or a painter; or, as one painter complimented another, by saying, that he was a painter in his mother's womb. A happy genius depends on the influence of the stars,

say the astrologers; on the organs of the body, assert the naturalists; on the favour of Heaven, exclaim the divines. Every one seems willing to do honour to his own profession. But such mystic reveries indulged by the artist, only show that he is interested in exciting the wonder of the ignorant; this is not less injurious to art, than visionary fanaticism to religion.

Dryden traces the whole history of genius in a couplet:

——what in nature's dawn the child *admired*,
The youth *endeavoured* and the man ACQUIRED.

Yet it is not always *necessary* that this admiration should be felt in childhood, or in youth, since accidental causes have frequently directed the pursuits of genius. Johnson says, "To a particular species of excellence men are directed, not by an ascendant planet, or predominating humour, but by the first book which they read; some early conversation which they heard; or some accident which excited ardour and emulation." Caresses and coercion, also, have *made* many a youth a bright genius; patronage and poverty have *stimulated* men to become illustrious artists.

Metastasio affirmed that *necessity* frequently augmented our powers, and forced us to perform in a better manner, though with more expedition than our mere choice and leisure. Two of his best operas were produced in a short time, being commanded by a particular occasion.

Bernocchi's voice was never *naturally* good, says Burney, and at first was so much disliked, that he was peremptorily told by his friends to quit the profession; but his situation had left him without strength or spirits for any other. By severe study he *acquired* a style and manner, which became the standard of perfection in that art.

Nature had not designed Matherbe for a poet, but he overcame nature in his struggles, observes Boileau.

In the history of genius we are presented with wider prospects, by the attention of late bestowed on the study of biography. In the history of philosophers and poets we trace the genius of philosophy and poetry; we observe that certain events produce certain consequences, and perceive why men, with equal aptitudes, have not always become men of equal genius. Illustrious characters are rare, owing to the rarity of those coincident events which produce such characters. Man is so influenced by moral causes, that the perfection of his genius is ever proportioned to them. When men of letters reflect on the manner of their own attainments, and on the literary history of others, they discover that the faculties of the mind are not *gifts* of nature, but effects of human causes, or *acquisitions* of art.

Every man of common organization has the power of becoming a man of genius, if to this he add a solitary devotion to his art, and a vehement passion for glory. It is the capacity of long attention, which at present makes one man superior to another. Physical sensibility may vary, and defective organs cannot be supplied by any artificial process; but, in general, nature is more impartial than some of her children allow; and it would be hard to find men, so cruelly neglected by our common mother, as not to be able to excel in some particular department, when, by examining their mental stores, they discover the kind of study for which they are best adapted, and when, having made this important discovery, moral and physical causes are not hostile to their progress. An idiot is more rare than a man of genius.

The man of genius should carefully examine his physical and moral state; for to improve his advantages, and supply his deficiencies, constitute his great business. A defect of a physical kind will greatly incommode him; and the purblind eye of Johnson, which denied any

taste for picturesque beauty, occasioned much erroneous criticism, without, however, diminishing his *acquired* faculties on topics where a good eye was not requisite. Moral defects are innumerable; they contract, or enfeeble, or annihilate genius. Shenstone, who devoted his days to poetry equally with Pope, could never reach his powers. But was not his life a series of discontent and listlessness? without the vigour of hope, or the exhilaration of enjoyment? Pope, on the contrary, was fortunate through life. In other circumstances, Dryden might have proved superior in all things to Pope, and Otway had equalled Shakespeare.

The finest organization will never form one work of genius. The mere natural produce of the most fertile individual will now be only a pitiable indigence; for the opulence of the mind can now only be formed out of acquired knowledge; and the most valuable productions will be those in which the industry of the author has been greatest.

We *learn* to think, by being conversant with the thoughts of others. It is asserted, indeed, that the thoughts of others encumber our own. He, however, who is not familiarized with the finest thoughts of the finest writers, will one day find that *his* best thoughts are *their* indifferent ones. Nature prescribes a certain progression; she expands by a gradual amplification; she makes no leaps. But he who fondly dotes on what he terms his *natural powers*, audaciously imagines, that he can unaided arrive at the point attained by the fraternal labours of the most eminent. To think with thinking men, is to run with agile racers. But as this is not always attended to, we abound with writers who are far removed from an excellence they *could* have *acquired*; as he who, accustomed to run in a solitary course, felicitated himself as being one of the first racers, but received the public derision when he presented himself at the Olympic games.

When meditating on the characters, modes of life, slow formation, and painful vigilance of some great writers, we shall suspect that their conspicuous labours were the gradual acquisitions of *art*. Of these, many acknowledge that they produced nothing valuable till a flame, caught by contact, had lighted up their mind; they resemble certain trees, which, though they could produce no valuable fruit of themselves, are excellent for grafting on.

Among these writers we might place Boileau and Racine; Pope and Gray; Akenside and Armstrong; Montesquieu and Johnson. When Boileau asked Chapelle, a facile, natural writer, for an opinion of his poetry, Chapelle made this sarcastic comparison:—You are a great ox, who, drawing slowly and painfully, make a deep furrow.

There are certain writers, such as Adam Smith, Locke, and Bayle, whose works require analytical and minute investigation. This calmness of intellect rises from constitutional causes; and so far it may be said, that a man is *born* to be a philosopher or poet. The warmth and temperature of the constitution may influence his modes of life, and the arrangement of his ideas.

The natural facility which some writers appear to possess, is no objection to this system. Such authors as Fielding and Goldsmith, Sheridan and Wolcot, are not supposed to have overwhelmed their minds by extraneous studies; and such writers are often even very illiterate. They address themselves to the heart, and not to the head. But still from *industry*, and pertinacity of attention, is their rapidity of combination derived; and not from what marvelling ignorance sometimes regards as inspiration or organization. They have given a strong direction to their minds in the great system of human life; they therefore excel in that point, though they may be, and generally are, deficient in other qualities; for we shall always find that no man can know what he has not learnt, or know that suddenly

which requires habitual attention.

He who imitates the works of nature must first accurately observe them, and accurate observation is to be expected from those only who take *great pleasure* in it. Pope declared he could not pursue any subject without *pleasure*; he could not perform the tasks set by his stupid pedagogues.

None but mad bards dream of inspiration. Metastasio laughs at all poetic inspiration, and made a poem as mechanically as others make a watch. When Du Fresnoy exclaims, in the ordinary language, of

That majesty, that grace so rarely given
To mortal man, *not taught by art*—but *heaven!*

Reynolds comments thus: "This excellence, however expressed, whether by genius, taste, or the gift of heaven, *I am confident may be acquired.*"

And indeed, if we attend to the precious observations of those who have excelled, we hear no romance of original powers, no inspirations from nature, no divine impulse that creates a world at a word. The painter finds it long before the pencil accomplishes those beauties which he has long meditated, and the poet consumes many a year in verse before a great poem is attempted.

Reynolds painted many hours every day for thirty years together; Goldsmith composed his poems by slow and laborious efforts, and they are the finished productions of several years. Churchill, though a versifier at fifteen, was not known as a poet till after thirty. Sterne read at least as much as he thought, and was unknown till a late period of life. Young, in his epistle to Tickle, alluding to the Spectator, says,

A chance amusement polish'd half an age.

But it has been since discovered, that Addison had previously collected materials to the amount of *three folio volumes!* The work of Montesquieu was the beloved occupation of twenty years; the wit of Butler was not extemporaneous, but painfully elaborated from notes which he incessantly accumulated. Rawley, the confidential friend of Bacon, records, that he had twelve copies of his *Instauration* every year incessantly revised and augmented, till at length it became, as he terms it, *a pyramid of learning.* Gesner, the poet of nature, wrote with great labour and severe revisals, yet all his pieces have the air of unpremeditated composition. The familiar verses of Berni, the burlesque poet, were produced by incessant retouches. And the Emilius of Rousseau was the fruit, the author tells us, of twenty years meditation, and of three years composition.

Among the advocates of *our* system we rank the first geniuses of this age. Johnson, Helvetius, and Reynolds, Quintilian and Locke ascribe to men an equal mental capacity; Pascal says, what is called nature, is only our first habit; and Buffon affirmed that greater *genius* is only greater *patience. Invention* itself depends on patience; contemplate your subject long, says he, till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation.

In the discourses of Reynolds, this principle is laid down as the foundation of all excellence in art. "Not to enter into metaphysical discussions on the nature and essence of *genius*, I will venture to assert, that *assiduity*, unabated by difficulty, and a *disposition* eagerly directed to the object of its pursuit, will produce effects similar to those which some call the result of *natural powers.*" Johnson has touched on this topic in his Rambler, and, in the person of Imlach, we are instructed, that when he *resolved* to *make* himself a poet, "he saw every thing with a new purpose."

Rousseau is the adversary of this system, though his own example confirms it; he adopts the popular

notion that the character of men's minds merely depends on their respective organization. Rousseau, it is well known, contradicts himself throughout his works; and on no subject so much as on the present. Helvetius has collected his contradictions; the surest and the most modest mode of confuting a writer. He discloses the source of the errors of Rousseau. He says, "The contradictions of this writer are not to be wondered at. His *observations* are almost always *just*, and his *principles* almost always *false* and *trite*. Hence his errors."

Rousseau tell us, he was acquainted with a servant who, having frequently observed his master paint, felt a furious passion to become a painter. He passed three years, nailed to his chair, in painting; and nothing but *attendance on his master* could take him away from it. At length, favoured by his master, and assisted by the instructions of an artist, he quitted his livery, and lived by his pencil. Till a certain point, perseverance suffices in lieu of genius; he has reached this point, and will never pass it. The constancy and emulation of this honest man are laudable; but he will never paint but for sign-posts.

Now here is a young man, who has already attained a certain age, in the daily service of his master, and who, without preparatory instructions, or various models, feels the eager disposition, and the necessary assiduity. But both the disposition and the assiduity are very imperfect. An artist, incessantly engaged in domestic business, must be classed among those whose moral situation enfeebles and almost annihilates genius. This young man, had he known no other service but his art, and no other master but a Reynolds, with his disposition and assiduity, might have become an artist. All this proves the difficulty of becoming a man of genius, unless befriended by external circumstances; and that no footman has any chance of becoming a great artist.

In the rude periods of society, when a writer has few predecessors, he will pour forth his *virgin fancies*. He must then meditate on great original nature; the impressions must be vivid, though rude, and the combinations new and wild. Some, whose physical sensibility, improved by imperceptible habit, may receive more lively sensations than others, will display a facility and celerity of conception apparently supernatural to the vulgar and the ignorant. In the latter class even the highest minds must then be ranked; and it is not improbable that the artist himself is not less persuaded than his admirers, that he is agitated by a certain impulse, and that his performances could not be produced by human means. *Est Deus in nobis*, exclaims the self-wondering Ovid, at a later period indeed, but when true philosophy had made but little progress. Hence the origin of that fanciful interposition of nature in the case of men of genius; and it is then that poets are regarded as prophets, and sages as magicians.

The monkish ages blended many of the absurdities of polytheism with their own peculiar ones; and it was then, Erasmus informs us, that the adage was formed, worthy of monkish taste and credulity; *poeta nascitur, non fit*; which Ben Jonson contradicts, by affirming that a poet may be *made*, as well as *born*. Goldsmith says of Nero, he was desirous of becoming a poet, but unwilling to undergo the pains of study, which a proficiency in that art requires; he was desirous of being *a poet ready made*. Goldsmith was a judge by experience; his poems are really *made*, but were not readily *made*; taken up at different times, and pursued through long intervals; the poetry of a philosophical age, the union of *reason* and *taste*; but *inspiration* never, certainly, entered into his thoughts.

A great revolution appears in the world of taste; the flame of investigation rises gradually in the most

secret retirements of nature. She comes, in all her simplicity, and all her solitary majesty, unaccompanied by the adventitious splendours of fancy, the grotesque chimeras of astonishment, and the terrific forms of superstition. When we understand nature, what becomes of apparitions, of witchery, of prophecy, and the inspiration of genius?

Genius may now be divided into an enthusiasm caught from nature, and an enthusiasm received from art.

The enthusiasm from nature is distinguished by its facility, celerity, and vividness; sufficient to form an ardent effusion in the early periods of society. Such are the relics of all ancient poetry. But as the sphere of poetical invention must then be very circumscribed, there is, in such compositions, a recurrence of the same objects and ideas. Man *creates* by *imitation*; but he creates little in the infancy of society, because he has scarcely any thing to imitate. When we examine the effusions of the bards, the wild poetry of the Indians, and even Ossian, who received many modern embellishments, we perceive that paucity of ideas natural at this period of society.

A diversity of genius becomes more distinguishable as taste becomes more exquisite. One kind is peculiar to this age; the genius of several can now be made to produce an original one. A student, to borrow an expression from chemistry, amalgamates the characteristics of preceding masters. The history of the orders in architecture is the history of genius. We have first the rude Tuscan, then the chaste Doric, the elegant Ionic, the light Corinthian; till at length appears the Composite, uniting these varieties.

Models are now proposed by critics, for art is now suspended on a point; if by our dexterity we preserve not the equilibrium, if we pass or decline from the point, we slide into barbarism. In vain some daring spirits scorn the mandates of taste; time is the avenger of neglected criticism.

At this period some, enamoured of the illusive idea of *original powers*, pretend to draw merely from the fountains of nature. Uneducated artists occasionally appear among the lower occupations of life, who are immediately received as original geniuses. But it is at length perceived, that the genuine requisites of poetry, at this period of refinement, are not only beyond their reach, but often beyond their comprehension. These *inspired* geniuses have never survived the transient season of popular wonder, and generally derive their mediocrity from the facility of consulting the finished compositions of true genius. I know of no exception to this observation.

Nor must we conceive that that vein of imitation, which runs through the works of great artists, is a mechanical process. By an intense study of preceding masters, they are taught the enchantments of art; marvellous and exquisite strokes which only glimmer in nature. A fine copy of nature affects their organs more than a real scene. On examination, it will be found, that the most capital productions of our first artists are really composed in this manner. Raphael borrowed as freely from other painters as Milton from other poets.

It may now be inquired, that, since we acknowledge there are causes which may disable a genuine student from *acquiring genius*, what is gained by this new system? We reply, a useful knowledge of truth, and a contempt for that popular prejudice, which ever echoes the pernicious notion, that an *artist* must be *born* with a *peculiar genius* or intellectual construction.

An ardent youth is soon dismayed at the first difficulties of art, because he easily imagines that a maxim which has been so long received as incontestable is therefore incontrovertible. I believe that the success of an artist oftener depends on *good luck* than on *organization*

Aristotle has said, that to become eminent in any profession three things are requisite; nature, study, and practice. How often does it become necessary to erase the word *nature*, and supply its place by *good fortune!* We often lose much when we inform a young artist, that he must have been *born* a poet, or a painter; since it is impossible to decide whether he is born such unless he practises the arts; and it is certain that no excellence in art can be acquired without long and unwearied industry. Artists who have evinced nothing of this *birthright* in their early attempts, have sometimes concluded by being great artists. Industry, whether it consist in an incessant exercise of the faculties, by meditating on the labours of others, or in observations on what passes around us, is the surest path of fame; but such intervening obstacles as may oppose our progress are in the power, not of philosophy, but of fortune.

For the Literary Magazine.

MILITARY CHARACTER OF BONAPARTE.

BY those who are so much prejudiced against Bonaparte as to deny him talents, because he is without virtue, the success of his last campaign in Italy has been ascribed merely to an oversight of his opponent; for they say, that had not general Melas too much despised his strength, and even disbelieved his having entered Italy at the time he did, he would have opposed him much earlier, and prevented his concentering his forces so as to meet the Austrians on the fatal day of Marengo; but they who talk thus allow him to have performed things incredible; that he assembled, and brought over the Alps, an army which it was thought could have hardly been formed; they allow him to have exceeded all that could be supposed of him, even by those who were able to estimate his talents. The honour of the battle of Marengo has been also wrested from him, and attributed wholly to Dessaix; but even supposing Bonaparte to have committed a fault by suffering Dessaix's division to have been so far behind, a circumstance he could not avoid, as the Austrians attacked him so early; yet is it not the highest proof of talents to retrieve an error, once committed, and to take advantage of the errors committed by others? which was the case when Bonaparte availed himself of Melas's mistake, in extending his wings, and thus weakening his main force. The fact is not less singular than true, that the Austrians would not believe that he was in Italy; they said, that some fellow resembling him had taken his name and collected together a parcel of brigands; but that it was impossible he could have passed the Alps with an army, when he was only a few days before in France; and even Melas himself, in an intercepted letter written to his mistress at Pavia, observes, "They say, in Lombardy, that a French army has entered Italy; but don't be afraid; and on no account leave Pavia." In twelve hours after, the French were in that very city.

For the Literary Magazine.

CONSUMPTION IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA, WITH CAUTIONS RESPECTING IT.

THE ravages committed by consumption have been of late displayed to the public eye in the most alarming colours; yet the picture is not overcharged, and there is even reason to suspect that the evil is daily increasing: for the disease is perpetually invading new families, while it is never found to cease in the old ones, unless by rendering them extinct. This inference is deducible from the work of Dr. Heberden, on the increase and decline

of diseases; since he found, by taking the average of periods of ten years in the beginning, middle, and end of the last century, that the number of deaths from consumption increased in a regular and rapid progression. Medical experience in America teaches the same melancholy lesson.

The lessons of wisdom on this point, which every parent should learn, are these.

1. If either side have been consumptive, use the earliest precautions, and do not relax, under peril of attending your daughter in her shroud, instead of her wedding garments.

2. Should she escape, see if she owe not her preservation to some other standing disorder.

3. Your son's chance will be better, by how much he is more robust, and the less he is exposed to hardships without the most gradual seasoning.

4. Though consumption have not been on either side, the chance, without an anti-phthisical regimen, is still bad. Two or three colds upon colds in winter, or a cutting blast in spring will do the business; and in the mean time, there shall be wretched health almost to a certainty.

5. Set not your heart upon accomplishments, elegant or literary. Book-learning should be the least concern of the delicately constituted. Living instruction turns out its pupils not only stouter but abler.

6. When a son or daughter droops between fourteen and thirty-four, suspect that a secret enemy is sapping the lungs.

7. When those, who *must* be ignorant of the essential difference between a common cold and consumption, boast of their cures, hear but heed them not. Ask this question of your common sense—*what experience can instruct such pretenders?*

8. A little cough may be the sign of a great disease. Beware then how you play the doctor's part. Would you consent to be turned blindfold into an apothecary's shop, and give your child the first drug you may lay your hands on?

9. It is wise to check a bad cold the first week; but much wiser the first four and twenty hours.

10. After the small-pox, hooping-cough, scarlet-fever, and measles, watch your young convalescent close. If he bark but once, fear lest there be a murderer within.

11. Though dislodged, expect him again; he now knows the way.

12. You think perhaps a single course of medicine *ought* to be effectual, and that once cured is cured for good. But nature, be assured, will not be regulated by your fantasies; you have probably been acting in defiance of her for years, and then you may think yourself happy to compound with her on her own terms.

13. The less consumptive any one is rendered in the rearing, the greater chance of recovery if he becomes so.

14. When consumption is hanging about a girl, the distance between the marriage bed and the grave is usually short with her. The husband, if he do not become a widower soon after the birth of the first child, may reckon upon a perpetually ailing wife.

For the Literary Magazine.

RUSSIAN BAPTISM.

ON the eighth day, the child is carried to the church to receive its name; the name of the saint that day in the kalendar should, according to the rules of the church, be given to the child, and such, for the most part, is the practice; though sometimes, in compliance with families desirous of keeping up their name, the priest gives another. The church does not teach that the infant is put under the protection of his name-sake saint, yet it is the notion of the common people.

The number of sponsors is not li-

mited, and they uniformly practise the *trine* immersion to denote the mystery of Christ's three days burial. By the infant's being thrice lifted out of the water, the resurrection on the third day is signified. The baptism is followed by the chrism, or sacred unction; and the priest, at the request of the parents, usually hangs a little cross of gold or silver round the infant's neck, which some, especially of the lower class, hold in great veneration.

For the Literary Magazine.

RUSSIAN MARRIAGE.

AS soon as the liturgy is ended, the priest, standing within the sanctuary, the couple to be married stand before the holy door, the man on the right, the woman on the left; their two rings are placed on the right hand side of the holy table, near each other: then the priest signs the couple on the head thrice, gives them lighted tapers, and incenses them cross-wise. After the benediction prayers, the priest gives one ring to the man, and the other to the woman, and saith to the man: The servant of God is betrothed to the handmaid of God, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, now and for ever, even unto ages of ages, amen. And to the woman: The handmaid of God is betrothed to the servant of God, &c, &c. Having said this to each of them thrice, he signs them on the forehead with the rings, and then puts them on the forefinger of the right hand of each; then follows the second ceremony, which is properly the marriage, and is called the office of matrimonial coronation. This is done in token of the triumph of continence. Formerly these crowns were garlands of flowers; but now they have in all churches crowns of silver, or other metals, kept for that purpose. These crowns are held by some of the assistants over their heads, while the priest takes them by the hand, and turns them about in a circle three times, while he repeats the troparions. The third ceremony is that of dissolving the crowns on the eighth day; after which the bride is conducted to the bridegroom's house, immediately to enter on the care of his family.

For the Literary Magazine.

LES POESIES LEGERES.

THE *poesies legeres* are not, as their title would appear to import, merely compositions of a light and gay turn, but are equally employed as a vehicle for tender and pathetic sentiments. They are never long, for they are consecrated to the amusement and delight of society. Their subjects are innumerable; but is required, that since the author is allowed to sport in small extent, and on a variety of topics, that the indescribable power of originality give a value to the little production. The author should appear to have composed them for his pleasure, not for his glory; and he should charm his readers, while he seems careless of their approbation.

The versification cannot be too refined, melodious, and glowing; it should display all the graces of poetry. Every delicacy of sentiment must find a corresponding delicacy of style, and every tenderness of thought must be softened by the tenderest tones. Nothing trite or trivial, either in the expression or the thought, must unfeeble and chill the imagination; nor must the ear be denied its gratification by a rough or careless verse. In these works nothing is pardoned; a word may disturb, a line may destroy the charm.

The passions of the poet may form the subjects of his verse. In these writings he delineates himself; he deposites here his tastes, his desires, his humours, his amours, and even his defects. In other poems the poet disappears under a feigned

character; here alone he speaks, here he acts. He makes a confident of the reader, interests him in his hopes and in his sorrows; we admire the poet, and conclude with esteeming the man. In these effusions the lover may not unsuccessfully urge his complaints. They may form a compliment for a patron, or a congratulation for an artist; a vow of friendship, or a hymn of gratitude.

These poems have often with great success displayed pictures of manners; domestic descriptions are ever pleasing, and it is here that the poet colours his scenes with all the hues of life and the variations of nature. Reflections must, however, be artfully interwoven in a compressed and rapid manner. Moral instruction must not be amplified; these are pieces devoted to the fancy; and while reflection is indulged, the imagination feels itself defrauded; a scene may be painted throughout the poem; a sentiment must be conveyed in a verse.

In the Grongar-Hill of Dyer we discover some strokes which may serve to exemplify this criticism. The poet, contemplating the distant landscape observes,

A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little, distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd thro' Hope's deluding glass.

Moral reflections, which are usually obvious and tedious, if thus rapidly struck off contrast with great beauty the lighter and more airy parts.

It must not be supposed that because these productions are concise they have, therefore, the more facility; we must not consider the genius of a poet diminutive because his pieces are so; nor must we call them, as a fine sonnet has been called, a laborious trifle. A circle may be very small, and yet as beautiful and mathematically perfect as a larger one. To such compositions we may apply the observation of an ancient critic, that though a little thing gives perfection, yet perfection is not a little thing.

The poet, to succeed in these hazardous undertakings, must be an amiable voluptuary; alike polished by an intercourse with the world as by the studies of taste; to whom labour is negligence, refinement a science, and art a nature. Genius will not be sufficient to impart that grace of amenity, which seems peculiar to those who are accustomed to elegant society. Many of the French nobility who cultivated poetry have, therefore, oftener excelled in these poetical amusements than more professed poets. France once delighted in the amiable and ennobled names of Nivernois, Boufflers, and St. Aignan; they have not been considered as unworthy rivals of Chaulieu and Bernard, of Voltaire and Gresset. But these productions are more the effusions of taste than genius; and it is not sufficient that the poet is inspired by the muse, but he must also suffer his concise page to be polished by the hand of the graces.

All the minor odes of Horace and all Anacreon are compositions of this kind; effusions of the heart or pictures of the fancy, produced in the convivial, the amatory, and the pensive hour. The English nation has not always been successful in these performances; they have not been kindred to it's genius. With Charles II, something of a gayer and more airy taste was communicated to poetry; but it was desultory, incorrect, and wild. Waller, both by his habits and his genius, was well adapted to excel in this lighter poetry; and he has often attained the perfection which the state of the language then permitted. Prior has a variety of sallies; but his humour is sometimes gross, and his versification is sometimes embarrassed. He knew the value of these charming pieces; and he had drank of this burgundy in the vineyard itself. He has some translations and some plagiarisms; but some of his verses to Chloe are eminently airy and pleasing. A di-

ligent selection from our fugitive poetry, might perhaps present us with many of these minor poems; but the *Vers de Societé* form a species of poetical composition which may still be employed with great success.

For the Literary Magazine.

MANILLA LITERATURE.

DR. ANDERSON, of Madras, has published in the Madras Gazette the following letter, which he had lately received from Manilla, announcing the formation of a literary society in that city:

"There is lately instituted here, under the immediate protection of government, a literary society, to which they have done me the honour to appoint me secretary. The intention of this society is to produce a journal every month, treating of the different branches of useful sciences of the Phillipine Islands, in order to encourage industry. Each will begin with a historical extract of these islands since the commencement of their establishment by the Spaniards, drawn from the most approved authors on this subject, deprived of all superstition in the ancient relations. After that they will speak of the three kingdoms, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral. Agriculture will occupy a great space; and commerce and industry will furnish the journal with something upon navigation. A few sheets will be reserved for the remarkable events of every description which may have occurred, with observations on their different accidents. This is nearly the plan, which you will be able to judge more of by the prospectus, which I shall have the honour of sending to you by the first opportunity, but it is at present in the press, and will not appear before the end of the month. The society, wishing to acquire all the information and light which can tend to render their work more useful, and at the same time enter into a correspondence with the other different societies who are occupied by the same views, have requested me, and in particular the president, Don Domingo Goyeno, to inform the society at Madras of their intentions by this opportunity, until they can do it more formally by sending the prospectus of their journal. Not knowing any of the other members of this society excepting you, sir, I take the liberty to request you will engage the learned members of your assembly in favour of this infant society,—*Friends of Luconia*,—and engage them to admit with benevolence the request to enter into correspondence, and make known to this infant in the cradle their lights, their works, and, in fine, to assist it with their succour, that it may one day be enabled to tread in the steps of its masters. I cannot help being extremely flattered, sir, by a commission which brings to my recollection a person of your merit, and which will often give me the opportunity to assure you of the sentiments of respect and high consideration with which

I have the honour to be, &c.

Manilla, J. M. DAYOT."
10*th Feb.* 1804.

For the Literary Magazine.

REPRODUCTION OF BUDS.

EVERY tree, in the ordinary course of its growth, generates each season those buds which expand in the succeeding spring, and the buds thus generated contain, in many instances, the whole leaves which appear in the following summer. But if these buds be destroyed in the winter, or early part of the spring, other buds, in many kinds of trees, are generated, which in every respect perform the office of those which previously existed, except that they never afford fruit or blossoms. Buds spring neither from the medulla nor the bark, but are gene-

rated by central vessels, which spring from the lateral orifices of the albumous tubes. The practicability of propagating some plants from their leaves may seem to stand in opposition to this; but the central vessel is always a component part of the leaf, and from it the bud and young plant probably originate. Few seeds contain less than three buds, one of which only, unless prevented by accident, germinates. Some seeds contain a much greater number. The seed of the peach appears to be provided with ten or twelve leaves, each of which probably covers the rudiment of a bud, and the seeds, like the buds of the horse-chesnut, contain all the leaves, and apparently all the buds, of the succeeding year.

Annual and biennial plants do not appear to possess the power given to perennial plants of reproducing their buds. Some biennials possess a singular resource when all their buds have been destroyed. A turnip, says an accurate observer, from which I had cut off the greater part of the fruit-stalks, and of which all the buds had been destroyed, remained some weeks in an apparently dormant state; after which the first seed in each pod germinated, and, bursting the seed-vessel, seemed to execute the office of a bud and leaves to the parent plant, during the short remaining term of its existence, when its preternatural foliage perished with it.

For the Literary Magazine.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF FREDERICK SCHILLER, THE GERMAN DRAMATIST.

SCHILLER was born on the 10th November, 1759, at Marbach, in Wirtemburg, where his father was a lieutenant in the service of the duke. He was afterwards a major, and was appointed commandant at *The Solitude*, and inspector of the schools of agriculture, which was his favourite science, and his uncommon knowledge of which he has proved by several works. He was a man of an enlightened understanding. The poet's mother was equally distinguished for the qualities of the heart and mind. Schiller had a brother well known for several excellent translations from the English, particularly Robertson's of Charles V, and the History of America. He is now a partner of Schwan and Gotz, booksellers in Mannheim. A sister of Schiller is married to counsellor Reinwald, of Meiningen, an illustrious member of the republic of letters.

While a boy, Schiller was distinguished by uncommon ardour of imagination; and nothing afforded him such delight as the prophecies of Ezekiel. The fancy of this poet is inexhaustible; and he lays open new worlds to our view. The reader will undoubtedly recollect that passage in which he represents himself standing among the tombs on the mouldering bones of the dead; the tombs open; the mouldering bones issue forth; a new creation appears. Between this passage and Moor's Dream there are striking resemblances.

His parents conceived that they could not provide better for his temporal welfare, than by confiding the formation of his mind to an institution, whose regulations have often been applauded. This was the school at Stutgard, called Charles's Academy, where the whole plan of instruction was formed on the principles of military tactics. The *reveille* wakened the pupils, who then proceeded *en parade* to worship God; *en parade* they marched to and from their places of instruction, to dinner, to play, and, it is even asserted, to bed. Here existed only one virtue: subordination; but one crime: free-will, independence. It is easy to conceive the irksomeness of such trammels to an ardent mind.

Schiller was originally destined for a surgeon, and prosecuted that study with great zeal. He was particularly attached to anatomy and

physiology. Had he been able to indulge his inclination, Germany would perhaps have had to boast a second Haller; but fate destined him for a poet.

Schiller could not so patiently submit to rule as to become a favourite with the inspectors of the college; they and the whole system soon became objects of his sincere aversion, which was greatly encreased when history opened to his view a world very different from that which he beheld around him. With what delight did he live among the heroes whom Greece and Rome produced! These were the characters he emulated, and to such men he fancied himself allied. Brutus, in particular, was his hero; and nothing, in his opinion, surpassed the greatness of that Roman. But his "Brutus in Elysium," a piece which he composed at that period, conveys the best idea of the sentiments he then cherished.

With these ideas he could not but feel that the institution in which he was placed was a scene to which he was not adapted, and accordingly he ardently sought another that was more congenial. In the course of his reading he chanced to light upon Shakespeare. He now, for the first time, tasted pleasure, and clearly perceived his future destiny, which, with transport, he communicated to his most intimate friend. Zumsteeg, the celebrated musician, whose last composition was "Joanna's Farewel," was his intimate and confidant. With him Schiller had concluded a friendship in life and death, ardent and glowing as that which the Letters from Julius to Raphael display, bold as that which Carlos desires.

His situation now became insupportable. He never tasted happiness when absent from his friend, except the few moments of his solitude, which always flew too swiftly away; for images and ideas crowded like a rising world upon his soul, and he was at length unable to resist the mighty impulse to delineate what lived, what glowed with such ardour within his bosom. He produced his "Robbers," in which his soul, panting for liberty, gives full scope to the sentiments with which it was impressed.

What delight would not an enlightened teacher have experienced to see such a production from a pupil who had not yet completed his twentieth year! What hopes would he not have formed! What exertions would he not have made to render him an ornament to his country! Very different were the sentiments of the inspectors of the academy. Would they have it said that a youth had left their institution tainted with the most dangerous of all vices, a proud, independent, and ambitious mind? who was the author of a performance by which all kind of subordination was trampled under foot? a youth who, dissatisfied with lawful government, might, for what they knew, be hatching the most terrible plots? It was resolved no longer to nourish the serpent in their bosom; for who could know whether the ardent mind that glowed within the boy might not some time be unfolded into another Charles Moor; and, if the flame were communicated to others, who could foresee what consequences might result?

Persons in high stations are said to have taken considerable interest in this business, for there was a passage in the Robbers but too suspicious. "This ruby I drew from the finger of a minister, whom I threw down at the feet of his sovereign in the chace. By adulation he had raised himself from the lowest rank to be the favourite of the prince: the fall of his neighbour was the means of his greatness, and the tears of orphans assisted his elevation. This diamond I took from another of the crew, who sold honours and offices to the highest bidder, and pushed from his door the dejected patriot."

Schiller lived in the same country where Schubart languished for eight years of horror in the fortress of Hohenasperg. Schiller, therefore, did not think it safe to wait the de-

cision of his fate, especially as he had inserted an obnoxious poem on tyranny in Schubart's Chronicle: he fled.

The wanderer found, at Mannheim, patrons and friends. He at first had recourse for subsistence to his surgical skill. He was appointed surgeon to a regiment, where he remained till his friends Dalberg and Klein opened for him a more suitable career. They procured him the post of dramatist to the theatre of Mannheim; a theatre at that time one of the most brilliant, and had in its service an Iffland, a Bock, a Beil, and a Caroline Beck. The fruits of this appointment are "The Conspiracy of Fiesko," and "Intrigue and Love." The "Rhenish Thalia" likewise deserves to be mentioned.

In advertising the last piece in the German Museum of 1784, the author says, "At an early period I lost my country, and exchanged it for the wide world, with which I was acquainted only from distant observation. A singular caprice of nature had, in my native place, destined me for a poet. A love of poetry was a violation of the laws of the institution in which I was educated, and in direct opposition to the plan of its founder. Eight years my enthusiasm struggled with military discipline; but a passion for poetry is ardent and powerful as the first love. The means employed to stifle it only encreased the flame. To escape from objects which filled me with torment, my heart indulged in the contemplation of an ideal world, but, unacquainted with that which actually exists, from which I was separated by bars of iron; unacquainted with mankind, for the four hundred who surrounded me were but a single being, true casts from one and the same model, which plastic Nature had solemnly renounced; unacquainted with the passions of independent beings, at liberty to follow their own inclinations; for there only one arrived at maturity, one, which I will not name here; all the other energies of the will were paralysed, while one of them was strained to the utmost; every peculiarity, every extravagance of playful nature was drowned in the muddy pool of rigid order. A stranger to the fair sex, for the doors of this institution are opened only to females before they begin to be interesting, or when they have ceased to be so; a stranger to man and to human life, my pencil could not fail to miss the intermediate line between angels and devils, and to produce a monster, which fortunately did not exist in the world, and to which I wish immortality for no other reason than to perpetuate the memory of a birth proceeding from the unnatural commerce of Genius and Subordination: I allude to "The Robbers." This piece has appeared. The whole moral world has charged the author with treason. His only defence is the climate under which it was born. Among the censures of the Robbers, one at least is just, that I have presumed to delineate mankind two years before I had any intercourse with them."

The Robbers produced either enthusiasm or horror. Those whose discernment led them to take a middle course were but few. Powerful exertions were made to suppress this play, when a number of lads at Leipzig were induced by it to run away, as they thought, from the rod, instead of which they only hastened to meet it. Their plan was, to collect a band of robbers in the forests of Bohemia; but they did not proceed far, for they had scarcely stolen a prayer-book and a pistol, when they fell into the hands of justice, which flogged out of them this violent inclination to lie in ambush for poor travellers, and to lighten them of their purses. Circumstances of this nature contributed not a little to Schiller's early reputation. His later productions more and more displayed his talents; and even his smaller poems in the Anthology, which he published jointly with Staudlin, evinced a poet such as

Germany scarcely rivalled, so that his reputation was very soon established.

Schiller now wished to see something more of the world. His genius inspired him with confidence in himself, and his fame gave him reason to hope that he should every where meet with friends. He left Mannheim. At Mentz he had the good fortune to become acquainted with that illustrious patron of science, the duke of Weimar, to whom he read the first act of his Don Carlos. Soon after this interview he visited Saxony, where Dresden captivated him by its charming situation, its treasures of art, its rich library, and the many men of genius whom he found there. Schiller now plunged into life; but it must not be imagined that he resigned himself wholly to society. For weeks and months he was buried among his books, which he scarcely quitted for a moment; he then rested for a time, but appeared only to have desisted from his labours. With great geniuses it is well known that these pauses are only moments in which they collect their energies, in order to apply themselves with increased ardour to their darling pursuits. Such was the case with Schiller. At such times he wandered through the country, where the grandeur of nature re-animated his genius, and his heart throbbed with new force and life in solitude. One of his favourite amusements was to make excursions in a boat on the beautiful river, especially during storms, when the stream rose in foaming billows, and all the elements appeared in conflict. The harsher the thunder, the greater was his delight.

Winter deprived him of these pleasures, and restored him to social life. His heart was formed for friendship; he was communicative, and was one of the few who, without fear of lowering himself in the estimation of his friends, durst open to them his whole heart. Let him, then, loudly rejoice over the flowing bowl, in the circle of friendship! how easy is it for such a man, at such a time, to transgress the bounds of discretion! Let him indulge in the intoxication of pleasure, while midnight passes unnoticed away: can he for this reason be considered as a common debauchee? Or is pleasure likely to debase him?

His Don Carlos, which he continued during his residence at Dresden, was soon neglected. He began to read every thing that related to Philip the Second of Spain; the library of Dresden afforded him abundant materials; and he became imperceptibly so deeply interested, that he neglected poetry for a time, and devoted his whole thoughts to history. To this change we are indebted for his "Revolt of the Netherlands from the Spanish Government*." The preceding historians of Germany had been less attentive to the true spirit of history than to the dull letter of chronicles: he united German industry with the elegance of the ancients.

At Gohlis, near Leipzig, a charming village, where he passed a summer with Mr. Goschen, he completed his Don Carlos. Jinger, a writer whose premature decease comedy still deplores, resided during the same summer at Gohlis, and they contracted a mutual friendship for each other; and probably the lively company of the comic, had no small influence over our tragic poet, whose character was at that time distinguished by uncommon vivacity.

His delays in writing Don Carlos had a peculiar effect on that performance. Neither Carlos nor Posa were exactly what the author at first intended they should be. Don Carlos was lowered in the estimation of the poet, and the marquis, who was to have been a model of friendship, became a character perfectly ideal. On this subject, he himself tells us, "It is possible that in the first acts I may have excited expectations not fulfilled in the last. St.

* Has this work ever been made English?—EDITOR.

Real's novel, and perhaps my own expressions, may have exhibited the matter to the reader in an improper light. During the time I was engaged upon it, which, on account of many interruptions, was long, many things in my own mind were changed. My work was necessarily influenced by the alterations which in this period took place in my opinions and sentiments. What had at first appeared particularly captivating, afterwards produced a much weaker effect, and in the end scarcely any. New ideas, which meanwhile arose within me, supplanted former ones; Carlos himself had sunk in my estimation, perhaps on no other account but because I so far surpassed him in years; and for a contrary reason the marquis Posa had stepped into his place. In consequence of this I brought with me into the fourth and fifth act a very different heart. But the three first acts were before the public; the plot of the whole could not be altered: I had no other alternative but to suppress the piece entirely, or to adapt the second part to the first as well as I could. The principal defect was, that I had it too long in hand; a dramatic work ought to be the blossom of a single summer. The plan, likewise, was too extensive for the limits and rules of dramatic composition. This plan, for example, required that Posa should continue to possess the unlimited confidence of Philip; but to produce this extraordinary effect, the arrangement of the piece allowed me but a single scene."

From Leipzig Schiller removed to the celebrated Weimar, the residence of so many men of genius who were the ornament and the pride of their nation, and who will perpetuate the glory of Weimar among remote posterity. With these geniuses Schiller had a right to associate, and sufficient reason to hope that he would be acknowledged as one of their number. Accordingly Wieland, whom he for a time assisted in the publication of the German Mercury, received him with his accustomed cordiality, and the minister Von Gothe with flattering attentions. He likewise acquired the friendship of Von Wollzogen, on whose estates in Meiningen he resided for several years, and whose sister he afterwards married. She was Schiller's free choice, and that is saying enough in her praise.

Some years afterwards Schiller was appointed professor of history at Jena, and he taught that science with almost unexampled applause. At a later period he likewise held lectures on æsthetics. Were we to describe the scholar striving with the utmost zeal to attain the highest possible excellence, it would be necessary to show how he learned Greek of Schutz; how, instigated by Reinhold, he indefatigably studied the theories of Kant, and made himself intimately acquainted with the best poets of all ages and nations. During these occupations he was engaged in the composition of lectures, which he might have sent to the press without any diminution of his fame, and was besides extremely active as an author.

That he might be able to study with less interruption, he reversed the order of nature. Night was more agreeable to him than day. However singular it may appear, it is not the less true, that in the evening he might be found at his breakfast, and at midnight deeply engaged in business. The stamp of midnight is in fact strikingly impressed on many of his compositions. By this conduct he, alas! abridged his cheerfulness, his pleasures, and even his life.

In 1796, he received a regular honorary professorhip, with a salary of two hundred dollars, which, after he left Jena, was continued by the duke, and was augmented a short time previous to his death. Meanwhile Gothe, who had become his friend, endeavoured to restore him to life and its enjoyments. Jena, he perceived, was not the place for this purpose; it was necessary to remove him to a region of greater freedom, and he invited him to Wei-

mar. This removal had the desired effect. He appeared to be again attached to life by more pleasing ties, and was completely happy in his domestic circle, among his children.

This cheerful tone pervades all the works he composed in the latter years of his life at Weimar: they are not the offspring of gloomy midnight, but the productions of genial noon. Among these was his "Maid of Orleans," of the first representation of which at Leipzig the following account is given by an eye-witness:

"I repaired from Lauchstadt to Leipzig, and should not have repented the journey, had I only witnessed the respect paid to Schiller, in a manner perhaps unparalleled in the annals of the German stage. Notwithstanding the heat, the house was crowded almost to suffocation. No sooner had the curtain dropped at the conclusion of the first act, than a thousand voices exclaimed, as with one mouth, "Long live Frederic Schiller!" and the sound of drums and of trumpets joined in this expression of universal applause. The modest author returned thanks from his box with a bow, but all the spectators had not been able to obtain a sight of the object of their admiration. You may therefore conceive how, when the play was over, all thronged out of the house to see him. The extensive space from the theatre to the Ranstadt gate was crowded with people. He came out, and in a moment a passage was cleared. "Hats off!" exclaimed a voice: the order was universally complied with; and thus the poet proceeded through multitudes of admiring spectators, who all stood uncovered, while parents in the back ground raised their children in their arms, and cried, That is Schiller."

He had, as he himself acknowledged, two methods which he invariably followed in composition.—When he had chosen a subject, he completed all the detail in his mind before he committed a single line to paper. A work which he had thus brought to maturity in his mind, was finished, and hence may have often arisen the reports that Schiller had finished this or the other. Such was the case, toward the conclusion of his life, with his Atilla, of which he declared that he had five scenes ready. This may have been true, even though not a line of it were committed to writing.

Those compositions which Schiller had committed to paper, especially metrical performances, he used to read aloud by himself; and it frequently happened that he passed unawares from reading to declaiming, a proof that he made his ear, and not metre, a judge of rhyme and harmony.

Schiller was tall, and rather slender. Even during his residence at Jena, his body seemed to suffer from the exertions of his mind: his face was pale, and his cheeks hollow; but silent enthusiasm sparkled in his eye, and his high open forehead announced the character of his mind. His whole demeanour was calculated to excite confidence. There was nothing in it of reserve, nothing of pride, haughtiness, or affectation; every expression was marked with such candour and sincerity, and unfolded such excellent qualities of the heart, that before you had passed a quarter of an hour in his company, you felt as if you had been acquainted with him for years. In a word, to him may justly be applied the character he has ascribed to true genius. "The child-like character (says he) which genius stamps upon all its works, it likewise manifests in private life, and in its manners. It is modest, because nature is always so; but it is not decorous, because decorum only attends corruption; it is rational, for nature can never be the contrary; but it is not crafty, for craft belongs only to art. It is true to its character and its propensities, not so much from principle, for nature, notwithstanding all digressions, invariably returns to the same spot, and always brings back the former necessities; it is unassuming, nay

even timid, because genius ever remains a secret to itself; but it is not anxious, because it is unacquainted with the dangers of the way it is pursuing. We know little of the private life of the greatest geniuses, but the little that has been preserved confirms this observation."

His medical attainments, instead of being of advantage to him, were, in fact, prejudicial, for they made him too attentive to the state of his body and its changes, and thus deprived him of the repose so necessary for the re-establishment of his health. The worst was, he appeared to have retained so much of this knowledge as to be aware of the danger of his situation, but to have forgotten so much as was necessary to warn him of the approach of impending disease. Sickness attacked him but too early, and a premature report of his death was propagated even in the public journals; but the skill of his physician, for that time, preserved his valuable life. The illustrious duke of Augustenburg, on receiving this melancholy intelligence, resolved to erect a monument to the noble bard. Overjoyed at his recovery, and not content with having destined a stone for him when dead, he, in conjunction with that excellent minister count Schimmelmann, secured to Schiller a pension for life.

The closing scene of this distinguished writer is thus described in a letter from Weimar, dated May 13, 1805: "At six in the evening of the 9th, death snatched our beloved Schiller from among us. We were surprised at the account, for his illness had not been of long duration. Last summer, when he returned from Berlin, whither he had gone to see the representation of his William Tell, to Jena, where his wife was to lie-in, he was ill, and not free from danger. This danger, however, passed away, and during the last days he complained only that spring would never arrive this year, though he was attacked while at work with the most violent spasms. Hence we were all led to cherish the fairest hopes, when, all at once, the melancholy news arrived. On the morning of Thursday, he began to be quite delirious, spoke much concerning soldiers and the tumults of war, but still more frequently pronounced the name of Lichtenberg, in whose works he had a short time before been reading. Towards noon he became more composed, and fell into a gentle slumber, from which he awoke once more in the possession of his faculties for a short time, of which he availed himself to take a painful farewel, and to desire that his body might be committed to the earth without any pomp, in the most private and simple manner. He was even cheerful, and said, 'Now life is perfectly clear to me: many things are now plain and distinct.' He soon afterwards sunk again into a slumber, from which he never more awoke.

"His body was opened: the lungs were found almost entirely destroyed, the chambers of the heart were nearly filled up, and the gall was uncommonly distended. An accurate cast of his skull was taken for Dr. Gall. His funeral was fixed for Sunday, but as his body advanced too rapidly to corruption, it was found necessary to inter him in the night between Saturday and Sunday. According to his own desire, he was to have been carried to the grave by artisans; but several young literati and artists, desirous of evincing their love and respect to their distinguished colleague, even in death, relieved them from that duty. Among these friends of the immortal poet were professor Voss and the painter Jageman. In profound and solemn silence, the coffin was borne to the church-yard, between the hours of twelve and one. The sky was entirely overcast, and threatened rain. The blustering wind rushed awfully through the ancient roofs of the vaults, and the trophies groaned. But no sooner was the coffin placed before the vault, than the wind suddenly dissipated the gloomy clouds; the moon, in mild majesty, burst forth, and threw her first beams on

the coffin with the precious relics. They were carried into the vault; the moon again veiled herself in clouds, and the wind roared with augmented violence.

"The theatre was shut on Saturday. A written notice was sent to the subscribers, informing them that the grief of the company for the loss of him who had rendered such important services to the German stage, and to that of Weimar in particular, was such as to render them incapable of acting. On Sunday, between the hours of three and four, Mozart's Requiem was performed in the church of the Kirchhof, by the band of the ducal chapel, and the superintendant general Vogt delivered a discourse in memory of the deceased.

"Schiller has certainly left behind works worthy of the press. Among these is a finished performance entitled, The Expedition of Bacchus to India. His latest tragedy, Attila, is not completed. His papers promise a rich harvest for universal history. His respected brother-in-law, the privy counsellor Von Wollzogen, perhaps with Gothe's assistance, will undoubtedly take the necessary measures for giving this rich treat to the world."

Schiller did not die rich. He was not narrow-minded enough to scrape money together. As the master of a family, in which he maintained the utmost regularity, his conduct was unblemished. He was an excellent husband, and the father of four children. But the state of his health, and his mode of life, which was regulated by the rooted disorders with which he was afflicted, rendered necessary a proportionably greater expence, though in his exterior he observed the utmost simplicity, and was an enemy to ostentation. Schiller was made a citizen of France, and was elevated by the emperor to the rank of a noble of the German empire. Both these honours were conferred unsolicited. During the last four years of his life he resided at Weimar, in a house of his own, situated in an alley that runs through the town, and combining many conveniences. The purchase of this house, and the elegant style in which he furnished it, cost him considerable sums. A few years before his death his pension was increased by the duke, but in return he performed very essential services to the theatre. He suffered all his plays to be first represented there, for which he required no compensation, and acted on all occasions in the most disinterested manner.

The hereditary princess of Weimar has not a little increased the enthusiasm which every heart feels for her, by the declaration that she will provide for Schiller's two sons.

We shall conclude this sketch of the life of Schiller with the words of his friend Gothe, not as admiring them, but as characteristic of that famous writer: "We have reason to think it a happy circumstance for him that he ascended from the pinnacle of human existence to bliss; that a short affliction snatched him from among the living. He was not doomed to experience the infirmities of age, the decay of his mental powers. He lived as a man, and has gone hence in the perfection of manhood. He now enjoys this advantage, that his virtues and his energies will ever live in the memory of posterity; for in the same form in which man quits the earth, he wanders among the shades; so that Achilles still retains all the vigour of youth. His early departure will likewise be a benefit to us. From his grave the emanations of his energy will invigorate us, and will excite within us the most powerful impulse to continue, with unabated zeal and love, the work which he began."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. IX.

NOTWITHSTANDING so many writers have been profuse in their directions to mankind how to conduct themselves in their intercourse with

society, in those particulars where politeness is the principal object, no one, that I can now recollect, has said any thing on the passing salute. When we meet any of our friends or acquaintance in the public walks, we generally deem it proper to notice them in some way or other. When I say we, I mean mankind generally, not including those truly well-bred people whose manners I mean to describe in the present paper. In this particular, many people are guilty of gross improprieties; they are uniformly polite to all. Should they happen to meet a gentleman of the first class, they bow low, with a "Sir, I hope you are well," or some other phrase which they may happen to recollect at the time; the next person they meet is, perhaps, a tradesman, hurrying along, dressed in a well husbanded suit of clothes, which have long served him as a holiday suit, and now hold a secondary rank; to him they bow as low, and use the same kind expressions: if they meet with a lady of the first rank, they make their best bow; if they meet her maid, and happen to be acquainted, they act exactly in the same manner. It is a shockingly vulgar thing, and improper in the extreme; they do not seem to recollect that, by thus bowing indiscriminately to all, they reduce the great to the same level with the little, or raise the little to an equal height with the great. How would a great man or great lady be pleased, should they be saluted by a person they happen to meet, and immediately after see him saluting their taylor, their baker, their barber, or any other tradesman they may perhaps employ! Bowing is a mark of respect, or, at least, it is generally considered as such. When I was yet a school-boy, my teacher bade me bow to persons in office in the church, with the greatest respect (clergymen particularly), without regarding whether they knew me, or not; "because," said he, "these gentlemen must be treated with the greatest respect." Now, if it is a mark of respect, it should be paid to those only whom we do respect, and not to every one indiscriminately. Can a person, in the situation of those I have mentioned, consider a bow as a mark of respect, when they see it paid to high and low, to rich and poor, to plain and gay, to people whom *nobody knows?* Certainly not: they must consider it as an insult. Those who are acquainted with the genteel part of mankind will, I believe, agree with me in opinion on this subject. They will probably recollect that, when they have been walking with *good company*, they have met with some humble acquaintance, whom they have saluted in the usual manner: it is immediately asked, "Who is that?" Many people will say this is done to acquire a knowledge of the person's name. No such thing. Reader, I assure you, the true meaning of the question may be thus expressed: "Who is that man? is he a gentleman, a man of wealth, show?" &c. The answer frequently runs thus: "He is a tradesman, a very worthy fellow, whom I have long known, an honest man," &c.

When they answer in this manner, it is not done merely to convey information for the support of craving curiosity, but to give good reasons for noticing him in the same manner he would have done any one of *the present company* on meeting. It would be much better not to notice them at all, or else in a slighter manner; for can they suppose they will meet with a welcome reception in good company? If they pay the same attention to these plebeians, as they do to their betters, it is absurd to expect it. Great people have (and ought to have) too much regard for what is due to their station, to suffer such deviations from the rules of politeness to pass unnoticed; and people, guilty of such improprieties, must not expect to act thus with impunity. *No:* the day will arrive when it will be signified to them that they are no longer desirable company for genteel people; that they may go and herd with tradesmen and other low company, such as they have been accustomed to sa-

lute. Many an instance of this kind have I seen; but these people defend themselves with great obstinacy, and have the affrontery to say, that their conduct should be that of every well-bred man. But they do not know what politeness is. It is ridiculous to say politeness requires this practice: every one knows that people inhabiting places (not called large towns), are less polite and polished than those who have had the advantage of a city education. These people salute all their acquaintances with the greatest civility: is not this a sufficient proof, that the conduct I allude to is improper? To state it in another form: politeness is the reverse of the want of it; and, as country people are known to want politeness, hence it follows, that those who wish to be really polite, should let their conduct be exactly the reverse of the country practice.

There is another argument which I will offer in favour of the conduct I advocate; and which, though I have not brought it forward first, is not the less weighty. Notwithstanding the boasted politeness of these *would-be* well-bred people, if we attentively observe them, when they are walking with *good company*, if they meet a humble acquaintance, they will take every possible means to avoid him, by turning aside to observe the curious construction of houses, which they have seen and observed with attention a hundred times; sometimes the trees appear so beautiful, that they cannot forbear gazing on them with rapture; at others, they are obliged to listen attentively to the conversation of the company; and, when no better expedient is at hand, that fleshy projection from the human phiz, vulgarly called the nose, must be cleansed of obstructions; this enables the person reduced to this extremity to conceal his eyes with his handkerchief, as if by accident. But, if all these methods prove unavailing, and their acquaintance meets them in such a manner that they cannot avoid it, they will speak to him indeed, but they will immediately blush, and use some of those common expressions I have mentioned above. Now this ought to convince them that their practice is founded on vulgar principles; for, if it is right, if it is truly polite, why do they blush, and excuse themselves, as they are known to do, and resort to so many petty expedients, to avoid practising their politeness in the company of well-bred people? It is well known that they feel no hesitation in speaking to their humble friends, when they meet them alone and unobserved: they will then address them with the greatest familiarity, because they do not fear being observed by those who disapprove of their conduct. Men have many little vices which they are willing to confess to themselves, or their most intimate friends, while they conceal them from the rest of the world with the utmost care.

Young people learn what I have here denominated *true politeness* with great facility. I have seen many of them so perfect in the art, that they can pass unnoticed those who, but a little time before, were their intimate companions; they can meet them in company, pass an evening with them, and, if they happen to see them the next day, they appear as though they could no longer recognize them. There are, however, not many such proficients; there is a sediment of vulgar prejudice, a little taint of open-hearted civility, generally remaining in the mind, which must ever influence their conduct, and prevent them from ever practising the rules of true politeness with a good grace and unblushing countenance.

Those who are more advanced in life are mostly incorrigible offenders; nothing can convince them of the impropriety of practising general politeness; they may be frequently seen conversing familiarly with *quite a common man*, and afterwards expect to be as well received in *good company* as before; but even those who compose *good company* are not willing to affront their seniors by treating them as they merit.

Now, taking these things into consideration, I have some thoughts of establishing a school, where true politeness shall be taught in all its branches; among these, bowing and the attendant compliments will be taught with utmost care: the teacher will be careful to give rules, founded on attentive observation, to show how far the head may be lowered in bowing to different people; for instance, the true genteel bow for gentlemen, ditto for ladies of equal rank and consideration in society, ditto for superiors, ditto for inferiors of both sexes, the country nod, with the proper accentation of the homely compliments usual on such occasions, the true Dutch nod, and a number of *et cæteras* too tedious to mention, which are nevertheless of the greatest importance: but I do not wish to enlarge any further in this place, as those who are desirous of learning further particulars will please to enquire of the Reflector, No. 100,000, in the city of Imagination.

VALVERDI.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE GLEANER.

NO. I.

THERE is nothing new under the sun, is an opinion as old as Solomon. This sentence has frequently been passed on literary productions. Many men, in turning over the innumerable works continually issuing from the press, are prompted to exclaim, "There is nothing new here: this, or better than this, on the same subject, was written long ago."

This sentence, like all general and indiscriminate assertions, is undoubtedly erroneous. There are certain subjects on which every successive publication is little more than an echo or repetition of former ones. This is very much the case in historical performances; in compilations or systems on the various branches of science: in these we continually find the same facts, experiments, and deductions, repeated with very little variation even in the phraze or order. But there are many other topics on which some diversity, in different writers, is unavoidable. The difference, indeed, is not always in favour of the last writer; but a difference to some visible extent, provided there be not mere literal transcription, there inevitably must be.

The literature of a former age is naturally jostled out of the first place in popular attention by that of the present; hence all former times present, to the common observer, a kind of blank or void. It is only by taking a large and comprehensive view that we are enabled to discover that the literature of some former periods was quite as abundant and diversified, and, in many respects, much more solid and valuable, than that of our own time. England, for example, has been a writing and publishing nation for at least three centuries. If we divide these three hundred years into six equal portions, and inspect with judicious eyes, aided by ample libraries, the literary productions of each period, we shall not be able to decide, as easily as superficial observers imagine, to which of these periods the palm of superior eloquence and wisdom belongs, much less shall we be disposed to give this preference to our own age.

There cannot, in my opinion, be a more useful task than to select, and place in a new, inviting, and accessible form, the valuable matter to be found in writers who may be deemed obsolete, whose works have not, for a long time, and probably never again will be honoured with a new edition. In such an undertaking, the great end of novelty is as effectually answered as if every individual sentence or sentiment was minted in the compiler's own brain. What was said two hundred years ago is generally as absolutely new to common readers as what was never before said. This scheme has the additional advantage of being a sort of

tribute due to merit. It is mere justice, not only to the living reader, but to the dead author.

This task, however, is extremely arduous, nor is it, by any means, my intention to perform it; I mean only to gather into this heap the few valuable ears which others have neglected, which lie scattered in those darksome corners and untrodden paths where my feet may occasionally and accidentally wander. I have neither zeal, opportunity, nor perseverance enough to make very long excursions upon the beaten track.

I met this morning with the following passages, on the subject of education, in an author who wrote more than a hundred years ago. This is one of the topics on which more has since been said and published than on any other; yet I suspect, as to plain practical good sense, the voluminous productions of modern times contain nothing equal or superior to this:

"The design of learning is either to render a man an agreeable companion to himself, and teach him to support solitude with pleasure, or, if he is not born to an estate, to supply that defect, and furnish him with the means of acquiring one. A person who applies himself to learning with the first view may be said to study for ornament, as he who proposes to himself the second properly studies for use. One does it to raise himself a fortune, the other to set off that which he already possesses. But, as the greater part of mankind are included in the former class, I shall only propose some methods at present for the service of such as expect to advance themselves in the world by their learning: with those it should be a maxim, that many more estates have been acquired by little accomplishments than by extraordinary ones; those qualities which make the greatest figure in the eye of the world not being always the most useful in themselves, or the most advantageous to their owners.

"The posts which require men of shining and uncommon parts are so few, that many a great genius goes out of the world without having had an opportunity to exert itself; whereas, persons of ordinary endowments meet with occasions fitted to their parts and capacities, in the daily occurrences of life.

"I am acquainted with two persons, who were formerly school-fellows, and have been good friends ever since. One of them was not only thought an impenetrable blockhead at school, but still maintained his reputation at college. The other was the pride of his master, and the most celebrated person in the college of which he was a member. The man of genius is at present a country physician, who, in a circuit of twenty miles, can scarcely glean bread for himself and hay for his horse; while the other, with the bare abilities of a common scrivener, has got an estate of above a hundred thousand pounds.

"I fancy, from what I have said, it will almost appear a doubtful case to many a wealthy man, whether or no he ought to wish his son should be a great genius; but this I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a lad the education of one, whom nature has not favoured with any particular marks of distinction.

"The fault, therefore, of our common schools is, that every boy is pushed on to works of genius; whereas, it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be taught such little practical arts and sciences as do not require any great share of parts to be master of them, and yet may come often into play during the course of a man's life.

"There is one particular of use in every station of life, and which, methinks, every master should teach his scholars: I mean the writing of English letters. Instead of perplexing them with Latin epistles, themes, and verses, there might be a punctual correspondence established between two boys, who might act in any imaginary parts of business, or be allowed sometimes to give a

range to their own fancies, and communicate to each other whatever trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever failed, at the appointed time, to answer his correspondent's letter.

"The generality of boys would find themselves more advantaged by this custom, when they come to be men, than by all the Greek and Latin their masters can teach them in seven or eight years.

"The want of it is very visible in many learned persons, who, while they are admiring the styles of Demosthenes or Cicero, want phrases to express themselves on the most common occasions. I have seen a letter from one of these Latin orators, which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common attorney.

"Accounts and short-hand are learned with little pains, and very properly come into the number of such arts as I have been here recommending.

"I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such boys as do not appear to have any extraordinary talents, and, consequently, are not qualified for the finer parts of learning; yet I might venture to assert, that a lad of genius has sometimes occasion for these little acquirements, to be, as it were, the forerunners of his parts, and to introduce him into the world.

"History is full of examples of persons who, though they have had the largest abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the favour of great men by these trivial accomplishments; as the complete gentleman, in some of our modern comedies, makes his first advances to his mistress under the disguise of a painter, or a dancing-master.

"The difference is, that, in a lad of genius, these are only so many accomplishments, which, in another, are essentials; the one diverts himself with them, the other works at them. In short, I look upon a great genius, with these little additions, in the same light as I regard the grand seignior, who is obliged, by an express command in the Alcoran, to learn and practise some handicraft trade: though I need not to have gone for my instance farther than Germany, where several emperors have voluntarily done the same thing. One of them worked in wood; and I have heard there are several handicraft works of his making to be seen at Vienna, so neatly turned, that the best joiner in Europe might safely own them, without any disgrace to his profession."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE PLANET SATURN.

THERE is not, says Dr. Herschell, any object in the heavens that presents us with such a variety of extraordinary phenomena as the planet Saturn. A magnificent globe, encompassed by a stupendous double ring; attended by seven satellites; ornamented with equatorial belts; compressed at the poles; turning on its axis; mutually eclipsing its ring and satellites, and eclipsed by them; the most distant of the rings also turning on its axis, and the same taking place with the farthest of the satellites; all the parts of the system of Saturn occasionally reflecting light to each other; the rings and moons illuminating the nights of the Saturnian; the globes and satellites enlightening the dark parts of the rings; and the planet and rings throwing back the Sun's beams upon the moons, when they are deprived of them at the time of conjunction.

Besides these circumstances, which appear to leave hardly any room for addition, there is yet another singularity which distinguishes the figure of Saturn from that of the other planets. It is flattened at the poles, but the spheroid that would arise from this flattening is modified by some other cause, which Herschell supposes to be the attraction of the ring. It resembles a parallelogram, one side of which is the equa-

torial, the other the polar diameter, with the four corners rounded off, so as to leave both the equatorial and polar regions flatter than they would be in a regular spheroidical figure.

By another observation, in which Dr. Herschell had a good opportunity of comparing Saturn with Jupiter, he found the figure of the two planets to be essentially different. The flattening at the poles and on the equator of Saturn is much greater than on Jupiter, but the curvature at the latitude of from 40° to 48° on Jupiter is less than on Saturn.

As the result of another set of observations, Dr. H. supposes the latitude of the greatest curvature to be less than 45 degrees. The eye will also distinguish the difference in the three diameters of Saturn. That which passes though the points of the greatest curvature is the largest, the equatorial the next, and the polar diameter the smallest.

For the Literary Magazine.

MISTAKES OF TRANSLATORS FROM THE FRENCH.

ONE of the rarest things in the world is a good translation; not from any intrinsic difficulty in the work, but from the ignorance and negligence of those who usually undertake it. This is particularly true of translation from the French, because the English and French tongues consist almost entirely of the same words, a little varied in the spelling. To change the spelling of the word from French to English is usually called translation; whereas, there is frequently a very wide difference between the two words, notwithstanding the similitude of their orthography. Thus, to give one instance out of a thousand, Scarron's Romance *Comique* is rendered *Comical* Romance: the translator thinking his whole business lay in merely new spelling the French word: but *comique* means not *comical*, but *dramatic*.

There are a great number of words which, having the same derivation, and almost the same orthography, in French and in English, are very liable to be mistaken. I have sometimes thought of making a list of them, for the use of learners and translators, who have not the habit of conversation, which alone can set them right. I shall mention a few that happen to occur to me.

When the late unfortunate Louis was reduced to ask favours of his mean and barbarous tyrants, the translators that I have seen uniformly turn *Je demande* into "I demand;" whereas it means "I ask," or "I request."

The term *figure*, understood in English of the person, in French means the face.

The words *industrie* and "industry," have by no means the same sense; the French word means a quality of the mind; that activity of the body which we call industry has no French substantive that I know of: an industrious man is called *un homme laborieux*; she is very industrious, *elle est bien laborieuse*; their *industry* rather means "ingenuity," "contrivance;" as, *un chevalier d'industrie*, "one who lives by his wits:" a gamester, for example.

Extravagance, spelt exactly the same in both languages, is by no means the same word: it is never applied by the French to squandering or expensiveness, but to other imprudences. *Quelle extravagance!* "What absurdity!" "what madness!" *Vous extravaguez!* "You rave!"

The word *intrigue* is not so limited in its sense as in English; a person perfectly chaste may be intriguing in their sense of the word. If he can make his way in the world, and extricate himself from difficulties, he is said to be intriguing, without incurring the slightest blame.

Large means "wide," and *largeur* "width," and not bigness, like our "large."

Brave often means "good," but *gallantry* never means "courage," as it often does in English.

Caractère, which we are so apt to make "character," means temper and disposition, and not reputation.

I have seen *aller à gorge decouverte* translated "to go with the throat bare," instead of the bosom, which last, though *gorge* is literally "throat," is nevertheless the sense of the phrase; for I believe the strictest puritan never discovered any thing indecent in a woman's showing her throat; yet our fair countrywomen seem to have taken a hint from this blunder to cover up the latter so carefully, while the other is so frequently displayed. This mistake reminds me of a French translator of English plays, who calls "Love's last Shift" *La derniere Chemise de l'Amour*.

X.

For the Literary Magazine.

WIRE AND UTENSILS OF ZINC.

ZINC, which has been heretofore called a semi-metal, because it is not malleable, and scarcely capable of extension, by mechanical means, at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, or at those heats which are usually applied in forging or extending the metals called entire metals, is capable of being extended by hammering, laminating, wire drawing, pressing, stamping, &c., provided the zinc be kept during these operations at or about a certain heat.

By a method lately discovered, the zinc is cast into ingots or thick plates, which, when intended to be mechanically wrought, are to be heated in an oven to a temperature between 210 and 300 degrees of Fahrenheit. For wire, it is most convenient that the zinc be cast into cylinders, and these are to be extended between rollers at the above temperature, till their lengths are increased four times, after which they may be drawn through wire-plates without farther heating or annealing, unless the pieces be very thick. Plates of zinc may be made by working it from the ingot or piece between rollers, at the temperature aforesaid, and those plates may be hammered up into vessels for culinary purposes by the same treatment as is applied to other metals, taking care, when the size or form, or other intended requisites of the vessels require it, to heat or anneal the zinc at proper times during the operation. Utensils of every description may be stamped, forged, or wrought, of zinc, in this its malleable state; and when it is necessary to unite pieces or plates of zinc together, solder is to be used consisting of two parts of tin and one part of zinc, more or less, according to the hardness and fusibility required, or common glazier's solder may be used with success.

For the Literary Magazine.

FRENCH IMPROVEMENT IN WEAVING.

A PATENT has been lately taken out in Paris by the Sieur Despiau, for an improvement in weaving, which renders it unnecessary for the workman to throw the shuttle with his hand. The weaver, when he sets his foot on the treadles to open the warp, at the same time moves two springs, placed on each side of the loom, by which the shuttle is thrown back at the moment when the frame is removed as far as it ought to be. His hands therefore remain at liberty, and he can pull back the frame when he wishes to make the texture closer. Experiments have proved that a weaver may work longer, and with much less fatigue, at this than at a common loom; that he can, in twelve hours, weave twelve Paris ells of a yard-wide cotton-stuff, whereas, by the ordinary flying-shuttle, a good

workman can scarcely, in the same time, make more than four or six ells. Experiments likewise have shown that this improved loom may be employed with advantage in the manufacture of all kinds of stuffs, woollens, blankets, linens, &c., and that the additions and alterations required by ordinary looms will be attended with very little expence; that the construction of the mechanism by which the shuttle is thrown is simple, and requires no expence to keep it in repair, and may be adapted to all looms of the ordinary construction.

Looms of this construction are fitted up at Paris, at the expence of from eight to ten dollars.

For the Literary Magazine.

PRESENT TRADE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE number of vessels, their tonnage, and the number of men and boys usually employed in navigating them, which belonged to the several ports of the British empire on the 30th September, 1804, was:

GREAT BRITAIN.

Ships.	*Tons.*	*Men.*
17,794	2,017,240	134,032

IRELAND.

1,061	58,060	5,176

THE COLONIES.

2,870	196,628	15,091

TOTAL.

21,725	2,271,928	154,299

This number of vessels, great as it appears, is still increasing; the number of new vessels each year considerably exceeding the losses to which such an extensive navigation must unavoidably be subject. The number of vessels built and registered in the different ports of the British empire in the year ending the 5th January, 1804, was 1402, and their tonnage 135,349 tons.

This number, though far greater than is possessed by any other nation, would however alone be very insufficient to carry on the extensive commerce of the country; we therefore constantly see the colours of all other maritime states flying in the British ports, and their vessels assist in conveying the property of British merchants to foreign shores. The account of the number of vessels which entered inwards and cleared outwards, including their repeated voyages, from or to all parts of the world, during 1804, will show the proportion of British and foreign shipping thus employed:

ENTERED INWARDS.

ENGLAND.

	Ships.	*Tons.*	*Men.*
British,	8,173,	1,184,944,	68,571
Foreign,	3,901	560,195	27,938

SCOTLAND.

Brit.	2,335	210,443	14,408
For.	370	47,104	2,806

IRELAND.

Brit.	7,485	701,159	39,669
For.	534	79,778	5,182

CLEARED OUTWARDS.

ENGLAND.

	Ships.	*Tons.*	*Men.*
Brit.	8,756	1,248,796	78,016
For.	3,828	553,267	28,478

SCOTLAND.

Brit.	2,375	214,490	15,732
For.	265	34,582	2,029

IRELAND.

Brit.	6,093	590,111	34,169
For.	551	78,971	5,093

These statements show the extent and activity of British mercantile shipping, and imply that the quantity and value of the goods which they transport must be very great. The total value cannot be

stated very accurately; for though accounts are kept in the inspector-general's office at the custom-house of all goods exported and imported, the information they furnish in this respect is of little value, except in a comparative view, as they are formed from fixed rates of the value of different commodities settled 120 years ago, and consequently are very inapplicable to the actual value at present. Some idea may be formed of the under valuation of the imports from those of the East India company, taking the account of their sales as the importation. The medium value of the sales, on an average of the three years preceding March, 1796, was 6,100,000, whereas the medium value, by the accounts of the inspector-general, was 4,572,000. Since that period the imports of the East India company have considerably increased, and the difference between their sale-prices and the custom-house value is rather greater than was thus stated. These accounts, however unsatisfactory in many respects, are the only grounds on which we can compute the total value of the merchandize imported. This appears to have been as follows:

In 1800,	£. 30,570,605
1801,	32,795,557
1802,	31,442,318
1803,	27,992,464

The exports are likewise greatly undervalued, except in a very few articles, of which coffee is the most considerable. This is valued at 14*l.* 10*s.* per *cwt.*, and being a commodity of which a large quantity comes to Britain annually for exportation to the continent, the total value of the exports in the custom-house accounts, though certainly not increased thereby to near its actual amount, is rendered somewhat greater than it would have appeared in proportion to the rates fixed for other articles, or even if this commodity was rated at its current price. In the following account, therefore, coffee is reduced as nearly to its real value in each year as could be ascertained, the other articles remaining as in the established book of rates.

TOTAL OFFICIAL VALUE OF THE EXPORTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

In 1800,	£. 38,120,120
1801,	37,786,856
1802,	41,411,966
1803,	31,578,495
1804,	34,449,865

About two-thirds of these totals consist of British produce and manufactures, being the part in which chiefly the value is under-rated. The real value of this part is however now sufficiently known. Since 1798, the exporters have been required to declare the real value of all British manufactures exported, in consequence of which it appears that the amount of this part of the exports in 1803, which by the official rates appeared to be 22,252,027*l.*, was, in fact, 40,100,870*l.*; and the amount in 1804, which appeared to be 23,934,291*l.*, was, in fact, 40,349,642*l.*

For the Literary Magazine.

REMARKS ON THE GRECIAN ORATOR ISOCRATES.

By the Abbè Arnaud.

ISOCRATES was born at Athens in the 86th Olympiad, five years before the Peloponnesian war. At an early age he began to study philosophy and rhetoric under Gorgias, Prodicus, and Tisias, whose doctrines and eloquence about this period astonished all Greece. It is affirmed that he also was a disciple of the celebrated orator Theramenes, whom the thirty tyrants caused to be put to death because he fa-

voured the popular cause. He passionately loved glory; and the desire of distinguishing himself, and of bearing a part in the public administration, animated all his proceedings. In order to this end, besides possessing information and a turn for business, it was necessary to excel in eloquence; but nature having denied him both voice and self-command, without which it is impossible to sway the multitude, he directed his efforts to composition. In the first place, he proposed to give to eloquence more of force and majesty, by breaking down the trammels which a contracted and ridiculous philosophy had thrown around it. He abandoned those vain subtilties in which the sophists lost themselves, as well as those sublime obscurities in which they were so fond of being enveloped. He confined himself to interesting questions, such as appeared to him calculated to render his country happy and his fellow-citizens virtuous. His talents corresponded with the grandeur of his views. Youth flocked from all parts to be his pupils, and to form themselves on his lessons. Some of them afterwards became orators, some great statesmen, and others polished and profound historians. He died loaded with glory and wealth at the age of ninety years, a few days previous to the battle of Chæronea.

In the orations of Isocrates every word has its place; his diction is pure; and no obscure or obsolete phrase disfigures his style; but it is seldom lively, rapid, and vehement; it is various and splendid, but hardly ever simple and natural. Whatever obstructs a smooth pronunciation, Isocrates rejects; he studies above all to measure and round his periods, and to give them a cadence like that of verse. All his discourses are delightful to peruse, and well adapted for panegyric, but are unfit for the turbulent proceedings of the bar, and the tumult attending popular harangues. The tribune and the bar require vehemence and passion, which do not comport with nicely-measured periods.

All is systematic in the style of Isocrates; words answer to words, members to members, and phrases to phrases; we even meet with chiming terminations. This artificialness, if too frequent and too manifest, offends the ear, and obscures the sense.

Magnificence of style, according to Theophrastus, is derived from three sources: choice of words, the happy arrangement of them, and the imagery which enlivens the whole. Isocrates chose well his words, but there is too much affectation in his arrangement; his figures are either too far-fetched, or discordant, or extravagant, so that he becomes cold and *mannered*; besides, in order the better to tune his style, and frame his periods with nicety, he makes use of inefficient words, and unnecessarily lengthens out his discourses.

We are far from asserting that these faults deform all his writings; his composition is sometimes simple and natural; he properly separates its members, and disposes of them neatly; but in general he is too much the slave of full and rounded periods; and the elegance which he affects too often degenerates into redundancy. In fine, if the style of Isocrates be wanting in the natural and the simple, it must be owned that it displays magnificence and grandeur; its construction is sublime, and of a character almost more than human. We may compare his manner to that of Phidias, whose chisel sent forth heroic and divine forms of such superior dignity.

With respect to invention and disposition, Isocrates excels in both; he varies his subject with admirable art, and guards against languor by an infinity of episodes, all naturally introduced. But what renders him for ever deserving of praise is the choice of his subjects, always noble, always grand, always directed to the public good. He did not propose

merely to embellish the art of speech, but he was desirous to complete the mind, to teach his disciples to govern their families and their country.

All his discourses inculcate virtuous and patriotic sentiments.—While speaking respecting those of his ancestors who broke the chains of Greece, he does not confine himself to admire their force and courage, but dwells particularly on the elevation of their minds, the purity of their sentiments, their ardent thirst for glory, and at the same time their extraordinary moderation. They uniformly sacrificed their own interests to the public weal. According to them, happiness consisted not in opulence, but in the consciousness of having performed virtuous actions. In their opinion they left their children ample wealth if they bequeathed to them the esteem and consideration of the public; an honourable death appeared in their eyes preferable to an inglorious obscurity. Instead of extending and multiplying the laws, they were constantly on the watch least any citizen might deviate from the institutions of their ancestors. They seemed to vie with each other who should render the greatest service to his country. It was by conferring favours, and not by the terror of their arms, that they retained their allies. Friends of virtue, their word was held more inviolable than the most sacred oaths at the present day. Firm and uniform in their conduct, they fulfilled their engagements with greater regularity than if they had been compelled to perform them. Compassionate and humane, they treated the weak as if they wished that those who were stronger than themselves might treat them in like manner. In short, while strongly devoted to the government under which they lived, they never ceased to regard all Greece as their common country.

"The duty of a general, so powerful as yourself (said he, addressing himself to Philip), ought to be directed to heal, and not to foment disputes; renounce a conduct which is unworthy of a great mind; aggrandize Greece, instead of endeavouring to divide it; assume magnanimity to undertake enterprizes, which, if successful, must exalt you above the most renowned generals, and, if unsuccessful, must secure for you the good opinion of all Greece; a glory infinitely surpassing that of men who sack cities and subjugate empires."

In his orations he resolutely enters into a disputation respecting the form of the government; he desires the Athenians to recollect the institutions of Solon and Clisthenes. "According to these legislators (observed he), liberty consists in the execution of the laws, and not in holding up magistrates to contempt. They entrusted not any of the employments in the state to unprincipled, but to virtuous characters, being aware that the citizens in general would model their conduct by that of its chiefs. None of your ancestors (continued he) ever enriched themselves by the spoliation of the public purse; they chose rather to sacrifice their own patrimony to the general good of the republic. Their efforts were directed not so much to punish, as, by the employment of wise measures, to prevent the commission of crimes. They believed that supreme authority belongs only to the state, and that nothing prohibited by the laws ought to be tolerated in private individuals."

How great is the address which he employs in his oration to the Lacedæmonians, to animate their courage, and to exhort them to reject the insolent demands of the Thebans! After analyzing the principal discourses of Isocrates, Dionysius Halicarnassensis considers the elocution of this celebrated orator, and informs us Philonicus compared him to a painter who, in his pictures gave to the figures the same attitudes and the same drapery.

L.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE CHARACTER AND PRIVATE LIFE OF MR. NECKER, WRITTEN BY HIS DAUGHTER, MADAME DE STAEL.

Concluded from page 128.

MIRABEAU and his adherents, the very evening of the day on which my father returned to the Hotel de Ville, laboured to destroy his popularity; they overwhelmed him with venom in the journals, in libellous pamphlets; in fine, they laid siege to his reputation: and who does not know that, since the discovery of printing, there is a terrible engine in the hands of powerful men, which, like all the other engines of society, demands order and liberty, not to confound, or not to stifle every thing.

In spite of the enemies who surrounded him, Mr. Necker did still some partial good: the remains of his popularity were still the means of his saving some threatened lives: he infused into the royal authority a language which still sustained appearances: but a double virtue doubly diminished his power; the court perceiving his popularity decline adhered so much the less to his counsels, and the popular party, knowing that his credit declined at court, no longer dreaded his influence. His strength with the court consisted in his popularity, and he lost this popularity in defending the court. His credit with the court would have given him an influence over the popular party, and he did not obtain this credit because he had at first supported the popular party against the court. This circumstance however should prove no discouragement in morals. My father, it has been seen in his works, admitted no doubt of the fidelity of this guide, although it did not enable him to triumph over his enemies. If success were the end of man's existence, there would be no virtue; calculation would take its place. It is therefore to be believed that great sacrifices are imposed on delicate consciences, for an unknown and distant end. Cato, when he perished at Utica, did not rescue the liberty of Rome; but he has consecrated in all ages a noble idea by a great sacrifice. Who knows whether Mr. Necker, in becoming the martyr of a union of morals with politics, have not given more force to this opinion by his genius, than he has deprived it of by his reverses of fortune.

In 1790, of all years the most painful to my father, he saw his hopes, his projects, the remembrance of the past, the recompense he derived from the world's opinion, all that formed his destiny, sink before him; and nevertheless he never deviated a moment from his road of generosity. A member of the committee of finance published a book called "The Red Book," which ought not to have been made public, as it contained the secret expences of the king. Mr. Necker undertook the defence of this book, in which there was not a single article which related to his administration, and almost all of them to that of his opponent, Mr. de Calonne. Among other things were some gifts to the French princes, then banished from France, and who had shown themselves abroad very inimical to Mr. Necker. He only evinced more solicitude in justifying those gifts, and made use of all those delicate expressions which so nobly convey a respect for misfortune. My father's soul had no tincture of resentment: too gentle to hate, too proud to think itself insulted!

A decree was agitated to suppress titles. Mr. Necker warmly insisted that the king should refuse it his sanction, and he published a tract on the subject of this decree, at the moment when the enthusiasm for equality was most prevalent. It was not titles in general, but the utility of titles in a monarchy, which was analyzed in this tract. It ill suits me to expatiate here on the philosophic motives which often induced my father to embrace opinions, that might be considered as antiphilosophic: neither does it belong to my

subject at present to point out that admirable union of contrasted qualities, or rather that enlarged mind, which rendered him the true friend of liberal institutions, and the most able advocate of the fixed barriers which should limit these institutions; but when I come to publish the works of my father, I shall annex a collection of all the memoirs he furnished the king and national assembly during the last fifteen months of his administration; and I can confidently promise that these memoirs prove that there exists no injustice towards the oppressed, no fault in political institutions, which he did not first point out, and which has not since been acknowledged.

But could the harmonious voice of an eloquence as full of argument as of sensibility be heard at the moment when every political passion was roused, when hope and fear had doubled the activity of every man's character, and when this great kingdom of France was become for true enthusiasts the most extensive field for the exercise of the imagination, and for ambitious projectors the richest domain which an avidity of wealth or power ever shared?

My father's house was threatened: my mother trembled for his life: and as he had no further means of being useful, he retired in 1790, producing at the same time a Memoir on Assignats, in which he stated every thing which has happened since. But even in predicting with certainty the ruin of the creditors of the state, he left his two millions as a deposit in the royal treasury. He possessed, however, a security (*bon*) from the king, authorizing him to withdraw them whenever he chose, and as minister of finance he had more facility than any other man to pay himself what was due to him. Some persons have deemed this last act of generosity somewhat blameable; and so it might be esteemed, if it were not considered that my father wished to leave a pledge of his administration, and not detach his fate altogether from that of France; and besides, although he had every reason to believe that the interest would be paid in paper money, he could not think it possible that the principal of a debt so sacred could be sequestered, even in the midst of the most violent political agitations.

In returning to Switzerland, through Basle, my father was arrested at Arcy-sur-Aube, and his life was threatened at Vesout, owing to the popular suspicions which the libels against him had excited. He was accused of having betrayed the interests of the people, of having joined the emigrant party, who assuredly had not shown themselves his friends. It was thus he retraced the very route which, fifteen months before, he had passed so triumphantly. Cruel vicissitude, that might have soured the firmest soul, but which an unsullied conscience could support with resignation!

At length he arrived at his seat at Coppet. It is now fourteen years ago, and I followed him soon after. I found him sad, thoughtful, but without one sentiment of gall. One day he was conversing with me about the deputies of the city of Tours, who had lodged with him some months during the federation, and he said to me, "A year ago this city bore me much good-will: perhaps it is not yet destroyed: perhaps in this part of France they love me still!" It is necessary to have been acquainted with him, it is necessary to have known how noble and elevated were his looks, how gentle and congenial with his words was the tone of his voice, to form an idea of the effect of them on a heart that so passionately loved him. The moments were rare when he unfolded his most inmost heart. His habitual manner was dignified and restrained, particularly in what related to himself: he had that reserve which is the chief characteristic of profound impressions. It was this period of his arrival at Coppet which commenced that admirable life of solitude and resignation, by which he acquired the esteem even of his enemies. It was there that he composed those works on the various political situa-

tions of France which have successively obtained the approbation of all those whose opinions were overpowered, and the blame of all those whose opinions were victorious. It was in this retreat that he displayed a celestial mind, a character every day more pure, more noble, more refined. It was there that he impressed on the hearts of all who saw him a sentiment which they must all preserve to the end of their lives.

In writing the political life of my father, I shall endeavour to examine the character and object of his writings; and as some of them relate to the circumstances of the moment, perhaps I may one day abstract the general ideas, in order to form a body of political doctrine, which may perpetuate his name. I am sure that even among the admirers of Mr. Necker there are some who will be struck with fresh instances of his genius, thus detached from their connection with the events of the day, for he was forced to employ much of his resources to struggle with passing events; and it will be curious to extract from his works maxims that may serve for ages.

The only work of Mr. Necker's, printed during his retreat, which has no relation to political subjects, is his Course of Religious Morality. Some have been displeased with this book, divided into discourses, or rather sermons. Still I think this form peculiarly adapted to the end proposed by my father. It conveys a full idea of the effect that may be produced in our religion by the eloquence of the pulpit, and of the spirit of which it is susceptible. The recurrence of beautiful thoughts, of the most original and poetical expressions of the holy scriptures, imparts an interest to these discourses which single discourses never could produce. What beauties of style, of thought, of sentiment, does not this work exhibit! What profound knowledge of human nature in its strength and in its weakness, of that stormy and passionate nature which characterizes all those whose affections, misfortunes, or talents, snatch them from the slumber of the soul, and from the vulgar course of a mere physical existence! What sublime indulgence from the most austere purity! What consolations for every grief, save one, for which I seek in vain for solace, even from his admirable genius. There is no social affection, no situation of human life, youth, age, adversity, glory, public and private duties, no one situation of which he has not treated intimately and truly. But to understand him, it is necessary to have been a sufferer.

What is most striking, in the works of Mr. Necker, is the incredible variety of talent they display. Voltaire stands alone in the literary world for the diversity of his genius: Mr. Necker, I think, stands alone for the universality of his faculties. The blending and harmony of contrasts is what constitutes in the universe, as in man, the most perfect beauty. Delicacy and comprehensiveness, gaiety of wit and tenderness of heart, energy and refinement, precision and fancy, elevation of thought and originality of expression: all these qualities, without the defects that usually accompany them, are to be found in the writings of Mr. Necker. There is every where strength under due controul, a spirit of analysis which never decomposes sentiment, and separates causes without damping a single generous impulse, or enfeebling a single emotion of the heart. In ranging the world of fancy, he is never found in opposition to experience or to reason; he elevates, but he never bewilders. The minister and the poet unite in him by sublime but natural ties; by that comprehension of intellect which embraces all things; by that well ordered habit of mind which always sustains his greatness.

That work of my father, which I now publish, consists of detached thoughts and separate pieces on various subjects. Some of them have been written at different periods, but the greater part of them were composed this winter. I have sup-

pressed a very few of them, which perhaps related too closely to political subjects. None of his works, I think, can give a better idea of himself. There is an astonishing sagacity in his reflections on the human heart, and a remarkable comic strength in his observations on society. The same work comprises a tract on metaphysics, on the commerce of grain, and on the happiness of fools. To treat on these three subjects, a head should contain, if I may so express it, a clue of uncommon extent; and to these subjects, of themselves so opposite, must be added all those which are treated with a profound sensibility, and every where with a beauty of expression, which paints with an equal charm both freedom and reserve, constraint and independence. He intended to increase the number of these detached thoughts: he had made notes on several subjects which he had designed to investigate: the political career he had passed through had led him to confine himself only to matters of administration and of high public importance: he therefore found a new pleasure in exercising himself freely on all subjects, and thus summoned in review before him the observations of his life. It is a great misfortune that, by adapting himself only to public contemplation, his unexpected death prevented his continuing to open the rich stores of his mind. It still contained treasures which are for ever lost; perceptions so refined and so just, so much honesty, even in his wit, a manner of judging systematically free and exempt from prejudice, a faculty of thought which was neither bigotted to philosophic method nor fettered by received opinions, and which directed itself by its own elasticity and strength; in fine, something of vastness in its glance, which, perhaps, will never be found again; for all men of distinction are governed by that superior quality which distinguishes them.

My father, in his most simple letters, had not a style; for he was too natural to bestow on letters that sort of attention which is necessary to form what is properly a style, that is to say, a manner implying something of care and stateliness; but he had always that propriety of expression which is not, to my thinking, a simple intellectual merit; that sort of propriety which supposes a kind of celestial temper of mind dictating every word. When he wished, which was rarely the case, to make a wrong felt, coming either from a nation or an individual, from his child, or from his enemy, he expressed himself with so much moderation, with so much delicacy, that, if I may judge from myself, the heart was overwhelmed. What he forbore to say, appeared with so much more force; and, far from retrenching his words, his omissions are naturally added, as well as his favours, which he never recalled, and his glory, which he seemed to forget, only to challenge our affection and justice*.

Mr. Necker has been censured for too much pomp, and, consequently, uniformity, in his writings. This fault, if it exist, will certainly not appear in the thoughts which I now publish, and which he composed at his leisure, without any im-

* I will here cite a passage from one of his letters, which will convey some idea of this temperance and delicacy in his manner. Some insurgent peasants of the Pays de Vaud burnt, two years ago, some titles of seignorial property, and the government, after this insurrection, required of the proprietors of these burnt titles to write officially the complaints they had to make against the rebels. "I have nothing particular to say against them (my father expressed himself): they behaved with decency, their class considered *(le genre admis)*." What reflections occur on this simple phrase! The goodness and the pride which forbears, in its own cause, to accuse even the guilty; and in that phrase *le genre admis*, all the censure of a just man expressed with grace and reserve, which serves as a lesson for the weakness of governors, as well as for the violence of the governed.

mediate intention of making them known. But, in the works my father has printed, he still considered his character as a public man, and he maintained in them constantly, by habit and by expediency, the dignity of this character. Still it appears to me, that, through all this necessary dignity in the writings of Mr. Necker, those various kinds of ability, which are more distinctly seen in his detached thoughts, are perceptible. There is no talent, even to that of seizing with promptitude whatever is ridiculous in men and things, which may not easily be discerned in his most grave political writings. He indulges in this variety of style as much as may be, without impairing his consequence as a statesman; and it did not become Mr. Necker to sacrifice this consideration to the highest literary merit.

One of the most remarkable qualities in Mr. Necker's style is a perfect harmony. He could not endure harsh and abrupt phrases; and he composed no piece of eloquence, without reading it aloud in his chamber. Harmony is certainly one of the great charms of style. Such is the analogy between physical and moral nature, that all the affections of the soul have a suitable inflection of voice, a melody of words, according with the sense of the words themselves. The general complexion of my father's impressions was a noble dignity; and, in observing the harmony of his style, the character of this expression will be felt. Still I believe that if he could have brought himself to break his phrases oftener, to assume sometimes a familiar tone, to descend with his readers occasionally, that they might the more strongly feel his movements of elevation, he would, perhaps, have inspired less respect, his style would not have been so classical, but the ordinary reader would have felt more sensibly the multiplicity of his ideas. Some attention is requisite to appreciate with discrimination all the instances of neatness, ingenuity, and originality, in the uniform stateliness of his style. If Bossuet had not been unequal, perhaps his fine passages would create less astonishment. The continuity of excellence of every kind scarcely ever obtains continuity of admiration

This harmony, replete with magnificence, which appears in almost all the known works of Mr. Necker, assumes a character entirely different in the novel he wrote, and which concludes this collection. He gave a loose in this production to his tender and susceptible feelings, to a simplicity which was natural to him, and to an eloquence as glowing as it is graceful. In the perusal of this novel, particularly, the reader will perceive the interior of his bosom, and the despair occasioned by his loss. It is now precisely eighteen months ago, when, talking with him of romances, and their difficulty, I took the liberty of desiring him to write one. He told me he thought it possible to interest more powerfully in depicting conjugal affection than any other kind of love; we talked of an event that had happened at Paris, and revived in a journal, and I proposed to him this subject as the most difficult to treat of. He accepted it, and some weeks after he submitted to me the novel I now publish. At this moment, when every word irritates my wounds, even at this moment its impression is not stronger than it was then. It evinces a degree of talent to which nothing can be added; and when it is considered that this affecting language of love, of passion, of sensibility, of delicacy, is the work of a man of seventy years of age, of a man hackneyed in political events the most likely to wither the heart, of a man who had been constantly occupied in calculations and business; when it is considered that the same name is found at the bottom of the Administration of Finance and of "The Fatal Consequences of a Single Fault," that the same man, at an advanced age, suddenly displays, in addition to his acknowledged talents, the grace of youth, the passion of mature age, and an

inexpressible delicacy of sentiment, which blends at once the freshness of first impressions, and the consciousness of a long and honourable retrospect,—it appears as if age, at least my father's age, no longer seemed the decline of life, but the commencement of immortality. I protest that in the last years of his existence he seemed to have assumed something celestial in his look and in his language. It was this renewal of strength and of sensibility on which my hopes were founded. I saw in it a new pledge of the duration of his life, and heaven seemed to descend into his heart by anticipation.

It was during the illness of my mother, and particularly since her death, which took place ten years ago, that my father's private character has been most known. It is impossible to convey an idea of his care and assiduity during her long illness. She had frequently sleepless nights; and in the day-time she would sometimes sleep with her head reclined upon her husband's arm. I have seen him remain motionless for hours together, upright, in the same position, for fear of awaking her by the smallest motion; and the cares he lavished on her were not those which virtue only inspires; they were full of tenderness and affection, animated by that spark of love which pure hearts preserve through the sufferings of years.

My mother was fond of hearing music during her illness, and she had musicians to come to her every evening, that the impression made by their sounds might sustain her soul in that elevated thought which alone gives to death an air of melancholy and peace. In the last hour of her life, wind instruments continued to play in the chamber adjoining her's; and I cannot express the effect of the contrast between the different expressions of the airs and the uniform sentiment of sadness that filled the heart at the idea of death. Once in the course of her sickness the musicians disappointed her, and my father desired me to play on the piano-forte. After having executed some pieces, I began to sing the air from Oedipus at Colonus, by Sacchini, the words of which recal the cares of Antigone:

Elle m'a prodigué tendresse et ses soins,
Son zele dans mes maux m'a fait trouver des charmes, &c.

On hearing it, my father shed a torrent of tears. I was obliged to stop. And I saw him for many hours at the feet of his dying wife, abandon himself to that deep, that unconstrained emotion, which evinced nothing of the great man, of the man involved in great thoughts and important interests, except a heart of sensibility, a heart melting with tenderness and affection.

My mother died. It was not in the wildness of despair that a grief which was to end only with life displayed itself. From the first moment my father employed himself in executing the last wishes of my mother relative to her interment, with a presence of mind evincing surely a more profound sensibility than that which would manifest itself only by vehement distress; a sensibility which concentrated all its force to accomplish all its duties. I entered his chamber some hours after the death of my mother. His window towards Lausanne looked on one of the most magnificent prospects of the Alps, and they were illuminated by the beautiful rays of the morning. "Her spirit, perhaps, is hovering there," said he to me, in pointing to a light cloud which was flying over our heads; and he was silent. Ah! why was he not doomed to utter the same words of me; near him I should have felt no terrors of death, so well did he represent to me the effect of religion! I beheld him as long as he remained on the earth, and now I must accomplish alone the last tedious half of my existence.

Much has been said of the anxiety my mother carried with her to the tomb. She had seen frightful examples of precipitate burials when engaged with the hospitals, and her imagination had been struck with

them. She was always strongly bent on having her ashes united with my father's, and her passion for him made her ardently cling to this intent. In my opinion, nothing of this kind should astonish a mind sufficiently thoughtful to enter into the idea of death in the midst of life. Men are perhaps in the right, in general, to seek in the distraction of business an oblivion of the human destiny; for its contemplation is revolting to those who know not how to live, occupied with vulgar interests and common ideas; but when religion, love, or misfortune, fix us in solitude, and two beings who love each other advance together towards the tomb, nothing, I own, is more natural than that imagination and sensibility which endeavours to smooth the idea of death, and seems in some measure to deceive itself as to the separation it imposes.

It is madame Necker's testamentary wishes that I explain here. One only sentiment could guide her husband, which was to fulfil them in all things. He did nothing in this respect either for himself or her which she did not dictate. Guardian of her tomb for ten years, the interests of the moment never distracted him from her memory. I possess two compositions of my father, written for himself only, at the time of my mother's death. In one of them he retraces all the motives he has to regret her; and in the other he interrogates himself on the proofs of affection he had given her while she lived, in order to combat the inconceivable apprehension he harboured of not having been sufficiently mindful of her happiness. He brought to his mind every possible circumstance in which he might have afflicted her or made her happy, and soothes or torments himself according as he is satisfied or not with his inward intentions. He is scrupulous towards his imagination, as well as his recollections. His words, his actions, the whole tenor of his life, does not satisfy him; he retires into the sanctuary of his heart to judge of the attention he has experienced. I know no where, in history or in romance, a perfection of tenderness to be compared with this. These compositions reveal new faculties of the heart; a love pure as that which is divine; agitated as that which is earthly; full of delicacy and passion; full of remorse where no faults have been committed.

Undoubtedly my father preserved a constant veneration, a profound attachment, towards my mother to her last hour; but I have enjoyed some years during which I and my children have almost engrossed among us this exalted man, as perfect in his domestic affections as in his most elevated conceptions. He wrote to me last winter, "That he felt himself better adapted for a private than a public man, he felt so much pleasure in his family attachments!" All that surrounded him felt the influence of his perfect goodness, beneficence, generosity, willing attentions to society; all had their place in his breast, and none were neglected.

When the French entered Switzerland, my father, by one of the laws of the reign of terror, was found, although a foreigner (Geneva not being then united with France), on the list of emigrants.—He had been inscribed there in 1793, at the time he defended the king, and wilfully exposed himself by this action to the loss of the whole of his fortune in France. Many persons were uneasy at Mr. Necker's situation at Coppet, the first frontier-town that the French army were to occupy. He would not retire, and we remained in our residence, trusting to the instructions that the directory might have given, and to the personal sentiments of the French officers. We were not deceived in either of these hopes. The French generals showed my father the most flattering and grateful regard, and the directory unanimously erased his name from the list.—Still there was some cause of inquietude, at a moment when, by the letter of the law, every man inscribed on the list of emigrants, and found in the terri-

tory occupied by the French armies, was sentenced to suffer death. But my father, who exaggerated every danger that concerned my mother or myself, would not suffer me to make the shadow of an objection to his resolution of remaining at Coppet. Curiosity having attracted our tenants to the road, we were entirely alone at the critical moment of the arrival of the French in Switzerland.

For some days previous to this, my father's first concern had been to look out among his papers and burn all those which might commit any persons, even the eulogies of which he himself was the object. I will relate one fact among a thousand of his punctilious delicacy in all that regarded others. A poor fellow of Vesoul had written to him some years before, when he passed through that town, disclaiming the wrongs of his fellow-citizens towards him: he expresses himself with an eloquent warmth against those who could be wanting in respect to the name of Necker. My father set a great value on this letter, which soothed his painful recollection of Vesoul; but fearing that this man might be exposed if he were known, he effaced his signature with so much care, that, on finding this letter among my father's papers, after his death, I was unable to discover the name of the writer.

How many good and generous things, of every description, has he not concealed from me and others, not from intending to suppress them, but from forgetting to tell them! Only a few days since, I learnt a new instance of his delicacy, of a nature altogether singular, if attentively considered. He had let a house, at a reasonable rate, near Coppet, to a family not very rich: when this family left it, a woman, possessed of some fortune, wished to hire this house at a lower rate, and for that purpose so persecuted him, that he consented. But he persuaded himself that he ought to restore to the poor family all that exceeded this latter price which they had been paying him for many years; and he wrote to them to accept of this restitution, of a nature entirely novel. To have offered the same sum in pure generosity would have been an action very simple; but to have done so from conscientious scruples, is a circumstance in its nature unexampled.

Mr. Necker had lost, by the revolution in Switzerland, and the sequestration of his deposit in France, three-fourths of his fortune; and even to his death the world was much deceived as to what he possessed, because they judged by his gifts. In the distribution of his donations, he was impelled by no personal motives; and even among his enemies he sought unfortunate objects to relieve. No ostentation ever attached to this generosity: no ostentation, but at the same time no affectation of mystery. The simplicity of his character and conduct instructed no one in his virtues who did not feel them of themselves; and his moral perfection, like something which is at once great and well-proportioned, disclosed itself only in the course of time. He had so much sincerity in the whole of his being, that, to study the indications of what is truly noble and admirable, a writer could not do better than devote himself to examine the actions, manners, and words of Mr. Necker, the strong or gentle expression he made use of, the fitness and weight of what he uttered, his emphasis, the language of his physiognomy, in fine, all that harmony of truth, which is better felt than described, which the meditating mind may analyse on seeing it, but which can never be imitated without the aid of a similar nature.

My father subjected himself to principles rigidly austere in the smallest actions of his life no less than the greatest; but he had an indulgence for others, which resulted not only from his goodness, but from his perfect knowledge of the human heart. To his predilection for talent, for wit, for imagination, he united a perfect good will for those

men not merely occupied with their habitual ideas, but from whom he could collect any positive information of whatever kind. Sometimes he indulged in pleasantries on those about him; but he had so much grace and sagacity in his humour, that the happiest moments of my life were those when he made me the object of this talent. I never saw him out of humour, except with incapacity. When a man was able in any way, in business, in art, or science, or even trade, who had perfected himself in any one faculty, ranged through a circle of ideas, whatever was the centre, he was sure of his consideration. Even the mediocrity which displeased him he tolerated with gentleness, for fear of giving pain, a fear with him all-powerful, for he experienced in a supreme degree the sympathy of pity. Amiable sentiment! without which we must all fear each other, but most admirable in the bosom of a superior being, when it falls like a dew on the arid surface of life.

My father was at once a man the most commanding and the least to be dreaded; a man before whom I should most fear to blush, but before whom I could with most confidence shed tears of repentance; before whom I would have justified myself, not by demonstration and evidence, but in confiding my wrongs to him as to the Divinity, in imparting to him my inmost thoughts, in pouring my soul into his bosom, that he might restore it to me improved. None, I believe, ever inspired confidence and respect in the same degree. No one knew better how to encourage the most pleasing familiarity, without the smallest sacrifice of that simple dignity which checked it with a word, if that word became necessary. I have seen him surrounded by my children, inviting to his table companions of their age, and so venerable in the midst of his goodness, that he imparted a sentiment of admiration and tenderness by his condescension and even his gaiety.

It was painful to him to be old. His form, which had become clumsy, and which rendered his motions difficult, created in him a timidity that diverted him from mixing in the world. He got into his carriage the moment he was observed: he only walked when he could not be seen. In fine, his imagination loved the grace of youth; and sometimes he said to me, "I don't know why I am humiliated with the infirmities of age, but I feel I am." And it was to this sentiment he was indebted for being loved as a young man. I believe he was the only person in the world who could inspire a mixture of respect and interest towards age, which formed a feeling entirely new.

The feebleness of age, combining with strength of mind, justness of wit, a true appreciation of every thing at the moment of separation from all the treasures acquired by a long train of thought, that sensibility always combining with melancholy ideas, formed around my father something of the glory of futurity, a kind of empyreal veil, which often made the most mournful impression on me, an impression nevertheless of love, an impression that a young man might excite, if he were seized with a threatening consumption, if a gloom hung over his existence, and the feelings he created oppressed the heart that sought in vain to dismiss them.

It might be clearly seen that my father partook of all the troubles of life, that he opposed no natural impression of received maxims, or of official councils, that he penetrated into your bosom to console you, and placed himself exactly in your position to judge of your case. Nobody experienced more than I that ingenuous bounty, which made him conceive the sentiments of another age, of another situation than his own, I will not only say with justice, but with a partiality against himself. He resided in a country which was not my country, where the sciences are infinitely more cultivated than literature; he was sensibly alive to

the misfortune which made me experience the contention of my tastes, between my friends who called me back to France, and the pain of leaving him even for a few months. He took my part against others, sometimes against myself, and with earnestness, when I now and then reproached myself, in not knowing, like him, how to support the want of that emulation of thought and of distinction which doubles life and its resources; he encouraged me in my bias towards France; he cherished the recollections he had left there, and endeavoured, to the utmost of his power, to preserve that country to my family.

I saw him, oh Heaven! for the last time, on that adieu the most tender, the most fraught with the prospect of a speedy re-union, that our blind hopes had ever experienced. Mr. Mathieu de Montmorenci, whom the highest virtues never divert from the delicate attentions of friendship, —Mr. de Montmorenci, already so respectable, and always generous, was then at Coppet with me. He saw my father employ himself in the smallest particulars that related to my happiness. He saw him bless me: ah! that blessing, which Heaven has not confirmed! In that absence I was to lose my father, brother, friend; he whom I would have chosen as the sole object of my affection, had not Heaven created me in another generation.

No one like him has ever imparted the idea of a guardianship almost supernatural. The characteristic of his mind was the art of finding resources in almost all difficulties, and his character was that rare combination of prudence and activity which provides for every thing without compromising any thing. During the troubles in France, even when I was separated from him, I believed myself preserved by him. I never imagined any great misfortune could reach me. He lived; I was sure he would come to my assistance, and that his eloquent language and venerable ascendancy would have snatched me from the recesses of a prison, had I been thrown there. In writing to him, I almost always called him my tutelar angel. It was thus that I felt his influence; and it seemed to me that the responsibility of my fate concerned him more than myself. I depended on him to repair my faults: nothing appeared to me without remedy during his life. It is only since his death that I have really known terror, and that I have lost that sanguine temper of youth which leans on its own strength to obtain all it wishes. My strength was his; my confidence was derived from his support. Does this protecting genius still exist around me? Will he tell me what to hope or fear? Will he guide my steps? Will he extend his wings over my children, whom he has blest with his dying voice? And can I discern him sufficiently in my heart to consult him and listen to him still?

My father allowed me, in his retirement, to converse with him many hours every day. I never feared to interrupt him, and on all subjects I asked his opinion. He composed all his works at certain fixed hours in the day, without ever having neglected either his business or his friends; and when I happened to go into his study, even during these hours, I was sure of obtaining a look which told me it gave him pleasure. O! that look, that paternal welcome, I shall never receive it again! I am there, in that very study, surrounded by objects that belonged to him, my whole thought, my whole heart, calls on him, but in vain! O! what then is that barrier which separates the living from those who are no more! It must needs be terrible; for a being so good, a being who so much loved me, a witness of my despair, surely, if it were in his power, would come to my assistance.

One of the great charms of my intercourse with my father was his lively relish of all the events of life. He was not fond of these conversations which turn merely on abstract questions. He had such a

store of ideas that it was impossible to furnish him with any new ones; but as he was particularly to be admired for his acquaintance with the human heart, all that tended to develope the characters and passions of men sensibly interested him.—Nothing wearied him so much as general ideas when they were common. "Yes," said he to me once, "I had rather a man came and told me the simplest fact, described to me what colour the carriage was he had just met in the street, than to come, like a spark of the day, with 'I don't know, sir, whether you are of my way of thinking, but it is my opinion that self-love is the great *mobile* of all our actions,' or any other maxim equally hackneyed." The taste which I knew belonged to my father for facts and for characters, had induced me never to distract my attention from these objects, and I learnt nothing, I remarked nothing, that I did not connect with the idea of relating or writing it to him. When I was at a distance from my father I still lived with him by the pleasure of collecting all that could give animation to our conversations on his return, or by acquainting him in advance with all I knew. He has often told me that he desired nothing in the world but my recitals, and that it was sufficient to send me abroad for them, to enjoy all their amusement without fatigue. He listened with so much interest, there was so much pleasure in telling them to him, that I cease to recognize myself, now that my life is arrested, and I can no longer give him an account of it. The greatest events have passed before me like shadows; his reflections, his thoughts, his sentiments could no longer give them a being in my eyes.

When I was absent from him he was constantly present to me, not only from his interest in all the events of life, but from his still more intimate concern for my fate, and that of my children. In my last and fatal journey, what precautions did he not devise to protect me and my daughter against what he called the dangers of the road! His adorable letters all contain long details on this subject, and sometimes he even almost apologized for it, in owning that his continual uneasiness arose from paternal weakness. I was so well acquainted with that angelic weakness, I enjoyed it with so much voluptuousness, that one day near Naumberg, in Germany, in our way to Berlin, my daughter and I fell into the snow, and, when we were extricated, I took so great a pleasure in relating our adventure at Coppet, to see him tremble for us in all that had passed, vexing himself with me and those about me. Ah! we are thus beloved only by a father, by a father in years, who no longer believes in the certainty of life; our cotemporaries are so sanguine, both with respect to themselves and us! Delicious protection! that of a generation which precedes us. Disinterested love! love that makes us feel every moment that we are young, that we are beloved, that the earth is still our own! Ah! when this generation passes away, we feel ourselves in our turn unsheltered from death, and left the foremost to encounter him.

In the spring of this terrible year I was happy in Germany. I had recovered a spirit of emulation by the residence I had made in a country sincere, enlightened, enthusiastic, and which had deigned to receive the daughter of Mr. Necker, as if Germany had been the spot where he had consecrated his fortune, his virtues, and his genius. In the letters of recommendation my father had given me, he called me "his only and cherished daughter," and noble minds thought well of her whom such a man had honoured with such a name. I know not whether Providence designed that the thunder should reach me in the midst of happiness; but my mind, chilled by bitter ingratitude, had been restored in receiving a generous welcome. I had formed plans of works to make known the

German literature in France; I had collected a world of notes to converse with my father, to ask his advice on subjects of all descriptions; I had amused myself in calculating minutely on the almanack the precise day of my departure; and my my father, jesting on my mania for dates, wrote to me, that, on the same day, at the same hour, he should quit Geneva to return and wait for me at Coppet. In fine, and it is this circumstance that should alarm the human destiny, my father, in the last of his letters which preceded his illness, wrote to me, "My child, enjoy without inquietude all the pleasure you meet with in the society of Berlin, for I have not felt for a long time past so good a state of health." These words had lulled me into a security altogether foreign to my habitual character. My life had never passed so lightly; never was I more completely distracted from all those thoughts which forerun affliction. On the morning of the 18th of April, one of my friends placed upon my table at Berlin two letters which announced the illness of my father. The courier who brought them, the terrible intelligence he was charged with, was all concealed from me. That very moment I set out; but even till I came to Wiemar the idea that I had been deceived, the idea that he was no more, had not glanced on my mind. When I could no longer doubt it, I believe my most cruel enemies would have pitied what I suffered; but it is not to obtain pity that I say it: in France, particularly, this sentiment seems to have been long exhausted. I speak of myself only to assist a true estimation of him, by the impression he made on one susceptible of distractions, on one who but for him never would have plunged so deeply into the abysses of life.

To say that death would have been preferable to the grief I then experienced, is to say nothing.—Who has not felt this emotion for a much less calamity? But I would convey an idea of all that was unique in the character of my father, and in his influence on the happiness of others. If I were told, "You shall be reduced to the most complete poverty, but you shall have your father in his youth as the companion of your life," the most delightful futurity would present itself to my imagination; I should see his intelligence re-commencing our fortune; his dignity supporting my consideration; the variety of his mind preserving me from the monotony of life, and his ingenuous devotion to all he loved, leading me to discover a thousand enjoyments combined by hope and moderation. If I were told, "You are going to lose your sight; all that nature which surrounds you is going to vanish from your eyes; you shall no more see your children, but your father will be your cotemporary; he will give you his arm; you will hear his voice; your father, who is never weary of misfortune, whose pity was inexhaustible, who possessed the most admirable talent of consoling, the most ingenuous solicitude to soothe the soul; your father, to whom you opened your whole soul, will accompany all your steps in life"—I should cherish such a lot more than independence without support.

My father, in the spring of that year, lived at Geneva, surrounded by his friends, and particularly by his elder brother, whom he had always esteemed and cherished from the bottom of his heart; his niece, my dearest friend, the daughter of the celebrated physician of Saussure, was also near him. It was she who, like a sister, replaced me in my absence. Madame Necker, of Saussure has had the art of comprising, in the most regular circle of domestic life, a superior mind, and her disposition, practised in every affection, was a surety to me that she would have hastened to recal me if my father's health had given her any inquietude. A violent and rapid disorder seized him almost at the moment when the

physicians thought him quite restored from some infirmities of the winter, at the moment when he was most enjoying life, when, in all the vigour of his intellect and feeling, he might for many years have continued to make himself illustrious by his writings, and directed the fate of my children. I have found, in the notes which he had written for his own use, words full of serenity, of happiness, and tenderness. "Seventy," says he, "is an agreeable age for writing. You have not yet lost your powers; envy begins to forsake you; and you hear, in advance, the soft voice of posterity."

"You are old (says he, somewhere else), but full of life in your love for your children: must all this be deposited in the bosom of the grave?"

Ah! he regretted us, and we could not retain him; and when he wrote, in one of his thoughts, "In losing a friend we think only of our own regret; ought we not also to think of the regret of that friend in parting from those he loves!" it seems to me that he was still fond of life. Affections so gentle, and recollections so pure, no doubt in all situations impart a value to existence; it is in the season of the passions that the heart is torn with bitterness.

Many times, in our conversations, my father mildly lamented seeing his years hasten away. Once he said to me, "Why am I not your brother?—I should protect you throughout your life." My God! to a truly feeling heart such reflections should bring instant death.

It was sometimes a cruel reflection to love so ardently a man so much older than yourself, to have no power over that invincible necessity which is one day to separate you, to break the heart against that barrier, to feel that he would wish to live for you, live to love you, and to be incapable of snatching from your own bosom that life which agitated you, that life which devours you, at least to share it with him.

One of the most surprising wonders in the moral world is that forgetfulness of death in which we all exist, that frivolity of sensations which makes us float so lightly on the waves. I am not astonished that susceptible minds, suddenly seized with this idea, should have retired to the solitude of cloisters, and surrounded themselves with the most gloomy objects, to establish the more harmony between their early and their later days. Alas! we know not in youth, we know not till the arrival of some great misfortune, what it is to trust to our fate no more. Not a day do I separate myself from the objects that are left to me; but every noise seems to come from that messenger at Berlin who changed my destiny for ever; poetry, music, those inexhaustible sources of tender melancholy, painfully affect my heart with bitter soothings; I cannot persuade myself that he is not present, that my tears will not recal him to life; those deep emotions, once so delicious, those emotions to which I am indebted for talent and enthusiasm, only tend to restore in my breast the grief which has been lulled by the common occupations of the journey.

There is a window of my father's cabinet at Coppet which looks on the wood where he had built the tomb of my mother and his own; from this window an avenue also appears, where every time I quitted him he came to bid me adieu, and to salute me with his white handkerchief, which I continued to perceive at a distance. One of the evenings which I passed with him last summer in this same cabinet, after conversing familiarly for some time, I put the question to himself, to him who seemed destined to preserve me from all that could befal me, even from his own loss, what would become of me if ever it must fall to my lot to endure it? "My child," said he to me, with a faultering voice, with an emotion that was celestial, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Ah! the storm has not spared me; and it was at the moment when I was de-

prived of my own country, that another country, my paternal seat, became to me a tomb.

I shall no doubt be blamed for printing among the thoughts my father left behind him those which contain some eulogies on myself; but I do not fear to avow that nothing on earth affords me so much pride as the eulogies bestowed on me by my father. Far from suppressing them, I could have wished to have been able to reprint in this collection both the note relative to me which is annexed to the miscellaneous pieces of my mother, and the letters concerning my fate which he addressed last year to one of the first functionaries of the state. I should have had no enemies. I should only have met with that which was my due, because it was what I experienced, good-will, in shielding myself with this magnificent testimony; but it is at present my ægis, and it shall be my safeguard to the tomb, where we shall one day all three be united.

Let who will then indulge this observation, a mighty pleasant one at the brink of the grave, "that we are a family who praise each other." Yes, we have loved each other, we have felt it necessary to express it, and ever disdaining to repel the attacks of our enemies, to make use of our talents against them, we have opposed them in common with one proud and elevated sentiment, of which I alone am left the sad but faithful repository.

My father writes in one of his notes, "What a singular family is ours!" Singular it is, but may it be permitted to remain so. The crowd will not press in the road it has chosen; and posterity only will pronounce whether my father did right to sacrifice so many immediate advantages to the suffrages of ages.

He particularly admired the expression of St. Augustine, in speaking of the Divinity, "*Patiens quia eternus*," patient because eternal. Man, feeble as he is; man, when he has pretensions to glory, to terrestrial immortality, ought to be patient, if he would wish to be eternal.

My father, as it will be seen in his reflections, often occupied his mind with death. He had endeavoured to render it familiar to his imagination; and perhaps he would have talked of it oftener with me, if the difference of our ages had not made the subject too painful to me. But fortunately this word, the difference of our ages, has only a transient sense. I shall also experience those agonies of that death which he has felt, and when they are advancing on me, he will appear to my imagination; into his arms I shall prepare to throw myself. He says, in one of his notes, "Suppose you have seen the crowd which will attend your funeral, and all is said." Did he figure to himself the profound grief his loss has occasioned? and did his penetrating thought follow the minutiæ of the most terrible images? Passing afterwards to those mournful ideas, to that delicacy of sentiment which no private man, much less public man, ever possessed like him, he remarks on some childish word he had heard from my daughter, a word the sensibility of which had affected him, he adds, in speaking of her, "I wish some one would come and bring me news of her." It is I, my father, who will be the first to bring you those tidings. Ah! Providence, who wishes to retain us sometime on the earth, has done well to cover with a veil the hope of the life to come. If our sight could distinguish clearly the opposite bank, who would remain on this desolate coast!

My father's disorder soon threw him into a delirium. It was then that his soul, without any relation to exterior objects, displayed itself in all its elevation and sensibility. He always spoke of religion with affection and respect: he supplicated with ardour the indulgence and mercy of God. What are we if such a man thought he required forgiveness? He blest his three children; he blest his daughter: placing his hand on his heart, he re-

peated several times, with all the beautiful expression of his countenance, with all the energy of his soul, "She has loved me dearly." Yes, assuredly she has loved you dearly! He was very uneasy about my future lot. Several times in the course of his fever he showed signs of alarm lest his last work might have injured me; he pitied me in losing him. The most tender thoughts engrossed him; his public career, his celebrity, were forgotten; his affections and his virtues predominated in those moments of abasement when ordinary men evince nothing but personalities and weaknesses.

His will begins in these words; "I thank the Supreme Being for the lot he has given me on earth, and I commit with confidence my future destiny to his goodness and mercy." Thus, in spite of all he had suffered, he was content with his destiny, without pride, and without humility; he must have been sensible it had been illustrious, and that time would consecrate its glory.

The last words he uttered were between God and himself. "Great God (he exclaimed), receive thy servant, who is advancing with rapid steps towards death." His prayer has doubtless been heard: Heaven has favoured him, but not his unhappy daughter; she heard not the last accents of his voice; she did not support him at this terrible crisis; she was passing her life in joy and peace at the moment he was perishing.

In his discourse on charity he has said, "How improving, how magnificent, is that last moment, when the good man, looking back on all his past life, can borrow the language of Job, and say with truth, "I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Admirable prediction of his own end! In the same discourse he shows, with a sagacity at once shrewd and affecting, every species of benefit that may be conferred on the afflicted, all the consolations that can be offered to the sufferings of the soul. It is there that may be seen all the inexhaustible resources of a superior mind inspired by goodness. Alas! does it not seem that in the same day, by the same loss, pity decayed and pride was abased; for generous souls were delighted to think that at the foot of the Alps a great and good man applauded their exercises, took part in their troubles, and by his writings still encouraged the love of moral beauty, and that elevation of soul, a chosen and religious joy, which compensates every other. There is now an end of this refuge, there is now an end of the pleasure of being recompensed by the approbation of a virtuous man, by those words so cordial and so soothing which in his noble age he addressed to the young, who were still captivated with proud thoughts. His universal consideration was a powerful authority for the good of all countries; and I am not the only one to feel that death which leaves desert so vast a space in the world, where talent and virtue still find an abode.

The world may certainly have seen careers more fortunate, names more dazzling, fortune more lasting, and success more uniform; but a similar devotion to the French nation, a genius so virtuous, a character so good, a heart so noble and so tender, will be seen no more; neither mankind nor I shall ever see it again.

Coppet, October 25, 1804.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE CHINESE CHARACTERS.

THE Chinese characters are so contrived as to convey to the eye the meaning of ideas both simple and compound; but allusions are made not merely to the general features and qualities of nature, nor to human passions and affections, nor to obvi-

use metaphors and allegories, but to local customs, national habits, and peculiar trains of thinking. To learn the language with facility, a man ought to possess the talent of solving riddles and enigmas; what in conversation or in oratory must be insufferable, every character, however compound, is represented only by a monosyllabic sound; consequently the sound for a compound word has no connection with the sounds for the elements of the compound. With us, such words as house-keeper, chair-man, chamber-maid, table-cloth, would be understood by a foreigner who knew the meaning of the sounds of the component parts: but the Chinese denote the word *happiness*, for instance, by one monosyllabic sound, "*foo*," which is compounded of four distinct characters, signifying, *shee*, a demon, *ye*, one, *koo*, a mouth, and *tien*, a piece of cultivated ground. A man possessing the learning and genius of Aristotle would not necessarily be able to comprehend that the combination of these four symbols designates *happiness*.

The inhabitants of the southern and northern provinces of China do not understand each other in conversation: the sound in Pekin for *one* in Canton expresses *two*. Every province, and, indeed, every district, whose local boundaries are defined, has a peculiar dialect. But the *written* language of China is understood by the inhabitants of Japan, Tonquin, and Cochin-China: though, if pronounced, it is mutually unintelligible.

Hence it appears, that the scheme of a philosophical and universal character, which so many European sages have laboured to invent, has been introduced and completely established in the east of Asia. By a universal character is meant such a one as will make those intelligible to each other in *writing* who are not so in *speech*. No European could expect that the use of such a character would extend beyond the people of Europe and their descendants in both hemispheres, but the Chinese character is used by several independent nations, and by a portion of the human race at least twice as numerous as the Turks and christians in Europe, and the whites in America taken together.

X.

For the Literary Magazine.

PETER PORTASTER'S *Notification-Recommendatory* of the Article AMERICAN LETTERS, in the Boston Review.

Mr. Editor,

IN the Monthly Anthology [a word from the Greek, signifying *to gather flowers*] and Boston Review, for February last, there is an account of *The American Letters*, lately published, by a Native of Pennsylvania; which displays such *unusual* talents for *selecting the beautiful*, and breathes a spirit so *patriotic*, in a vein of such accurate, and candid criticism; that I have been induced to undertake the friendly task of comparing, *for the benefit of your Readers*, the Boston Critic, with the Pennsylvanian Tourist. The Man of taste will be surprised to find how *exactly* the opinions of the Anthologist will coincide with his own.

The Reviewer begins his remarks with a truth that no one can dispute, who is *at all* acquainted with the state of American Literature, namely, that "no book was ever less "wanted than the Pennsylvanian's;" and he justly complains, that "his "track is so faint" [that is, that he says so little about himself, and the *usual* personalities of *where* HE lodged, and *what Great Man* HE dined with] "that we are half the "time out of sight of our guide."

The perpetual "Columbianisms," or references to American history, American manners, and American scenery, with which the work abounds (under the idle apprehension that such trite allusions could be agreeable to an *American* Reader, or, indeed, to any Reader whatever) are reprobated with deserved severity. Such (for instance) as where "the Pennsylvanian" calls the Black Forest,

'the impenetrable retreat of German Barbarians, in the days of all-conquering Rome, as are now the Back-Woods of America, to the copper-coloured Race, whom we, in our turn, call Indian Savages.'

Where he mentions the jealous watchfulness with which the Swiss republics guarded their political institutions from the intervention of Foreigners; and takes occasion to remark that

'In America the love of equal freedom has carried the liberal Framers of our Constitutions to an opposite extreme. The rapid influx of *Foreigners* (says he) admitted almost without restriction to every privilege of Citizenship, may imperceptibly *alienate* the Public Councils, as well as the National manners of our peaceful Country.'

And where he declares that a true Son of Columbia will return from Foreign Countries,

'no longer apprehensive of serious injury to the State from Fellow-Citizens, of either Party, who alike administer its Government, under the check of election, and the pledge of responsibility: though he may lament that a change in the presidency must displace the Servants of the Public, through every grade of Administration; and that the test of eligibility, with the People themselves, is not so much those old-fashioned qualifications, plain-sense and inflexible integrity, as the eloquence of a Barrister, or the zeal of a Partizan. For my own part (exclaims our Author) at that amalgamating distance, I could see but one spot in my beloved Country—It is a dark one—but time and principle are wearing it out—I trust in God the Advocates for European Despotism will not much longer be allowed to say, "Nothing is hereditary—but *Slavery*—in the American Republic!"

Enough of these "Columbian-"isms."—Yet they are so natural to a Western Traveller, that it is difficult perhaps for a *Native* American to avoid them—however desirable it may be.

"The Cathedral of Berne," says the learned Critic (without citing his authority) "is the most "imposing and solemn Gothic "pile in Europe." Again (with equal accuracy and elegance), "The next objects of grandeur "in Switzerland to the Alps sur-"round the Lake of the Four "Cantons. Mr. S. has passed "this Lake, and passed it *with-"out observation*. Its borders "are the extent of the sublimest "scenery."

Mr. S. (it is true) *only* mentions this same Lake of the Four Cantons in *three different* places; *one* of which I should quote, if it were not rather *long* for my purpose*.

"Of the political changes and "oppressions," says the clear-sighted Anthologist, or *Gatherer of the flowers of Literature*, "of "the old states of Milan, Lodi, "*Parma*, Modena, Bologna, he "says *nothing*."

And it must be allowed to be strictly true that *nothing at all* transpires, upon that head, from the superficial Writer of The American Letters, but such obscure hints as the following; from which it is plain, that *no political* ideas can *possibly* be collected—even by optics *more* capable of seeing through a mill-stone than those of the penetrating Anthologist.

* See Vol. I. pp. 66 to 71 inclusive.

'The Duke of Parma is suffered to preserve his dominions, whilst all around him crouches under the ascendancy of France; under favour of his affinity to the crown of Spain—the tributary ally of *la grande Nation*. The connection is of a degree of consanguinity, common in the Royal Families of Spain and Portugal; though forbidden by the canons of the Church. If I mistake not, the mixed relationship (for I have never studied the genealogy of Princes—lineal, or collateral, with profound attention) the present king married the sister of the present duke; and the duke's son—now, *by the grace of Bonaparte*, king of Etruria, married the king's daughter. This is now the only part of Italy, north of the Apennines, that wears its old political face—powdered with Princes, and patched with Priests. Near the town we met four monks—big and burly, taking the air in the duke's coach; and the sentinels, who demanded our passports at the gate, were dressed in white (the Bourbon uniform) and wore their hair in clubs and powder, instead of the *sans-culotte* crop.'

"How cold and stupid must he "be," says the Boston Reviewer, and Monthly Anthologist, or *Gatherer of the flowers of Literature* (I love to give the whole name, as the Vicar used to say, when speaking of Miss Carolina, Wilhelmina, Amelia—Skeggs*)—"How cold and stupid must he "be, who has gazed on the figures "of Day and Night, and of mor-"ning and evening Twilight [at "Florence] not to mention *more* "than their *mere* names and "place! *Who* could view these (exclaims the indignant Critic—kindling into wrath) without "beholding the splendour of Day, "breaking from a body of mar-"ble? or without feeling his "whole soul overshadowed with "the thick and impenetrable "darkness of Night? Or *who* (continues the *clear-sighted* Anthologist) would not perceive "his sight was dimmed, and that "light was mysteriously stealing "away from every surrounding "object, in the effect of the fi-"gures of Twilight? These are "the powers of a genius so bright, "so mysterious, and so—dark, as "that of Michael Angelo!"

Have patience, gentle Reader, and thou shalt hear how the effect of these impressive objects has been *dissipated* by the "cold and stupid" genius of "the Pennsylvanian" Tourist.

'Behind the high altar of the Church of San Lorenzo, is the costly Mausoleum of the Medicean Princes, which remained unfinished, when the aspiring Family became extinct. It is an octagon of fifty feet diameter, crowned with a dome; the walls of which are lined with Sicilian jasper, and richly inlaid with precious stones. Upon six of its sides are marble sarcophaguses, designed by the prolific genius of Michael Angelo, two of which are surmounted by Regal crowns, placed upon cushions of red jasper, and studded with transparent gems. Near it is the *Capella de Principi*—a secluded chapel, designed by the same creative pencil, and filled by the same various hand, with the tombs of Giuliano duke of Nemours, and brother of Leo X and Lorenzo duke of Urbino, on the right and left of the altar. Each of them exhibits its princely Occupant, in complete armour, sitting, within a niche, behind his tomb; the former accompanied by recumbent figures of Day and Night; the latter by Day-Break and Twilight—ideas happily emblematic of monumental fame, in which—as in the parish register,

——to be born and die
Of Rich and Poor makes all the history.'

"In his letter on Florence," says this *admirable critic* (who appears to have taken the *length* and *breadth* of every sentiment by *a stop-watch**) "the Author

* Goldsmith—Vicar of Wakefield—Sketches of High Life.

* Sterne—Cant of Criticism—Garrick's *unusual* pauses in the Soliloquy of Richard III.

" has said little of this intellec-
" tual prodigy [Michael Angelo],
" of the bright Galileo," &c.—
" And he might have done *more*
" than *merely* to mention the *name*
" of Americus Vespucius."

What says " the Pennsylvanian" ? Why, among other cursory remarks, which can only occupy the critical Reader, while he might pull out his *time-piece*, and *set it to the moment*,

" The Pennsylvanian," it is true, says something, in a note, about *the persecution of Galileo by the Bigots of his Age;* and he begins a letter with mentioning *the birth-place of Americus Vesputius, the reputed Discoverer of the Western Continent:* but as he presently loses sight of that Hero in a " fulsome" effusion to the memory of " one" Christopher Columbus, the Reader will spare us the invidious task of " trou-
" bling" him with the repetition of such *unmeaning* rhapsodies; which must be *particularly* disgusting to " an American." For as the Critic observes *(with unexampled nationality)* " our author is *an Ame-*
" *rican*, and for that reason *troubles*
" his Countrymen with his Travels."

Lest the epithet " one," apparently so contemptuous, should be thought to be *unfairly* cited, from the Boston Inspector of *American* Productions, I think it prudent to give the expression *literally*. It occurs in speaking of the obscure Proprietor of Bush-Hill, and The Woodlands, two Mansion-Houses, whose turrets are not quite out of sight of *a town called* Philadelphia, one of which (like the chief seat of the Earls of Tilney, near London) is neglected by the tasteless owner for more favourite retreats; and the grounds of the other (like the Royal Gardens at Kew) are open to Visitors of genteel appearance from morning till night.

" The Work," says he, " is
" dedicated to *a Mr.* Hamilton,
" partly on account of his libe-
" ral application to Horticulture.',

A Mr. Hamilton, as a body might say, in speaking of *such people*, as the QUINCYS and the CODDINGTONS of Massachusetts, the LIVINGSTONS and the VAN RENSSELAERS of New York, the PINCKNEYS of Carolina, and the CARROLS and the RANDOLPHS of Maryland and Virginia. Yet, if the Boston Reviewer had ever peeped into the History of Pennsylvania, he might

' The Cathedral Church, remarkable for the first dome that was raised in Europe, after the decline of the Roman Empire, was begun in 1294 by Arnolfo, the disciple of Cimabue, and finished in 1445 by Brunellesco, the contemporary of Michael Angelo. *The Prince of Architects* is *here* said to have complimented his Fellow Citizen, when he was himself employed in swelling the hemisphere of St. Peter's, in an Italian adage, *Come te non volo; meglio de te non posso* [I will not imitate thee, though I cannot excel.]. But this unmerited flattery savours too little of the conscious superiority of genius, ever to have escaped the Painter of the Prophets and Sibyls of the *Capella Sistina*. The dome of *Santa Maria del fiore* (for most of the Cathedrals of Italy are dedicated to the Virgin) is nothing more than a vast and gloomy concave, dimly impressed with the innumerable figures of the Last Judgment—trembling before the dreaded Tribunal of final recompenses; while the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, inclosed below it from vulgar profanation, swarms alike with Equivocal Beatitudes, and Candidates for Purgatory. Behind the dingy altar is a marble *Pieta* [the mournful Mother weeping over the body of her Son] said to be the last work of Michael Angelo—at which the superannuated sculptor was arrested by the hand of Death.'—' In the Church of Santa Croce, belonging to a convent of Benedictines, a Gothic edifice, erected by Arnolfo, in 1294, are seen a number of interesting monuments; particularly those of Galileo—the precursor of Astronomical truth, and of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, who died at Rome in his 89th year, but was here interred, by command of the reigning Duke.'

have come across some of the chapters which make mention of *one* JAMES HAMILTON, who was twice Lieutenant Governor, in the last years of the Proprietaries. *This same* insignificant Personage was besides the earliest patron of *a Mr.* West (another *Native of Pennsylvania*) of whom *possibly* the Reviewer may have heard—*as sometime* President of the Royal Academy; and if he ever turned over the frivolous Account of the Adventures of a Printer's Boy, with which *his Countryman* DR. FRANKLIN has "troubled" the world, he may perchance have stumbled upon the lucky accident by which *young Ben* got a birth in the ship's cabin, on his first voyage across the Atlantic. It was neither more *nor less* than the detention of *a certain* ANDREW HAMILTON (the father of *the aforesaid James*, and the grandfather of *the said Mister*), for whose accommodation the cabin had been engaged, and stores provided, to which *Franklin* (*lucky dog!*) fell heir; as *the said Andrew* (being a lawyer of little note) was sent for, express, after the vessel had dropped down the river, to be retained in some trifling cause, then pending in Pennsylvania. "Partly "on account of his liberal applica-"tion to Horticulture."—*Novices* in criticism may think this might have been (at worst) a *venial* sin, in the estimation of a *professed Gatherer of flowers:* but the Boston Florist had never gathered any, himself, in such a garden as The Woodlands, nor ever heard of any body else that had.—How should he? Since the Woodland Collection of Plants has not been more than thirty years in forming, and does not contain above three thousand varieties, at the most—whether the same be particularised by such vulgar "Indianisms," as squashes—and pumpkins—and *calabashes*; or ramified and graduated, *secundum artem*, by the "hotch-potch" nomenclature of Professor LINNÆUS, himself, into classes, genera, and species—*descripts*, or *non-descripts*, in the *hocus pocus* vocabulary of Scientific Classification*!

"We are now," says the Anthologist (on the author's arriving at Rome) "in the ancient Capi-"tal of the World, and seem for "ever to have lost our Guide "among ruined Temples, and "falling Monuments. We some-"times see him leaning against "a tottering column, and some-"times catch him gliding through "the broken arches of huge "aqueducts; and so do we the "lean and cold-blooded Priest, "and the fat and sweltering Ca-"puchin. Here again (contin-ues the calm Reviewer) is the "same *fulsome* inflation of the "Writer's style, and, because "his subject is more sublime, he "thinks he must become more "turgid. It will be too fatiguing "to us, and too uninteresting to "our readers, to trace the heavy "and Gothic feet of our author, "through the solemn and dark "ruins of Imperial Rome. We "will not profane its deep gloom, "and awful assemblage of stu-"pendous objects, by here hold-"ing communion with him.

"Of St. Peter's he has said "much, and much incorrectly. "In his history of it he asserts "that it was three hundred years "in building; it was but a hun-"dred and six. Instead of its "being begun in 1450, in the

* I say nothing of such elegant *Anglicisms* as toad-flax, or deadly-night-shade [the Antirrhinum Linaria, and Atropa Belladonna, of Linnæus] still less will I perplex my text with such unintelligible *double-meanings* as Fly-trap, or Snap-dragon [the Dionæa Muscipula, and Antirrhinum majus, of the Schools.]

" time of Pope Nicholas fifth, it " was commenced under Julio " second, in 1506," &c.

Now these are historical inaccuracies, which are not to be denied; for although the foundation might have been laid by Nicholas V, the celebrated Restorer of Learning in Italy (as would, indeed, appear from Vasi's Itinerary of Rome) and modern Travellers may aver that the Sacristy was finished by the late Pope, Pius VI, yet the shell of the building was probably run up in little more than a century, as the sapient Critic (no doubt *correctly*) observes.

The Anthologist having vented his spleen in the foregoing placid remarks, it may be deemed somewhat superfluous in him to add:

" We must now confess, that " we have no sympathy in a sin- " gle description of Mr. S. at " Rome; and we can remain " with him there no longer. He " *evidently* has a soul, which can " reflect *no* brightness in the full " splendour of St. Peter's, and " which can feel *no* melan- " choly in the fading glory of the " Coliseum."

Upon this head I shall quote no examples from the Author (the Critic himself has quoted none). Indeed the fact must be so *manifest* to every impartial Reader (whether of *the original Review*, or of these my corroborative strictures) that it would be wasting time to exhibit proofs. Yet if any one should remain dissatisfied with the unbiassed testimony of the Anthologist, who no doubt (according to his bounden duty) has faithfully reported *all the beauties he could find*, I refer the Curious to the first volume of the Letters in question—the historical and philological passages of the second volume having been passed over, by the judicious Critic, as unworthy of any notice or animadversion whatsoever*.

" He speaks of Tivoli," says the learned Reviewer, " as if " its peculiarity consisted in its " having once been a splendid " city, and *not* in the classical " remembrance of the sweet re- " tirement of Horace, where he " spent such merry times with " Mæcenas; *nor* in the splendour " and magnificence of the villas " of Lucullus and Adrian."

In this *single* item I cannot agree with the learned Critic, as the Author (with all his oversights) certainly quotes the *very same* dull passage of Horace, which the profound Anthologist triumphantly displays, as *his own* recollection; and employs, besides, I know not how many pages, in a description of the villa of Adrian, which may be said to be *tediously minute*. The Boston *Naturalist* must have missed whole pages at a time, when scrutinizing the *Hortus-Siccus* of Roman Ruin (no doubt) by unintentional mistake. I shall take him again for my guide, where he so *pertinently* exclaims,

* For a similar instance of calm investigation and acute discernment, I refer the Reader to the opinions of that renowned Critic, Mr. JOHN DENNIS, in his Treatise upon the Life and Writings of Alexander Pope.—" His precepts," says the Sage, " are false or trivial, or " both; his thoughts are crude and " abortive; his expressions absurd; his " numbers harsh and unmusical; his " rhimes trivial and common. Instead " of majesty, we have something that is " very mean; instead of gravity, some- " thing that is very boyish; and instead " of perspicuity and lucid order, we " have, but too often, obscurity and " confusion." Of the Poem called Windsor Forest, saith the learned Critic: " It is a wretched rhapsody, impu- " dently writ in imitation of the Coop- " er's Hill of Sir John Denham. The " Author of it is obscure. He is am- " biguous—affected—temerarious—bar- " barous."

" We cannot refrain from ex-
" tracting the following sinking,
" mock-heroic sentiment:"

' I saw the sun go down on the crumbling walls of the villa of Adrian; and, at ten o'clock at night, as I sit, in a large room, scantily furnished, and hung round with the scrawls of wandering Travellers, I hear the roar of the Anio, and my windows rattle with a rising blast, *that whistles through the shattered columns of the Temple of Vesta.* It reminds me that I am alone, five thousand miles from my own fire-side.—The thought is serious—it stops my rambling pen.'

The words in italics are *unaccountably* left out by the accurate Anthologist; and he commits the same *oversight* in quoting the Author upon the then quiet state of Vesuvius, omitting, *the continual bubbling of the liquid lava*, which produced the sound that *exactly* resembled the boiling of a cauldron.

As Controverters, in vouch'd texts, leave out
*Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt**.

Of the Author's description of the Coast of Baia the Critic coolly says nothing, to leave room for *five* ample quotations of *his own*, from the Latin Poets, " on these subjects of " pleasant enquiry," to use the words of the Anthologist, which are so remarkably adapted to the sublimity of Classical allusion.

" Our Author," says the Critic (summing up the evidence against the Literary Offender, in the style of a Recorder of London, passing sentence of death at the Old Bailey) " does not stand " charged merely with having " violated the laws of writing, " he is still more *criminal* by his " forgery of words. This is a " crime so *atrocious*, that we can " receive no motion for the arrest " of judgment, and no petition for " the extension of pardon. If " the following are not words of " his own formation, they are " *Indianisms*, with which *we* are " not acquainted: from their " *length* we should take them for " the names of Indian roots. " Swamped, insurrectionary, im- " portunacy, romantically."

The decisions of so *profound* a Casuist, of such *a learned Judge*,

*A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!**

will undoubtedly be confirmed in the High-Court of Public Opinion, without exception, or appeal. I shall therefore leave these " atrocious" expressions, to suffer the punishment, justly, due, to their *unpardonable* " criminality:" though I must say that the terms in which sentence hath been passed upon them, remind me of the lenient charges of Chief Justice Jefferies, under the merciful Commission that condemned and executed the Abettors of Monmouth's Rebellion.

" The *laughable* application of " the following terms," says the *hitherto* phlegmatic Anthologist (*now* assuming a *humorous* tone) " brings strongly to our mind " the manner of a Quack's pre- " scription: sinister ray, cubic

* Dr. Donne—Satire II, which is thus versified by Pope:

" As, in quotation, *shrewd Divines* leave out
" Those words that would against them clear the doubt."

* Shakespeare—Merchant of Venice—*Shylock* to Portia; when he awards *him* the forfeit of *his* bond:

" A pound of this same Merchant's flesh is thine,
" The law doth give it, and the Court awards it."

" cottages, transfixed waves, spi-
" ral protuberances, monotony
" of silence, hillocks of the Apen-
" nines, rainbow of a nave, ini-
" mitable taste of time."

These truly ridiculous and unmeaning expressions actually occur in the following passages of our Author. I shall insert some of them, at length; to remove *all doubts* of *my own* veracity, and *that* of a Critic in whose sagacious decisions I shall *ever* be proud to concur.

'The Lake of Brientz is not so wide as that of Thun, being hemmed in by stupendous precipices that descend almost perpendicularly to the water's edge, and render the navigation of it both difficult and dangerous. Dark clouds had already begun to roll round the loftiest peaks, and, as they descended along the ravines, in whelming tornadoes, the last gleam of sunshine—pale and colourless, shot *a sinister ray* athwart impending horrors. Night closed upon us by degrees, and we dashed from wave to wave, in gloomy silence, till the moon arose " in clouded majesty," over the eastern ridges, and lighted us to the place of our destination.'

'A Stranger, at his first visit to St. Peter's, cursorily glances over the marble columns, the brazen gates, and the stuccoed arches of the magnificent vestibule; impatient to open upon the Middle Aisle, six hundred feet long, ninety wide, and a hundred and fifty high. But at first sight of the Corinthian Arcade, glittering in white and gold, it does not strike the disappointed Visitor, as very long, very wide, or very high; for neither length, breadth, nor height predominate, in the dimensions of this peerless Nave; and he doubts, for a moment, whether he yet beholds the largest, as well as the most beautiful Structure that ever was erected by human hands. He compares St. Peter's to the rival Edifices of London, Milan, or Constantinople; and scarcely does he suspect his error, till he approaches one of the fonts, and perceives that the Cherubs which support them are chubby giants.—He looks up again at the resplendent vault, and discovers that he cannot distinctly perceive the variegated fret work of the immense compartments. He turns his eye across the marble pavement, and remarks that he can scarcely hear the distant footstep, that slowly advances on the other side of the Nave. —He darts a glance of astonishment toward the golden tribune, at the west end of the temple, and if the setting sun illumes the brazen Canopy, supported over the Altar of the Dome, by twisted columns, and irradiates the flaming glories that surround the Dove, descending on St. Peter's Chair, as he approaches the *bending radiance*, it will seem to fly before him, *like the rainbow of a passing shower*.'—On entering, for the first time, this imposing Edifice, the eye is too much dazzled by the splendour of the Nave to remark its surrounding accompaniments, however commensurate; and the most attentive observer scarcely descries, athwart the vast arcades, the vaulted roofs of the side chapels, glowing, at an awful elevation, with symbolic imagery, from the Visions of Ezekiel, and the Revelations of John. In six elliptical compartments, three of them on either hand, are displayed, in brilliant mosaics, designed by the first Masters, after the descriptions of the Prophets and Evangelists, the splendid emblems of supernatural agency that visibly accompanied the promulgation of the Law of Moses, and the Gospel of Christ. The religious or poetical Enthusiast may stand astonished under the flying-chariot, of the river of Chebar; or the throne set in heaven, of the Isle of Patmos—the descending Glory that announced the promised Saviour, when he was baptized of John in Jordan; or the opening heavens—as when the martyr Stephen beheld the Son of the Virgin, standing at the right hand of the Father Almighty. But *the rainbow of the Nave* is altogether independent of these sublime *emanations;* and you may *count its colours*, or *pursue its flight*, without ever perceiving the transcendent appendages.'

'Passing by the gate of St. Lawrence [in the suburbs of Rome] may be seen, within the walls, the ruined Temple of Minerva Medica, a majestic decagon, whose soaring dome, irregularly perforated by decay, and hung round with ivy, in *the inimitable taste of Time* and Nature, has long formed one of those picturesque objects, that Artists intuitively select for elegant imitation.'

I have now, *Mr. Editor*, gone through the remarks of this liberal and judicious Critic; and *make no doubt*, that *your Readers* will be satisfied (in the words of the Anthologist) that "when the turgid answers "for the sublime, modern sentimen- "tal conceit for natural and unaf- "fected passion, and hard words for "peculiar ideas, the Pennsylvanian "will be thought a good writer."

I am, sir,

Yours, to serve,

PETER POETASTER,

Professor of Hyper-Criticism in the University of Pennsylvania.

For the Literary Magazine.

JUVENILE ELOQUENCE.

I HAVE been much pleased with perusing an essay or oration, delivered, if I mistake not, by a juvenile orator, and in a juvenile society in this city, which has chanced to fall into my hands. A lively descant upon those motives which should impel young minds in the pursuit of knowledge is closed in the following judicious manner.

"In directing the tendency of our inquiries and researches," says the orator, "it will no doubt be useful, and indeed necessary, always to keep in view one of the maxims of the celebrated Rochefoucault, and to act coincidently with it. "There are," says he, "*two* kinds of curiosity. One of them, arising from interest, instigates us to learn what may be useful: the other, arising from pride, makes us eager to know what others are ignorant of." Let us, therefore, be governed by the nobler principle, whose effects he here delineates, our true interest: it will lead us to know those truths whose dissemination will be productive of utility to others, and highly honourable to ourselves.

"Where the influence of knowledge is directed by the voice of wisdom, man reigns uncontrouled monarch over the powers of darkness and terror; the specious seducements of vice are not suffered to claim an unworthy pre-eminence over the products of virtue; and by attending to our highest interests, subjugating all our attainments to the dominion of real utility, and reducing them to this strict criterion, we advance nearer by imitation to our Divine Original, and approach that SOURCE, in which all perfection is centered, although placed at an infinite distance from our highest ascent!

"Who would not, then, be a votary of science? Who would refuse to follow whither she invites, and gently leads us on, when she declares, that the paths of knowledge are the paths of glory; and that the recesses of the temple of literature can be explored by industry, unfolded by genius, and illustrated by study? But we must learn which is the most important point. We will be compelled to see, that the centre of wisdom * is the accurate knowledge of that deceitful hypocrite, the human heart! There let us direct our eye; there let us form our analysis; examine, weigh, decide. Then, and then only, can we feel in its full force, and see in its most comprehensive extent, that *knowledge is power!*

"As an institution, therefore, which tends in some degree to rear us into men, and qualify us for these excellent attainments, I can behold this society with a peculiar interest, with an unaffected pleasure. For the advancements we may make, fostered by our *united* care, may mark with decision the future direction of our lives. And we must remember, that as the formation of our characters is placed in our own hands, we must stand or fall by our individual works; and every endeavour that we may use to subject our passions to the dominion of reason, to rectify our judgments by the grand regulating principles of truth and virtue, and to cause each emo-

* "Man, know thyself! All wisdom centres there."—YOUNG. N. 4.

tion of our hearts to act in harmony with science and religion, will demand from our fellow men, that deference, honour, and respect, which, however vicious and depraved the spirit of the world may be, *is always paid to rectitude.*

"Let us not, however, in our progress, be vain of our advances. This is a weakness unworthy of men, and as such, ought surely to be repressed and despised: so that I can with great propriety advise you, *be too proud to be vain!* Vanity tarnishes the pure lustre of real greatness, and deprives it of its highest glory. And when we reflect, that not only all our knowledge, but also all the talents and faculties that we possess, and which are necessary for its attainment and preservation, have been derived from a source, superior to human aid, of what can we justly boast? Surely there is more reason for the exercise of pious gratitude, than for the indulgence of vanity. And we must also recollect, that although the man of science may glory in his wisdom, and the strong man may rejoice in his superior strength, a time will come, when these things will be no longer in their possession. Humility is a precious gem, and it shines the brightest of all those that decorate the diadem which crowns man with his most valuable praise! For it is under its sacred influence, that we endeavour to repose on Him, who ought to be considered by every rational being, as "the haven, and the sabbath of all the contemplations of man."

"From these considerations, I can fondly anticipate that day, when, on reviewing the intimate connection which subsists between the various portions of the life of every individual, looking around on your different situations, and marking the separate and combined tendency of your past exertions as unfolded by the hand of Time, all of you will be enabled to hail with pleasure and with rapture, *these hours*, which you now devote to the cultivation of morality and literature."

For the Literary Magazine.

DARWIN'S STYLE.

DARWIN does not excel in pathos; nor is he one of those children of the muses who could have sung their "wood-notes wild;" but as a rich philosophical fancy constitutes a poet, the art of poetry was entirely his. No one has carried the curious mechanism of verse, and the magic of poetical diction, to higher perfection. His volcanic head flamed with imagination, but his torpid heart slept, unawakened by passion. He tried his poetry by a very contracted scale; for in a false system which he assumes in one of his dialogues, he would persuade us that the essence of poetry is description; that something of which a painter can make a picture. When a verse was picturesque, it was with him sufficiently poetical. But the language of the passions has rarely any connexion with this axiom. What he delineates as poetry itself, is but a province of poetry. Hence it is, that, guided by this absurd standard, he has composed a poem which is full, indeed, of fancy, and void of passion. Hence his processional splendour fatigues, his descriptive ingenuity soon loses its charm, and the deficiency of a connecting fable, art, with all its miracles, cannot supply.

For the Literary Magazine.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

ADVICES recently received in England from Naples contain curious details relative to the unrolling of the manuscripts discovered at Herculaneum: eleven persons are at present employed in unrolling and copying. The manuscripts hitherto inspected amount to about 140, eight of which have already been interpreted and transmitted to the minister Seratti, that they may be

examined by the academy, and ordered to be printed. These manuscripts are, six of Epicurus, entitled On Nature. Another is by Philodemus; its title is On Anger. The eighth wants both the title and the name of the author. It treats of nature and the worship of the gods. The next four are almost entirely explained; but they have not yet been transmitted, because Mr. Hayter and the abbe Foti, of the order of St. Basil, jointly are to superintend their publication. The abbe Foti has first to collate the copies with the originals, to supply what is necessary, and to translate. Mr. Hayter collates after him, alters what he thinks proper in the supplements and translations, and delivers the copy to M. Foti, to be again transcribed. The delay occasioned by Mr. Hayter in his labours, is the reason why these manuscripts have not yet been sent either to the academy or the minister. Their titles are as follow: one on logic, entitled On the Strength of Arguments drawn from Analogy; Treatise on Vices and the contrary Virtues; On Death. These three works are by Philodemus. The author of the fourth is Polistratus; On unreasonable Contempt; that is, of those who despise unjustly what others commend. This manuscript is the least damaged, and many passages of it are absolutely untouched. The other *papyri* are in great part by Philodemus; they treat of rhetoric, of poetry, and of morality. The publication of these manuscripts cannot take place with all the expedition that could be wished, as the originals are to be engraved before they are presented to the public. This process requires much time and money, and the want of the latter will considerably retard the publication. M. Rosini, bishop of Puzzuoli, to whom the public is indebted for the fragment of Philodemus on Music, is the person appointed by the court of Naples to superintend the engraving and the publication of these manuscripts.

Mr. Prince Hoare, foreign secretary to the British Royal Academy, who has been for a considerable time collecting materials for a general history of the fine arts, will shortly publish an Essay on National Cultivation of the Arts of Design, in part preliminary to his grand design, and in part applicable to the circumstances of the present state of the arts in England.

The following publications are mentioned in the latest accounts from England.

Dr. Beddoes is preparing for the press an Almanack of Health.

Mr. Bonnycastle, well known for several useful mathematical works, has published a treatise on Trigonometry.

There is expected a new translation of Juvenal, from Mr. Hodson, of King's college, Cambridge.

Travels through Germany and Italy, by Mr. Lemaistre, has just been published in London.

A fourth volume of the Munimenta Antiqua, by Mr. King, is almost ready for publication.

A posthumous work of the late Mr. Strutt, with his life prefixed, is in the press.

Mr. Kidd proposes to publish a new edition of Homer, with collations of many manuscripts never before examined.

A work of recent Travels through Great Britain and Ireland, by M. Goede, has lately appeared in Germany, and has excited great attention. It is said to abound in the most enlightened views, and to contain the most accurate information relative to these kingdoms, and to be written in a style which cannot fail to merit an English translation. The last foreign work on the state of England was by Archenholz.

Mr. John Anstey is preparing to publish a complete edition of the works of his deceased father, with memoirs of his life.

The Rev. C. Wywill will shortly lay before the public a sixth volume of political papers, comprising the correspondence of several distin-

guished persons on the subject of parliamentary reform.

A Greek-English Derivative Dictionary is preparing for the press, showing in English characters the Greek originals of such words in the English language as are derived from the Greek, and comprising correct explanations, from the approved lexicographers, of the meaning of each word.

The Rev. Job Orton's Letters, which have been some time in the press, will be published in a few days. The collection being larger than was expected, will, with his life, make two volumes.

Brigade major Reide has just completed a new edition of his Treatise on the Duty of Infantry Officers, and an Elucidation of the present System of Military discipline. The same gentleman has lately published the ninth edition of the Treatise on Military Finance, in which is detailed many official documents relative to the pay and allowances of the British army.

The second volume of the interesting Memoirs of Maria Antoinette, queen of France, by her foster-brother, M. Weber, will make its appearance speedily. It will contain the history of the three grand periods of the revolution, including an affecting recital of the sufferings of that unfortunate woman. The volume will be enriched with some very superior copper-plates.

A practical Treatise on the Game at Billiards, has been recently composed by a distinguished amateur, and will speedily be given to the world.

An Introduction to the Game of Chess will soon be published, containing upwards of 100 examples of games, including the whole of Philidor's Analysis, with copious selections from Stamma, the Calabrois, &c., &c. The instructions for learners, and the arrangement of the work, will be entirely new, and will render a complete knowledge of that scientific and fashionable game perfectly easy of attainment.

Mr. Belfour, who published, some time since, his Imitations of the Fabulas Literarias of Don Tomas de Yriarte, has translated into English verse La Musica, an admirable didactic poem, in five cantos, which he intends speedily to commit to the press.

A Translation of the Tratado Historico sobre el Origen y Progresos de la Comedia y del Histrionesmo, en Espana, par Don Cosiano Pellicer, by Robert Watson Wade, Esq., M. R. I. A., is nearly finished, and will shortly appear.

Mr. Bigland has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, Letters on Natural History. The object of this work is to exhibit a view of the wisdom and goodness of the Deity, so eminently displayed in the formation of the universe, and the various relations of utility which inferior beings have to the human species. It is calculated particularly for the use of schools, and for youth in general of both sexes, and will be illustrated by upwards of one hundred engraved subjects. The same writer has recently published a second edition of his Letters on Ancient and Modern History, in octavo, which forms a handsome library-book, with an elegant engraving of the author.

A new and complete edition of the Works of the celebrated Franklin will, in two volumes octavo, speedily make its appearance. It will embrace not only all that is contained in former editions, but likewise much new matter transmitted expressly for the work from America. Besides a correct likeness of the venerable philosopher, it will contain eight engravings of scientific subjects, executed by Mr. Lowry.

The book-makers have not failed to make speedy and ample use of the life and death of lord Nelson. Among a great number of publications on the subject, nothing solid, authentic, and well digested has yet appeared. The painters, sculptors, poets, and musical composers are

all zealously employed on the same lucrative subject.

Mr. Davy, Mr. Henry, and other English chemists, have repeated the processes of Pachiani, respecting the muriatic acid, but without success; of course there is reason to doubt whether this acid has yet been reduced to any constituent principles.

Mr. Northmore has lately given an account of some experiments on the remarkable effects which take place in the gases, by change in their habitudes, or elective attractions, when mechanically compressed.—From two points of hydrogen, and the same quantities of oxygen and nitrogen compressed in a glass receiver of three cubic inches and a half, water, and probably nitrous acid, were obtained. From carbonic acid gas and hydrogen, the result was a watery vapour, and a gas of rather an offensive smell. Upon the condensation of two points of nitrogen, it assumed an orange red-colour; three of oxygen were added, which caused the colour to disappear, though at first it seemed rather deeper. A moist vapour, coating the inside of the receiver, arose upon the compression of the two parts of hydrogen, which moisture was strongly acid to the taste; it coloured litmus, and, when very much diluted with water, it acted upon silver.

Dr. Trotter has lately proposed methods, (1) of preventing the formation of noxious airs in mines; and (2) for removing them when formed. To attain the first object, he proposes that mines should be well ventilated; that there should be no stagnated water in them, and no chips of wood nor horse-dung should be allowed to mix with the water that may become stagnant. To destroy fire-damp, he employs strong acids in a state of vapour. The vapour seizes the hydrogen, water is recomposed; but the caloric disengaged during the combination of the oxygen and hydrogen converts it into steam, so that it is not seen in a condensed state. To remove the choak-damp, the use of water is recommended, by means of a common fire engine. The tube being directed to the spot where the damp is known to lie, the water will take up the whole, and will then taste acidulous; lights will burn, and animals breathe, in the place whence the vapour was dislodged. Quicklime mixed with water would render it more efficacious.

Mr. Robert Bancks has simplified the construction of a graphometer for measuring the angles of crystals: the instrument generally used consists of a semicircle, and a pair of compasses or legs, having their centre in the centre of a semicircle, but capable of having their points drawn back so as to admit of their application to any small crystals. The arc of the semi-circle is divided into two quadrants by a hinge, so that one part may be turned back out of the way of the mineral, which may require to be brought up towards the centre for admeasurement; and the same arc can be afterwards restored to its place, to show the degree and fraction of the angle. By Mr. Bancks' improvement this joint is avoided, and he obtains a much firmer framing by making the arc in the form of a protractor, having a hollow centre and a stud both lying in the direction of that diameter, which terminates the graduations.

The Prussian government has lately ordered a prize medal to be struck, for the purpose of promoting vaccine inoculation. The value of the gold one is fifty ducats, and the silver one weighs eight ounces. On one side is a bust of the king, with this circumscription: "*Fredericus Wilhelmus Rex Pater Patriæ.*" The reverse contains a cow, carrying the goddess of health through the sea, and is represented as just reaching the shore. The circumscription is "*In te suprema salus.*"

Dr. Gall has met with the same flattering reception at Copenhagen, as at Jena, Berlin, Dresden, and other cities in Germany. He has read two courses of lectures on his

craniology, during which he exhibited two remarkable sculls, viz. the scull of bishop Absalom (which is preserved in the cabinet of curiosities at Copenhagen), and that of general Wurmser. In both these the organ of courage was very distinctly marked; but no trace of it was discoverable in that of Axlinger the poet. A cast of bishop Absalom's bust has been taken. Dr. Gall intends to pay a visit to the anatomists at Paris, before he publishes his long expected system.

M. Sylvester de Sacy is now at Genoa, where he is employed in investigating all the antique monuments of Liguria, and particularly in examining the manuscripts which relate to the public institutions of that country, and the trade of Genoa to the Levant.

Mr. Humboldt is safely arrived in Berlin, where he intends to arrange and prepare for publication the numerous and most important observations he had made during his late travels in America. They are expected to make ten volumes in quarto.

The second part of Mr. Reuss' *Gelehrte England*, with its supplement and continuation, from 1790 to 1803, has lately been published at Berlin. This interesting publication contains an account of living British authors, and of their works, chiefly abridged from the annual work entitled Public Characters.

Dr. Struve has contrived an apparatus to show by means of galvanism whether the appearance of death be real. This will be esteemed a discovery of considerable importance, by those who reflect on the satisfaction which recovery from apparent death must give to the friends of the individual supposed to be dead.

The Russian circumnavigator, captain Krusenstern, who, after his return from a voyage round the world, had conveyed the Russian ambassador Rasanow to Japan, is, after remaining seven months in that country, returned to Kamtschatka.

Dr. Gauss, of Brunswick, has communicated to the Gottingen Society the result of his observations of the new planet Harding, or Juno, and the elements of its orbit, calculated from his own observations, and those of Messrs. Zach and Olbers.

M. Giesecke, a Prussian mineralogist, who has been a considerable time at Copenhagen, is about to be employed by government on a voyage to Greenland, where he is to pass some years in examining that country, its mineralogy and geology. Hitherto the Moravian religious missionaries have alone been able to resolve to live some years in that country for the conversion of the natives: it will be no little honour to the sciences, if M. Giesecke shall bring himself to make a like sacrifice for their advancement.

M. Canova, the celebrated sculptor, is engaged in erecting at Vienna a splendid mausoleum of the archduchess Christina, an immense composition of eight marble figures, larger than life, the models and execution of which have been long admired at Rome, where they were formed. M. Canova, before his departure from Rome, exhibited a colossal group, representing Theseus combating with a centaur. This group is to be executed in marble for the city of Milan. The artists and connoisseurs of Rome seem to esteem this work superior to every other which has been executed by this ingenious and indefatigable artist.

According to the report of the minister of public instruction, there is at present in Russia 494 institutions for education, directed by 1435 masters, and attended by 33,474 scholars. The expence of these establishments costs government annually almost two millions of roubles. Among these are not reckoned those for the corps of cadets, or for pages, the academy of arts, the schools of commerce, nor the institution for female education. Those who know the state in which Russian education was at the accession of Alexander,

may judge by this detail what he has done towards enlightening his vast empire.

M. Sessken has lately, after much labour, supplied the observatory of Lilienthal with two mirrors of fifteen feet focus, and eleven inches aperture. They bear the magnifying power of 2000 on proper subjects.

Robertson, the celebrated aeronaut, who ascended from Petersburg last year, is endeavouring to obtain the necessary assistance at that place for the construction of an air-baloon on a very large scale; he proposes that it shall be 732 feet in diameter, which he calculates will carry up 37 ton, and which he supposes, therefore, will easily support 50 people, and all necessary accommodations for them. It is to have attached to it a vessel furnished with masts, sails, and every other article requisite for navigating the sea in case of accidents, and provided with a cabin for the aeronauts, properly fitted up, galley for cooking, proper stores for stowing provisions, and several other conveniences. To render the ascent more safe, it is to take up another smaller balloon within it, and a parachute, which will render the descent perfectly gentle, if the outer balloon bursts. From its construction it will be calculated to remain in the air several weeks.

The catalogue of the Leipsic fair has this year contained two sheets more than usual. The musical publications have been added to it. It contains 3647 articles, furnished by 380 booksellers. The number of romances is 271, of theatrical pieces 81, and music 95.

M. Schonberger, of Vienna, one of the first landscape painters of the age, has recently been engaged in a tour of the most picturesque parts of Switzerland and Italy. His productions are principally distinguished for the happy arrangement of the objects, for the effects of the perspective, and the beauty of the colouring. This able artist is as well known in France as in Germany, by his beautiful pieces, in the exhibition of 1804. These were, a View of the Environs of Baiæ, near Naples, at sun-rise; the Fall of the Rhine, near Schaffhausen; and the Cascades of Tivoli, by moon-light: performances in which the touch and the native graces of Claude le Lorain were discoverable.

A curious bronze bas-relief of a boy riding on a dolphin, discovered at Colchester, has been exhibited before the Society of Antiquarians, at one of their late meetings. At another meeting, several silver coins of Edward III, and two Roman copper coins (one of Claudius), were exhibited. The latter were found in the bed of the Thames, opposite Sion-house, near Kew. The drawings of paintings discovered in repairing the walls of St. Stephen's chapel were also displayed. They are about three feet by two, and consist of several persons around a table in one compartment; in the other, of three female figures, with an *aureola*, indicative of their saintship. Both the male and female countenances have the air of Normans.

The following is a method of preparing a luminous bottle, which will give sufficient light during the night to admit of the hour being easily seen on the dial of a watch: "A phial of clear white glass, of a long form, should be chosen, and some fine olive oil should be heated to ebullition in another vessel. A bit of phosphorus, the size of a pea, should be thrown into a phial, and the boiling oil carefully poured over it, till the phial is one third filled. The phial must now be carefully corked, and, when it is to be used, it should be unstopped, to admit the external air, and closed again. The empty space of the phial will then appear luminous, and give as much light as a dull ordinary lamp. Each time that the light disappears, on removing the stopper it will instantly re-appear. In cold weather the bottle should be warmed in the hands before the stopper is removed. A phial thus prepared may be used every night for six months.

Messrs. Fourcroy and Vauquelin have discovered a new inflammable and detonating substance, formed by the action of the nitric acid upon indigo and the animal matters. They are satified that the detonating property of their newly-discovered substance is owing neither to the presence of the nitric acid, nor to that of ammoniac. Concentrated sulphuric acid disengaged from it no acid vapour; caustic potash no ammoniac vapour. Indigo, they say, is not the only substance which furnishes detonating matter: the muscular fibre treated by nitric acid, presents the same phenomena; and it is probable that silk, wool, and other animal and vegetable matters containing azote may yield it likewise. From the several experiments made on this subject, they infer (1) that the benzoic acid can be formed from its constituent principles, which was not before known; (2) that the animal and vegetable substances containing azote, through the agency of the nitric acid, which separates from them carbon, hydrogen, and azote, give rise to a substance supersatured with oxygen, which communicates to it the detonating property. This substance appears to be a super-oxygenated hydro-carburet of azote.

The sixth volume of the General Biographical Dictionary, by Dr. Aikin, Mr. Morgan, &c., which had met with a temporary delay, is gone to the press. It is conducted by the same writers with those of the preceding volumes; but the Spanish and Portuguese literary biography will be given more at large by a gentleman peculiarly acquainted with that department.

Professor Scott, of Aberdeen, is preparing a work for the press, entitled Elements of Intellectual Philosophy, or an Analysis of the Powers of the Human Understanding, tending to ascertain the Principles of Rational Logic.

The long-expected tour of colonel Thornton through various parts of France, a splendid work, which has been nearly three years in hand, is now nearly ready for publication. It will be comprised in two volumes, imperial quarto, illustrated by about eighty beautiful engravings in colours, by Mr. Scott and other artists, from original drawings, descriptive of the country, customs, and manners of the people, taken by the ingenious Mr. Bryant, who accompanied the colonel expressly for that purpose. This tour was performed during the cessation of hostilities, toward the conclusion of the year 1802, and the route was entirely different from that usually taken by English travellers. Colonel Thornton is the most arrant, or, if you will, the most celebrated sportsman now alive, and has already published a quarto tour in Scotland, in the pure sporting style. To the sportsman, therefore, this new work cannot fail to prove highly gratifying, as we have no account whatever of the state of sporting in that country. Another edition of the work will appear at the same time in royal quarto, with the plates uncoloured.

Miss Edgeworth has just published a new work, in two volumes, entitled Leonora.

Rev. Israel Worsley, who has lately escaped from France, is about to publish in one volume, small octavo, an Account of the State of France and its Government during the last Three Years, particularly as it has Relation to the Belgic Provinces, and the Treatment of the English.

The Croonian Lecture for the present season has been read at two of the meetings of the Royal Society, London, by Mr. Carlisle. The subject was, "The Power and particular Structure of the Muscles of Fishes." After several minute physiological explanations of the nature and peculiar structure of the muscles of fishes, and their invariable insertion in fleshy instead of tendinous matter, he proceeded to detail his experiments on their power and particular use, in enabling the animal to move with rapidity through a fluid so dense as water. He ascertained that the muscles of the sides are solely

those by means of which the fish advances: that the pectoral and abdominal fins serve only to raise or lower, and balance it in the water.

Dr. Wollaston, secretary of the Royal Society, has read the Bakerian Lecture, "On the Force of Percussion."

On the 22d of October, at three o'clock in the morning, Mr. Huth, of Frankfort on the Oder, discovered a comet in the hindmost foot of the Great-Bear, westly betwixt the stars η and ξ. It was scarcely visible to the naked eye, but might be seen with a common telescope. In size and brightness it resembles the great nebulous spot in Andromeda, except that it was almost circular. At four o'clock its right-ascension was about 166° 30′, its declination about 30° 40′; and about five o'clock the former 166° 32′, and the latter 33° 32′: consequently its course is southerly, and somewhat westerly; and it seems to proceed towards the region of Denebola. When magnified 350 times, it did not shew any nucleus. The same comet was discovered by professor Bode at the Berlin Observatory, on the 23d October, between two and three o'clock in the morning, westerly at Q of the Great-Bear, right-ascension 174° 25′, and 27° 40′ N. declination.

Mr. Villiers, the author of the "Essay on the Reformation of Luther," has received, in consequence of that work, the degree of doctor from the university of Gottingen.

In the electoral library at Munich have been discovered the Four Gospels, and a Liturgy of the eleventh century, in small folio, on fine white parchment, written in a beautiful distinct character, and in the highest state of preservation. They are very splendidly bound, and ornamented with precious stones and pearls: the clasps are of gold, and they are lettered on the back with ivory.

M. Esmenard, author of a poem intitled Navigation, has received from the marquis Lucchesini, the Prussian minister at Paris, the golden medal of the Berlin Academy.

At Berlin is established a German Lutheran Academy for the instruction of the natives of Sierra-Leona, the expences of which are paid by remittances from England. The institution is already attended by twelve pupils, most of them handicraftsmen. They are instructed in various departments of learning, besides the arts of preaching and catechising.

Two charts, illustrative of the country near the southern streams of the Mississippi, are preparing by M. De Moisere, who resides on a part of the land which he professes to delineate and describe. One of them contains the country lying between New Orleans and the Bay of St. John, exhibiting the fortifications, suburbs, and other remarkable circumstances. The other is a view of the city of New Orleans and its environs.

From a trial made by M. M. Pauli and Lemercier, at Paris, on the 20th of October, they appear to have found out means to direct or steer air-balloons. Before they ascended, they showed the machinery, by means of which they moved the wings attached to the balloon, and the rudder resembling the tail of a bird. On first rising from the ground, there was a gentle east wind; they were driven before it for some time; but they soon began to work against the wind, and to laveer, but very slowly. After a voyage of five hours, they descended at Denouville, near Chartres, with the agreeable conviction that they had succeeded in their attempt.

Mr. Francis Pacchiani, professor of natural philosophy at Florence, has discovered the constituent principles of muriatic acid, which had hitherto escaped the researches of every chemist. It is an oxid of hydrogen, perhaps at its lowest degree of oxygenation. He forms it at pleasure, and consequently the accuracy of his statement cannot be doubted.

A distinguished man of science at Naples has published an account of a visit he paid to Pompeii since

the late researches ordered by the queen of Naples. The principal particulars of his statement are as follow: "In a search begun about seven years ago was discovered the capital of a pilaster, which was suspected to be the lateral front of a grand portico. Last winter the works were resumed at that place, and the corresponding pilaster was found. The brass hinges of the door have been removed to the museum of Portici. The habitation into which it leads is large and commodious, and richly ornamented with paintings and mosaic-work. The building is formed of square stones, so nicely fitted and cemented, that the whole would be taken for a single mass. The passage which serves for the entrance is twelve palms long, and ten wide. It leads to a court, the walls of which are covered with stucco of various colours. The capitals and cornices are in good preservation; and I there observed a rose, which is a master-piece both of design and execution. All the apartments are decorated with beautiful paintings on a red, blue, and yellow ground. You there see likewise detached columns, with flowers, candelabras, and ornaments, in the best style. To the left are two apartments, which were probably those of the master and mistress. The painter gave a free scope to his imagination in all the pictures, which I beheld with inexpressible delight. Nothing can be more pleasing, among others, than a dance of persons in masks; and nothing more graceful than a little bird pecking at a basket of figs. In the centre of the court is a cistern, the *impluvium* of the Romans. On a marble pedestal is a young Hercules seated on a hind of bronze. These two pieces, one of which weighs about twenty pounds, and the other forty, are of the most finished workmanship. The water fell from the mouth of the hind into a beautiful couch of Grecian marble. Behind the pedestal was a table, the yellow feet of which represent the claws of an eagle. These perfect works have likewise been conveyed to the museum. A lateral corridor on the right leads to a second court, which was surrounded by piazzas, as is proved by the octagonal columns covered with stucco. In one of the apartments are observed two Bacchantes holding *thyrsi*. Above the window, to the right, is a painting of Europa, of great beauty: she is quite naked, and is seated on the bull, which is plunging into the sea. Beneath is a young man carrying a basket of fruits: he is raising himself on tiptoe; and this attitude required of the artist a strongly marked expression of the muscular system. On the opposite side a beautiful female dancer excites admiration: she is holding and striking two cymbals: her veil, which floats behind her, produces a very fine effect. On proceeding into the adjoining hall, the first thing that struck me was a magnificent pavement of the most precious African marbles. The ceiling represents Venus between Mars and Cupid. In this hall were found a small idol of bronze, a gold vase weighing three ounces, a gold coin, and twelve others of copper, with the effigy of Vespasian. In the hall to the left, fragments of pictures, painted on wood, half carbonized, were distinguishable; they were inclosed in a kind of niches: this was the bed chamber; eight little columns by which it was supported may still be seen: they are of bronze, and to their summits still adhere some pieces of gilded wood, which probably formed a canopy. On the lateral wall were painted two priests with long beards, and clothed in robes of blue and green: they have been removed to the museum. The kitchen contained a great quantity of utensils, mostly of iron inlaid with silver with inconceivable perfection. But what most struck me were five candelabras painted in fresco on a ground of an extremely brilliant yellow: I scarcely knew how to leave the room which contained this master-piece of taste and elegance: they are supported by small figures, whose attitude,

dress, and drapery, are so exquisitely graceful, that they might serve as models to all the belles in the world. In this house, as in most others of the ancients, you find no window opening towards the street. I was struck with the fragments of a chariot which is still remaining in the coach-house: you may perfectly distinguish the wheels and the brass ornaments of the chariot itself. Close to this habitation is seen a door that conducts to another, and which, to judge by its exterior, will not furnish fewer beauties, whenever it shall be permitted to be opened."

The Russian government purposes to form at Petersburg an institution, whose object is the improvement of every thing connected with the naval service, and which will be denominated the Museum of the Marine. This institution will not be merely a school: lessons will be given in all the sciences necessary for a naval officer; and the museum will besides publish a journal treating on every subject relative to the marine. It is to possess a library, and a cabinet of natural history, which will be continually open to the pupils. This establishment will be under the direction of the minister of the marine; and its members will wear a uniform similar to that of the navy.

A very important work on Siberia and the contiguous countries is shortly expected to appear at Petersburg, in the French language, from the pen of M. Delaunay, counsellor of state.

One of the most intimate friends of Winkelmann, the celebrated German antiquary, named Berendis, lately deceased, left among his papers several letters of that celebrated man. These have been published by Gothe, who has added various pieces of his own composition, in which he endeavours to place the character of Winkelmann in a new light as a writer and as a man, by delineating him in the most remarkable circumstances of his life.—Counsellor Wolfe, of Halle, has enriched this volume with a very curious piece on the literary and philological studies of Winkelmann. Lastly, professor Meyer has contributed a well-written History of the Arts in the last Century, which concludes the work, to which Gothe has thought fit to give the title of "Winkelmann and his Age."

A valuable discovery for the lovers of antiques has recently been made in the vicinity of Havre, in France. In digging on the Cape of La Heve, a black stone was discovered, perfectly square, and the polish of which has been extremely well preserved. On five of its sides are incrusted the iron heads of lances and javelins. A sixth is covered with hieroglyphics, among which is distinguished a Latin inscription in Gothic characters, many of the letters of which are effaced, and which may serve to exercise the sagacity of the curious. This stone sounds hollow, and contains about 120 cubic feet.

The following letter, dated from the port of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Kamtschatka, the 24th of August, 1804, has been received from an officer in the Russian expedition under M. de Krusenstern:—"On the 6th of May we perceived Hood's Island, and about noon of the same day Riou's Island, which form a part of the group called Marquesas, which the French navigator M. Marchand has denominated the islands of the revolution. That which is considered the largest of them received from him the appellation of Baux, but in the language of the country it is called Nukahiwah. On the 7th one of our ships, the Nadeshda, made that island: the natives immediately came on board in crowds, and appeared highly delighted at our visit: we observed among them an Englishman and a Frenchman, who have been naturalized in the country. About noon our vessel came to an anchor in the gulph of Anna-Maria, and the next day went on shore. After viewing the country, we thought fit to pay a visit to the chief of these savages. The women of this island are all ex-

cessively ugly; but this proceeds rather from the disproportion of their limbs than the coarseness of their features: they generally go naked, their whole dress consisting of a few leaves rudely sewed together, with which they cover the parts of generation. Nature, who has been so niggardly of her favours to the women, seems, by a singular caprice, to have lavished them all on the men: these savages are of a noble stature, and perfect proportions, and we met with none who was either diminutive or deformed: their dress is very extraordinary; they make use of none excepting for the head, the arms, and the legs, the other parts of the body being entirely naked. Their food is the bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, fish, pork, and even human flesh: these islanders devour not only their prisoners of war, and the enemies whom they have killed, but even their wives and children in times of scarcity. Their arms are slings, lances, and clubs made of the wood of the *casuarina*. The Englishman, whom we had on board, and who appears to have resided a considerable time among these cannibals, warned us not to place too great confidence in their apparent joy. As nature seems to have made ample provision for their ordinary wants, they spend their time in feasting and drinking: they, however, manifested great solicitude to serve us. They use the skin of the whale for making a kind of drum, which is their national music. Their chief or king, whose name is Tabeka Ketenue, exercises no authority over them; but he and his family are considered as inviolable: they pay him a heavy tribute on their fishery, because they look upon him as the master of the ocean. They worship a certain god called Atua, who is nothing more than the corpse of their high-priest; for as soon as he dies his body undergoes various operations: after it has been cleansed and washed with cocoa-nut oil, it is exposed to the air to dry, and then embalmed: it is then wrapped in skins sewed together, and deposited in the place consecrated to this purpose: they sacrifice to him their prisoners of war, whose flesh they devour with great avidity. The 8th of June the Nadeshda arrived at the island of Owhyhee, the inhabitants of which are much more industrious than those of the Marquesas, but they are less handsome. On the 15th of this month we arrived at the port of St. Peter and St. Paul. The number of the Kamtschadales has diminished exceedingly, in consequence of epidemic diseases, which have made dreadful ravages among them. During our residence in these parts our crews opened a subscription for the erection of an hospital, which soon amounted to the sum of four thousand rubles."

By a calculation of ten years from the 1st of January, 1791, to the 31st of December, 1800, it appears that the average number of deaths at Vienna was 14,600; out of which were 835 children of the small-pox. In 1801, the period in which vaccination began to be introduced, out of 15,101, only 164 children fell victims to the small-pox; in 1802, out of 14,522, only 61; in 1803, out of 14,383, but 27; and in 1804, out of 14,035, no more than 2.

A disease of a very extraordinary nature has appeared among the labourers in a coal-mine at Anzain, near Valenciennes, the cause of which appears to be confined to a single shaft in that mine. The face and the whole body assume a very dark yellow colour, and the patient falls into a state of languor and exhaustion, in which he lingers several months, sometimes more than a year, when death generally supervenes. Four men who had been thus affected more than eight months were removed to the hospital of the School of Medicine at Paris. The characteristic symptoms they exhibited were, a universal discolouration, swelling, inability to walk without oppression, palpitations, and habitual perspiration. One of these poor men fell a

victim to the malady. M. Halle, on opening his body, was particularly struck with the absence of blood in almost every part; and this he justly considers as one of the most remarkable circumstances of the disease. The mode of treatment adopted with respect to the others, after this discovery, was more successful. The first indications of this favourable change appeared in the projection of the blood-vessels. At the period when M. Halle drew up the above statement, the three labourers had almost entirely recovered, and their skin had resumed nearly its natural colour.

The chevalier Canova, the celebrated sculptor, has gone from Rome to Vienna to erect the monument of the archduchess Christina, an immense composition of eight marble figures, larger than life, the models and the execution of which have long been objects of admiration at Rome. Before his departure M. Canova exhibited to the public the model of a colossal group, representing the combat of Theseus and a Centaur. This group is to be executed in marble for Milan.

The following details relative to the arts at Rome are given by one of the most distinguished scientific men of that city.—"We cannot boast of many literary productions; but, to make amends, great pains are taken for clearing, cleansing, and better preserving, the ancient monuments of architecture. His holiness has greatly promoted this part of the art, one of the most interesting of antiquity. The architect and the antiquary will acquire new subjects of erudition, and new works and new engravings will be rendered necessary. The work of Desgodetz, a new edition of which is about to be published by M. Carlo Fea, will derive an immense advantage from these labours and will become almost entirely new. How different from what we have been accustomed to behold it, will appear that celebrated Pantheon, hitherto almost unknown, though the most beautiful of ancient edifices, and in the best preservation. The Flavian Amphitheatre, or Coliseum, will be cleansed, and the public will have access to it, as to a museum.—The temple of the Sybil at Tivoli has been repaired; and the two arches of Septimius Severus and of Constantine have been cleared of the earth which covered them. The column of Antoninus has been cleaned, and is no longer covered with dust. The supposed temple of Vesta at Rome, on the Tiber, as well as the neighbouring one of *Fortuna Virilis*, will be cleared of the rubbish in which they have been as it were buried; and the interior of them will be cleansed. Thus, by the exertions of his holiness, ancient Rome will be exposed to view, and modern Rome will be embellished. Nor has the holy father forgotten the most celebrated of the modern buildings, the small circular temple erected in 1502, after the designs of the illustrious Bramante Lazzeri, under the auspices of Ferdinand the catholic, king of Spain. It fell into ruins some years since, not from age, but in consequence of the late troubles. It was sold, in order that its precious materials might be removed: but his holiness has resolved to repair it in a style of great elegance. In a short time M. Carlo Fea will speak of all these new undertakings in the second volume of his Miscellanies, which he has particularly devoted to what relates to the researches now carrying on, exclusive of what will be said in his Illustrations of Desgodetz. M. Guattani will likewise treat of them in a new Journal which M. Carlo Fea is about to undertake. The former gentleman is at present engaged on the Sequel to the Unpublished Monuments, in which will be found many interesting particulars. The museum of the illustrious cardinal Borgia has passed into hands by which it will not be neglected. His nephew, the present possessor, is a man of information, and has a deep sense of the glory which the cardinal acquired for his family by this unique collec-

tion. He continues the engravings which his uncle intended to have executed from drawings of the most remarkable objects in the museum. He has communicated the Mexican manuscript to M. Von Humboldt, and has permitted him to make use of it for his work: but he is thwarted in his noble designs by the pretensions of the *Propaganda*. The cardinal made that society his heir, but bequeathed the museum and other legacies to his family. He unfortunately made use of the expression, "My museum which is at Velletri;" and the *Propaganda* claim a right to every thing that happened to be at Rome at the moment of the cardinal's death, though the articles incontestibly formed a part of the museum. By a second fatality, the Coptic instruments, of which M. Zoega has just completed the description, were among the objects that had been brought to Rome. This important work cannot, therefore, be published till after the decision of the process, unless the two parties come to a previous arrangement.—Two learned Sicilians, the chevaliers Landolini and Serrini, have resided for some time at Rome. The former, who has evinced such zeal for the antiquities of his country, is still engaged in researches at the theatre of Syracuse; and we are indebted to him for the recent discovery of two fine statues, an Æsculapius and a Venus, which, however, is not so beautiful as has been asserted. He is at this moment writing a memoir on some inscriptions found at the theatre of Syracuse. The chevalier Sirini is endeavouring to dispose of his collection of volcanic productions, and is preparing for a tour in the north."

A new thermometer has been invented for registering the highest and lowest temperatures in the absence of the observer, which is said to be a more simple, as well as a less expensive instrument than Six's thermometer. It consists in two thermometers, one mercurial, and the other of alkohol, having their stems horizontal. The former has for its index a small piece of magnetical steel wire, and the latter a minute thread of glass, having its two ends formed into small knobs by fusion in the flame of a candle. The magnetical bit of wire lies inthe vacant space of the mercurial thermometer, and is pushed forward by the mercury whenever the temperature rises and pushes that fluid against it; but when the temperature falls, and the fluid retires, this index is left behind, and shows the *maximum*. The other index, or bit of glass, lies in the tube of the spirit-thermometer immersed in the alkohol, and when the spirit retires by the depression of the temperature, the index is carried along with it in apparent contact with its interior surface; but on increase of temperature the spirit goes forward and leaves the index behind, which therefore shows the *minimum* of temperature since it was set. The steel index is easily brought to the mercury by applying a magnet on the outside of the tube, and the other is properly placed at the end of the column of alkohol by inclining the whole instrument.

On Sunday, the 8th of December, about six o'clock in the evening, Mr. Firminger, the able and indefatigable assistant at the royal observatory, Greenwich, discovered a comet in the constellation Aquarius. To the naked eye its appearance was similar to a star of the first magnitude when covered by a cloud, through which it might be faintly seen; or rather like what Jupiter would appear under similar circumstances; but when viewed through a night-glass, it appeared to have a bright nucleus surrounded by a coma. As it was approaching the meridian, Mr. F. found that its light was sufficiently strong to enable him to illuminate the wires in the focus of the telescope, so as to observe its passage with great accuracy. The mean time of its transit was 6h. 24′ 7″, with right ascension, 11s. 23° 6′ 49″, and south declination 23° 41′ 8″. Dr. Herschel observed the

same comet at Slough, about the same time that it was discovered by Mr. Firminger.

Mr. John Mann, of Bradford, has invented a musical instrument, upon an entirely new construction, which he calls the orchestrino. Its outward appearance resembles the grand horizontal piano-forte; but the brilliant power, and richness of its tones, stand unrivalled by any stringed instrument played with keys: it has the power of retaining the sound for any length of time, in the manner of the organ; and its tones have the effect of violins, violas, and violoncellos together.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MURDER OF CAERLAVEROC.

"NOW come to me, my little page,
Of wit sae wond'rous sly!
Ne'er under flower o' youthful age
Did mair destruction lie.

"I'll dance and revel wi' the rest,
Within the castle rare;
Yet he sall rue the drearie feast,
Bot and his lady fair.

"For ye maun drug Kirkpatrick's wine
Wi juice o' poppy flowers;
Nae maer he'll see the morning shine
Frae proud Caerlaveroc's towers.

"For he has twain'd my love and me,
The maid o' mickle scorn;
She'll welcome wi' a tearfu' e'e
Her widowhood the morn.

"And saddle weel my milk-white steed;
Prepare my harness bright!
Giff I can make my rival bleed,
I'll ride awa' this night."

"Now haste ye, master, to the ha',
The guests are drinking there;
Kirkpatrick's pride shall be but sma'
For a' his lady fair.

* * * * * *

In came the merry minstrels;
Shrill pipes wi' tinkling string,
And bagpipes, lifting melody,
Made proud Caerlaveroc ring.

The gallant knights and ladies bright
Did move to measures fine,
Like frolic fairies jimp and light,
Wha dance in pale moonshine.

The ladies glided thro' the ha',
Wi' footing swift and sure;
Kirkpatrick's dame outdid them a',
Whan she stood on the floor.

And some had tyres of gold sa rare,
And pendants* eight or nine,
But she, wi' but her gowden hair,
Did a' the rest outshine.

And some, wi' costly diamonds sheen,
Did warriors' hearts assail;
But she, wi' her twa sparkling e'en,
Pierc'd thro' the thickest mail.

Kirkpatrick led her by the hand,
Wi' gay and courteous air;
No stately castle in the land
Could show sae bright a pair.

For he was young, and clear the day
Of life to youth appears.
Alas! how soon his setting ray
Was dimm'd with show'ring tears!

Fell Lindsay sicken'd at the sight,
And sallow grew his cheek;
He tried wi' smiles to hide his spite,
But word he cou'd na speak.

The gorgeous banquet was brought up
On silver and on gold;
The page chose out a crystal cup
The sleepy juice to hold.

* Pendents,—jewels on the forehead.

And when Kirkpatrick call'd for wine,
This page the drink would bear;
Nor did the knight or dame divine
Sic black deceit was near.

Then every lady sung a sang,
Some gay, some sad and sweet,
Like tunefu' birds the woods amang,
Till a' began to greet.

E'en cruel Lindsay shed a tear,
Forletting malice deep;
As mermaids, wi' their warbles clear,
Can sing the waves to sleep.

And now to bed they all are dight;
Now steek they ilka door;
There's nought but stillness o' the night
Whare was sic din before.

Fell Lindsay puts his harness on,
His steed doth ready stand,
And up the staircase is he gone,
Wi' poinard in his hand.

The sweat did on his forehead break,
He shook wi' guilty fear;
In air he heard a joyfu' shriek—
Red Cuming's ghaist was near.

Now to the chamber doth he creep;
A lamp of glimmering ray
Show'd young Kirkpatrick fast asleep,
In arms o' lady gay.

He lay with bare unguarded breast,
By sleepy juice beguil'd;
And sometimes sigh'd, by dreams oppreast,
And sometimes sweetly smil'd.

Unclos'd her mouth o' rosy hue,
Whence issu'd fragrant air,
That gently, in soft motion, blew
Stray ringlets o' her hair.

"Sleep on, sleep on, ye luvers dear,
The dame may wake to weep:
And that day's sun may shine fou clear,
That spills this warrior's sleep."

He louted down, her lips he prest,
O kiss forboding woe!
Then struck on young Kirkpatrick's breast
A deep and deadly blow.

Sair, sair and mickle did he bleed!
His lady slept till day,
But dreamt the Firth* flow'd o'er her head,
In bride bed as she lay.

The murderer hasted down the stair,
And back'd his courser fleet;
Than did the thunder 'gin to rair,
Than shower'd the rain and sleet.

All fire fraught darted thro' the rain,
Whare a' was mirk before,
And glinted o'er the raging main,
That shook the sandy shore.

But mirk and mirker grew the night,
And heavier beat the rain,
And quicker Lindsay urg'd his flight,
Some ha' or build' to gain.

Lang did he ride o'er hill and dale,
Nor mire nor flood he fear'd:
I trow his courage 'gan to fail
When morning light appear'd.

For, having hied the livelang night,
Thro' hail and heavy showers,
He faund himsel', at peep o' light,
Hard by Caerlaveroc's towers.

The castle bell was ringing out,
The ha' was all asteer,
And mony a screech and waefu' shout
Appall'd the murderer's ear.

Now they hae bound this traitor strang,
Wi' curses and wi' blows,
And high in air they did him hang,
To feed the carrion crows.

* * * * * *

"To sweet Lincluden's† haly cells
Fou dowie I'll repair;
There Peace wi' gentle Patience dwells,
Nae deadly feuds are there.

"In tears I'll wither ilka charm,
Like draps o' balefu' yew;
And wail the beauty that could harm
A knight sae brave and true."

For the Literary Magazine.

ELEGIAC TRIBUTE TO PARENTAL TENDERNESS.

CHILL winter's appearance was past,
Its reign so unfeeling was done;

* Caerlaveroc stands on Solway firth.
† Lincluden abbey, near Dumfries, on the banks of the river Cluden.

The breeze had succeeded the blast,
The twins had received the sun;
And daisies had chequer'd the scene,
Impurpled by violets in bloom,
When Eliza mov'd over the green,
And knelt by the side of a tomb.

A willow bent over her head,
The emblem of grief and despair,
Whose branches luxuriantly spread,
And hung with a sorrowful air.
She said, my lov'd parent so dear,
No tablet I need to explain,
My heart would have told me 'twas here
Its first dearest object was lain!

The bosom on which I have slept,
The arms that entwin'd me so oft,
The eyes that so frequently wept,
So sweet, so endearingly soft,
Are cold, and enclos'd in the tomb;
Unseen are the tears which I shed,
Yet here for to weep I am come;
How low lies, my parent, thy head!

Yet mine has found ease on thy breast,
When pain has invaded my frame;
When Grief's heavy hand has oppress'd,
My pillow was ever the same.
Ye tender, ye feeling of heart,
Who have writh'd beneath agony's steel,
O say, can affliction impart
A sorrow more deep than I feel?

When we view a dear object of love
To pain or to anguish a prey,
The pangs we by sympathy prove
Make us faint and as feeble as they;
For O, when the passion is pure,
When love from pure tenderness flows,
We would die, so our deaths would impart
A lasting contentment to those.

But oh, when a friend of the heart
Lies pallid and panting for breath,
O say, does the view not impart
A feeling more painful than death?
Dear saint whose abode is above,
For angel in heaven thou art,
Send down from the regions of love
Relief to my agonis'd heart!

Is it fancy that steals on my mind?
Or is it thy form that I view?
So tender the look, and so kind,
Past scenes it appears to renew.
But ah, sad reflection appears,
And tells me I'm destin'd to mourn;
The scenes which have cheated my tears
Will never, no never return.

The friend of my youth is no more!
Yet why should I endless repine?
Her precepts I'll ever adore,
Her virtues I'll strive to make mine.
Which said, she withdrew from the scene,
From the marble her tears had bedew'd,
Again she mov'd over the green,
And daily the scene was renew'd.

SABINA.

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES,

Addressed to a Friend.

WHAT means this dark, depressing gloom?
Does pain indeed thy frame consume,
And art thou hastening to the tomb,
Ere noon of life, my friend?

The characters thy fingers trac'd
Are almost by my tears effac'd,
But still I read, "My spirits waste,
My sorrows soon will end."

Yet live, and be thyself once more,
Nor let my heart thy loss deplore;
There may be blessings still in store,
For thee, my drooping friend.

Though wealth with thee did once abound,
While friends and pleasure smil'd around,
Dwelt happiness within the sound
Of Pleasure's voice, my friend?

Nor is it strange wealth fled from thee,
Who shar'd in tenderest sympathy
With the whole tribe of misery
Thy open purse, my friend.

And had Potosi's wealth been thine,
Or own'd thou all Asturia's mine,
It would have vanish'd, I divine,
And left thee poor, my friend.

Too well thy friends knew where to go,
Were funds or credit with them low;
Thy gen'rous heart ne'er said them no,
My dear afflicted friend.

Yet, though I want the healing art,
O do not let me wrong thy heart,
For Fortune's frowns could ne'er impart
A pang to that, my friend.

O no! the mind by thee possest
No trifle could deprive of rest;
Some mountain sorrow hath oppress'd
Thy feeling heart, my friend.

Methinks I see thy pallid face,
And ev'ry kindred feature trace,
While tears glide down my cheek apace,
In sympathy, my friend.

O would that I could haste to thee!
And as I've rock'd thee on my knee,
Thy tender nurse again I'd be,
And watch around my friend.

Thy home, thy sire, thy all was mine,
I shar'd in ev'ry blessing thine;
Now ill and alone thou dost repine,
Bereft of all, my friend.

Thy temples, which I oft have bound,
Now thought, corroding thought may wound;
Oh, would that I could watch around
Thy waking couch, my friend.

And didst thou, cruel, didst thou say,
"Erect a marble o'er my clay,
On which a verse of thine pourtray,
My sympathizing friend."

Yet live, and be thyself once more,
Nor let thy friends thy loss deplore;
There may be blessings still in store
For thee, my drooping friend.

Oh, if his will who reigns on high,
Live, and before thee let me die;
And be my grave, where'er I lie,
Mark'd but by thee, my friend.

ELIZA.

For the Literary Magazine.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Written in the Prospect of Death.

THOU dearest object of my soul on earth,
Thou kind young sharer of my joys and woe,
Forgive, while here I pour my sorrows forth,
Ere life's last current from its fountain flow.

The hour arrives with Heaven's supreme behest,
Advancing death in awful pomp I see,
Disease slow writhes within my troubled breast,
And past are all the joys of life with me.

Farewell, ye pleasing scenes of fond delight;
Farewell, ye hopes that promis'd once so well,
Ye charms that shot through my enrapture'd sight,
Ye days of peace, ye nights of bliss, farewell.

No more with thee the drowsy town I'll leave,
To tread the dews, and breathe the sweets of morn,
Or fondly wish the dear returning eve,
To meet thee blushing near the lonely thorn.

The eyes that gaz'd, unwearied, on thy charms,
The heart that wont, at sight of thee, to leap,
A few short hours will finish *its* alarms,
And seal *their* orbs in everlasting sleep.

When this weak pulse hath numbered out its date,
When all my hopes, and all my fears are o'er,
When each young friend shall pensive tell my fate,
And Death's black train stand mournful at my door;

Then, O Lavinia, while thy looks survey
The pale chang'd features once to thee well known,
The limbs that flew thy dictates to obey,
The arms that oft enclasp'd thee as their own,

Check not the tear that trembles in thine eye,
Nor stop the sigh that struggles from thy heart;
These are the rites for which I'd rather die,
Than all the pomp of marble and of art.

Lavinia! O thou dear, thou precious name,
That opes each wound, and tears my trembling heart,
Wilt thou vouchsafe one poor request I claim,
To breathe one wish, one prayer ere we part.

O round thy head may Heaven its blessings strew;
May angels waft each comfort to thy cell;
Pure be thy peace; thy tears, thy troubles few;
Thou kindest, dearest, fondest friend, farewell!

A. W——N.

Gray's Ferry, April 25, 1806.

For the Literary Magazine.

VERSES,

By a young American Lady, deceased a few years since.

WHEN recollection bids the tear
Of deep contrition flow,
Unfolds the secret source of guilt,
And points to future woe;

When all the load of sin appears
By retrospection's smart,
When reason adds to nature's fears,
And conscience wings the dart;

Ah! what avails the gaudy glare
Of fortune's partial day?
Or what the applause of worldly fame,
That's guided by her ray?

Oh! when I'm hastening to the goal
Where, stripp'd of all disguise,
My soul appears her guilt to own
Before the great assize;

Can the vain breath of worldly fame
My boding terrors calm,
Extract the sting of death, or give
A wounded bosom balm?

Ah, no! there's no relief for sin
But in a Saviour's name;
To him I fly, and strive to bring
A heart o'erwhelm'd with shame.

Oh! then receive my contrite sighs,
Pronounce my sins forgiven;
Oh, thou! who suffer'd for my soul,
Receive that soul to Heaven!

Philadelphia.

For the Literary Magazine.

SONG.

Tune, *My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.*

I.

WHAT mean those hoarse threat'nings which mix with the gale?
Are they, Liberty, aim'd against thee?
Will the slaves and the tyrants of Europe assail
Daring millions resolv'd to be free?
Let them mark the bold eagle of Eaton display'd,
And the fierce Arab cower at the sight;
Mark a small band of freemen, in terror array'd,
The dark myriads of Afric affright.

II.

Will the indolent Spaniard the combat provoke
With the freedom-born sons of our woods?
Have they heard, like the light'ning of Heaven, the stroke,
When our stripes swept the Tripoline floods?
Or will the proud Briton, though boastful and vain
He rides o'er the subjugate waves?
Let them dare; we will teach the loud boasters again
The difference 'twixt freemen and slaves.

III.

Then through our deep forests let broad banners wave,
And we'll keep the proud fact still in mind,
That to us among nations, alone free and brave,
Is the safety of Freedom confin'd.
Come on, then, ye tyrants, your threats we despise,

And raise the war-trumpet's loud strain;
In spite of your envy her temples shall rise!
Will your *slaves* dare her mysteries profane?

For the Literary Magazine.

THE EXCELLENCY OF WOMAN.

WHO, in this world of care and strife,
Doth kindly cheer and sweeten life,
As friend, companion, and as wife?
'Tis woman!

Who, by a thousand tender wiles,
By fond endearments, and by smiles,
Our bosom of its grief beguiles?
'Tis woman!

From whom do all our pleasures flow;
Who draws the scorpion sting of woe,
And makes the heart with transport glow?
'Tis woman!

Who, of a nature more refin'd,
Doth soften man's rude stubborn mind,
And make him gentle, mild, and kind?
'Tis woman!

Who binds us all to one another,
By silken bands, of father, mother,
Of husband, children, sister, brother?
'Tis woman!

When, hours of absence past, we meet,
Say, who, enraptur'd, runs to greet
Our glad return, with kisses sweet?
'Tis woman!

Who, in a word, a touch, a sigh,
The simple glancing of her eye,
Can fill the soul with extacy?
'Tis woman!

Eden she lost, ensnar'd to vice;
But well has she repaid its price;
For earth is made a paradise,
By woman!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Martin may have his curiosity gratified by looking into the fourth volume of Hume's History. It is not necessary for us to re-print passages from a book so common.

Alonzo must excuse us from inserting his communication.

The author of "Stanzas on the Death of a Lady, by her intimate Friend," will do us a favour by sending us a new copy of the pieces which accompanied the "Stanzas;" they being destroyed by an unlucky accident.

Carlos, Ralph, and Alethea are not sufficiently correct. They may lisp in numbers, but we cannot publish their lispings.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 32. MAY, 1806. VOL. V.

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THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 32. MAY, 1806. VOL. V.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THE INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON THE MIND.

AMONG the follies of the wise is the system which circumscribes the energies of the mind by the influence of climate. Though often confuted, it is still believed, for there are some whom no confutations can confute.

Denina, in a recent work (1790), enquires why polite literature has made so slow a progress in Germany. Do stoves, he asks, render the mind heavier than coal-fires? Does the beer of England occasion more vivacity than the beer of Germany? Is the atmosphere more dense in Germany than in Great Britain? This is a specimen of that critical system which has been carried to such excess.

It derives its modern rejuvenescence from the brilliant Montesquieu, who, ever hungering after novelties, discovered, in some of the ancients, a few fanciful conjectures on the influence of climate, and these he also extended to manners. Curious absurdities, not less eccentric, remain yet for some future Montesquieu to adopt. These slight conjectures he seized with avidity, amplified with ingenuity, decorated by the graces of fancy, and divulged with the triumphant air of a modern discovery.

Baillet, who wrote at the close of the sixteenth century, without Montesquieu's fancy, was well acquainted with this extravagant notion. Hence, perhaps, did Montesquieu, with some kindred geniuses, derive the hint. In a book on national prejudices, Baillet quotes Hippocrates, Plato, Aristotle, Seneca, and others, who conceived that the temperature of the air contributes something to the dispositions of the mind. Long before Montesquieu, Milton expressed this prejudice; but Spenser, that child of fancy, had on this subject a sounder philosophy than Milton. In his View of the State of Ireland, composed in the dialogue manner, one of the speakers conceives that the barbarity of that country proceeds from the very *genius* of the *soil*, or *influence* of the *stars*. But

he is justly reprimanded by the other, in the following philosophical and pleasing expressions: "Surely, I suppose this but a vain conceit of *simple men*, which *judge things* by their *effects*, and not by their *causes;* for I would rather think the cause of this evil, which hangeth upon that country, to proceed rather of the unsoundness of the counsels, and plots which you say have been oftentimes laid for the reformation, or of faintness in following and affecting the same, than of any such fatal course appointed of God, as you misdeem; but *it is the manner of men, that when they are fallen in any absurdity*, or *their actions succeed not as they would, they are always ready to impute the blame thereof unto the heavens, so to excuse their own follies and imperfections.*" The admirable Spenser is another instance to prove that an exquisite imagination may be combined with the soundest intellect; and it is now, perhaps, the first time that Spenser the poet has been quoted as Spenser the philosopher.

Chardin, Fontenelle, Du Bos, and others adopted this notion. But what the reasoning of Chardin, the wit of Fontenelle, and the ingenuity of Du Bos failed to establish, was fixed by the seductive eloquence of Montesquieu. His brilliant strokes dazzled the eyes of Europe, and he iced with additional frost the heart of many a literary Russian and Dane. Thus some follies are hereditary among writers, and one generation perpetuates or revives the dreams of another.

It was his art of composition that gave to Montesquieu the power of disguising an exploded theory. Who can resist such poignant epigrams as these, allowing lively epigrams to be conclusive arguments? "The empire of climate is the first of all empires." "As we distinguish climates by degrees of latitude, we might distinguish them, thus to express myself, by degrees of sensibility." "In those countries, instead of precepts, we must have padlocks." Such is his witty system, which perhaps was first conceived with a smile, but conducted with ingenious gravity.

When the Spirit of Laws was first published, every literary centinel did not silently admit the enemy of intellectual freedom, nor was every genius astounded by the sparkles of wit. The alarm was given. This paradox kindled the philosophic indignation of Gray, and inspired his exquisite muse to commence a poem of considerable magnitude, to combat a position so fatal to intellectual exertion. Churchill rebelled against such fetters. Genius, says he, *may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.* Armstrong inveighed against this system; but it was Hume who first, with solid arguments, crushed the brilliant epigrams of Montesquieu.

Filangieri, who united knowledge with genius, marches between these system-mongers and their adversaries, by attempting to show that climate influences the mind as a relative, not as an absolute cause, and that the difference is not perceptible in temperate climates. One of his reveries is that of drying marshes and felling woods to change the character of a people. The Italian thus adopts gravely Addison's jest, who tells us, that "a famous university was formerly very much infested with *puns;* but whether this might not arise from the *fens* and *marshes* by which it was surrounded, and which are now *drained*, I must leave to the determination of more skilful naturalists."

As France is a very extensive country, and has great variety of climate, it offered ample scope for these systematizers to verify their favourite theory, by tracing the effects of climate through its various districts. The inhabitants of cold Picardy were thought to be eminent for their indefatigable industry, and their writers for laborious erudition. But here, moral are mistaken for physical effects. Baillet remarks, concerning Picardy, that the industry of its writers is owing to the havoc of war, which, having injured

the fortunes of the natives, induced them rather to apply to useful than to agreeable studies to better their condition. Normandy, having great inequality of climate, was supposed to occasion a similar inequality in its authors; and Auvergne, having high hills and deep vallies, was conjectured to produce both men of great genius and great dulness; for those born on the mountains were said to have more delicate organs, and a more ætherial spirit than the gross and ponderous students of the vallies.

By some of these theorists Britain has been considered as a Beotia. Profound disquisitions and sarcastic exultations have appeared concerning this foggy isle; but the same fogs remain, while the finest compositions now enrich its language. England exhibits models of the purest taste to literary Europe; but moral causes long impeded the progress of English taste, and gave rise to the opinions of Du Bos, Montesquieu, and Winckleman, who affirmed that England could have no genius for the fine arts, because the sensibility of taste was obstructed by a noxious atmosphere.

Winckleman's notion concerning Milton is curious. He tells us, that all the descriptions in Paradise Lost, except the amorous and delicate scenes of the primeval pair, are like well-painted gorgons, which resemble each other, but are always frightful; and this he attributes to the climate. But what is by him thought monstrous, a true critic will conceive to be the terrible graces of a sublime poesy. As the subject is peculiar, and of the most elevated nature, so it found in Milton a genius as peculiar, and faculties the most elevated. If the English muse has surpassed her sisters in stature, she yields not in the more delicate and sweeter circumstances of her art. Of late she has excelled in picturesque description; the most pleasing paintings of nature variegate the verse of Thomson, who was born more northerly than Milton. Goldsmith has cultivated the same powers, and they have proved so attractive to the public taste, that English verse can now exhibit some of the most enchanting and most vivid scenery in poetry. The muse was considered to be under "*skiey influence;*" but whenever national impediments are removed, and time in every polished nation removes them, such nation will not fail in equalling the efforts of those who have been placed in happier circumstances.

Some writers yield up their own experience to this favourite theory. Spence accounts for the turgidity of Lucan on these principles. He says, "The swellings in his poem may be partly accounted for, perhaps, from his being *born* in *Spain*, and in that part of it which was *farthest removed* from Greece and Rome." But the following instance will parallel any literary extravagance. When Dyer gave his Fleece to the world, he apologized for the defects of the poem, by saying, that "It was published under some *disadvantages*, for many of its *faults* must be imputed to the *air of a fenny country*, where I have been for the most part above these five years." Warburton, in his Enquiry into the Prodigies of Historians, alluding to the success of the French in translating the ancients, imagines that the little emulation of his own countrymen in this department of literature may be attributed to the *coldness* of their *climate*. These are his words: "The Frenchman, vigorous and enterprising, is ambitious of possession; while we, with with a false *modesty* and *coldness*, natural from our *climate*, content ourselves with a distant admiration."

From this it would appear, that Britain has of late become *much warmer*, and therefore *less modest*; since its natives have enriched their language with some versions of the classics, which vie with the originals. Such criticisms remind me of a couplet of De Foe, whose good sense appears also to have wander-

ed wildly into these fancies. In one of his political poems, he says of his hero William:

Batavian climates nourished him awhile,
Too great a *genius* for so *damp* a soil.

Even Milton credited this prejudice. He tells us that he intends to write an epic "out of our own ancient stories; if there be nothing *adverse* in our *climate*, or the fate of this age." When he was near the close of his immortal labour, he adorns these notions by the charms of his verse, and lays a peculiar stress on the word *cold*:

——————— Higher argument
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or *cold*
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing.

Even Young, in *The Merchant*, complains, that "his poetic vein *runs slow* in this cold climate."

This notion was indeed so prevalent in those days, that Descartes feared the warmth of the climate in France would too much exalt his imagination, and disturb that temperate state of the mind necessary for philosophical discoveries. He therefore took refuge from the sun in Holland. All the frost of the northern climates could never render his burning imagination tepid; the visionary would have dreamt on a pillow of snow.

On such foundations rests the brilliant edifice which Montesquieu did not construct, but only adorned. Every error of this kind puts an additional fetter on the mind, and half the wisdom of man now consists in destroying shackles of his own making.

Aristotle observes, that the northern nations, and generally all Europe, are naturally courageous and robust, but are improper for mental exertion, without powers for meditation, and without industry for the arts; on the contrary, the Asiatics have great talents for works of genius, are inclined to reasoning and meditation, and skilful in the invention and improvement of arts. The reverse of all this, in the present age, is the truth. Aristotle drew his representations from the existing scene; but had he reflected on the power which the *customs* and *government* of a people have over them, he had then perceived that, not the frost and snows of the north made men addict themselves to war, but that predatory genius which must ever prevail among a people poor and ignorant. When civilization had taken place, and the severities of climate were mitigated by the influence of arts and sciences; when the descendants of these men employed their shipping in commerce as well as in war; when their iron was employed to turn up the soil; when in their cities universities were erected, academies instituted, and the peaceful occupations of genius cherished; then, with the same climate, the national character was changed. Heroic and polished Greece and Rome are now barbarous and servile; and the gravity and superstition of the Spaniard, the politic and assassinating spirit of the Italian, the diligence and suppleness of the Scot, and the warmness and penetration of the Englishman, are derived from manners and government.

It was once enquired why Paris and Toulouse produced so many eminent lawyers. It was long attributed to the climate; till some reasonable being discovered, that the universities of those cities offered *opportunities* and *encouragements* for that *study* which others did not.

The Germans have long been a calumniated nation. A taste for science and learning having been diffused among that industrious people, they were constantly aspersed by their lively neighbours for inveterate dulness and steril fancies. The eminent success of the French placed the frightened genius of

that nation in a voluntary seclusion; of late, awakened from their stupor, they have produced some spirited and affecting works of imagination, which can fear no rivals.

It is with nations as with individuals, and with individuals as with nations. The human mind is indeed influenced not by climate, but by government; not by soils, but by customs; not by heat and cold, but by servitude and freedom. A happy education, elegant leisure, and a passion for glory, must form a great man; as an excellent government, orderly liberty, and popular felicity, must form a great people. But for these purposes, numerous conjunctures must succeed each other, which, in the state of human affairs, can be but rare. No system of education for the individual, or system of government for the people, has been discovered which can satisfy the rational mind; a great people, like a great man, must therefore be a sort of prodigy. C.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON NOVELTY IN LITERATURE.

ALL is said, exclaims Bruyere; but his own example confutes the dreary sentence. A belief of the exhausted state of literature has been a very old popular prejudice. A silly saying of a wise ancient, who, even in his day, laments, that *of books there is no end*, has been copied by great authors, who, however, cannot be deemed very accurate observers.

This opinion serves for an apology to the idle and a consolation to the disappointed; but it is to be lamented that it damps the ardour of the ingenious. Had not genius felt itself superior to this whimsy, the world had wanted nearly all its valued compositions.

He who critically examines any branch of literature finds little original invention, even in the most excellent works. To add a little to his predecessors satisfies the ambition of the first of writers. The popular notion of literary novelty is full of error. Of these unreflecting readers, many are yet to learn that their admired originals are not such as they take them to be, either in the whole design or in the parts. Of the thoughts of the most admired compositions, some readers are yet to be instructed that they are not wonderful discoveries, but only truths felt by themselves, before the ingenuity of the author had, by a train of intermediate and accessory links, unfolded that confused sentiment, which those experience who are not accustomed to think with accuracy.

Novelty, in a strict sense, will not be found in any judicious work. I am not, therefore, surprised at a literary incident which happened to a friend of mine, who, to amuse a temporary retirement, took with him seven epic poems, and compared them with each other. The result was, that he found out how much each had been indebted to its predecessors. The same incidents were transplanted, and the same characters assumed new names; but every poet had his peculiar colouring and disposition, and had created while he imitated. Prior, in his preface to his *Solomon*, with some exultation points out the imitations of the epic poets.

Voltaire, who, as a critic, is of great authority, looked on every thing as imitation. He thought that most original writers borrowed from one another. He says that the instruction gathered from books is like fire; we fetch it from our neighbours, kindle it at home, and communicate it to others, till it becomes the property of all. He traces some of the finest compositions to the fountain head; and we wonder at perceiving that they have travelled in regular succession through China, India, Arabia, and Greece, to France and to England.

To the obscurity of time are the ancients much indebted for their

seeming originality. We know how frequently they accuse each other; and to have borrowed freely from preceding writers was not thought criminal by such illustrious authors as Plato and Cicero. The Æneid has not only little invention in the incidents, for it unites the plan of the Iliad and the Odyssey, but many of its passages are mere translations, and it is certainly very deficient in the variety of its characters.

The greatest opening or occasion for copying occurs when our models are in a foreign language. Though we term both Greek and Roman writers ancients, the latter was modern in comparison with the former, and lighting its own fuel with fire borrowed from the former, the spirit and fashion of imitation was boundless. We frequently lament the loss of many valuable Greek works, but how far they are really lost, how far they still exist disguised in the works of the Romans, is a problem impossible to solve. How much, for example, of the images and sentiments of the Greek lyric poets exists in Horace, who can tell? That cannot be said to be entirely lost of which a translation remains.

Our own early writers have not more originality than modern genius may aspire to reach. To imitate and to rival the Italians and French formed their devotion.—Chaucer, Gower, and Gawin Douglas were all spirited imitators, and frequently only masterly translators. Spenser, the father of so many poets, is himself the child of the Ausonian muse. Skakespeare liberally honoured many writers by unsparing imitation; he availed himself of their sentiments, their style, and their incidents. His Oberon was taken from a French romance, and his fairies are no more his own invention, than the sylphs are of Pope. Milton is incessantly borrowing from the poetry of his day. In *Comus* he preserved all the circumstances of model. Paradise Lost was suggested by a mystery, and many of its most striking passages are taken from other poets. Tasso opened for him the Tartarean gulph. The bridge over chaos may be found in Sadi, who borrowed it from the Turkish theology; the paradise of fools is a wild flower, or rather gaudy weed, transplanted from the wilderness of Ariosto. Jonson was the servile slave of his ancient masters; and the rich poetry of Gray is a wonderful tissue, woven on the frames, and with the golden threads of others. To Cervantes we owe Butler; and the united abilities of three great wits, in their Martinus Scriblerus, could find no other mode of conveying their powers but by imitating at once Don Quixote and monsieur Oufle. Pope, like Boileau, had all the ancients and moderns in pay. Theirs were not the pillage of a bandit, but the taxes of a monarch. Swift is much indebted for the plan of his Travels of Gulliver, to the Voyages of Cyrano de Bergerac to the Sun and Moon; a writer, who, without the acuteness of Swift, has wilder flashes of fancy. We find many of his strokes in bishop Godwin's Man in the Moon, who, in his turn, borrowed without scruple from Cyrano. The Tale of a Tub is an imitation of originals, too numerous here to mention. Dr. Ferriar's Essay on the Imitations of Sterne might be easily augmented. Such are the writers, however, who imitate, but are inimitable!

Montaigne, with honest frankness, compares his writings to a thread that binds the flowers of others; and that by incessantly pouring the waters of a few good old authors into his sieve, some drops fall upon his paper. The good old man relates a stratagem of his own, which consisted of inserting whole sentences from the ancients, without acknowledgment, that he might laugh at critics giving *Nazardes* to Seneca and Plutarch, while they imagined they tweaked his nose. Petrarch, who is not the inventor of that tender poetry of which he is now the model, and Boccaccio, the father of Italian novels, have alike pro-

fited by the study of writers now only read by those who have more curiosity than taste; to the minstrels was the Italian tale-teller indebted for many of his plots. Boiardo imitated Pulci, and Ariosto Boiardo. The madness of Orlando, though its extravagance gives it a very original air, is only copied from sir Launcelot in the old romance of Mort Arthur, with which it agrees in every leading circumstance; and what is the Cardenio of Cervantes but the Orlando of Ariosto? Tasso imitates the Iliad, and enriches his poem with episodes from the Æneid. Even Dante, wild and original as he appears, when he meets Virgil in the shades, warmly expresses his gratitude for the many fine passages for which he was indebted to his works, on which he says he had *long meditated*. Moliere and La Fontaine are thought to possess as much originality as any French writer; yet the learned Menage calls Moliere *un grand et habile picoreur;* and Boileau tells us, that La Fontaine borrowed his style and matter from Marot and Rabelais, and took his topics from Boccaccio, Poggio, and Ariosto. Nor was the eccentric Rabelais inventor of his own burlesque. He closely imitates Folengo, the inventor of the macaronic poetry, and not a little indebted to the old *Facezie* of the Italians. Indeed Marot, Villon, as well as those we have noticed, profited by authors prior to Francis I. Bruyere incorporates whole passages of Publius Syrus in his work. To the Turkish Spy was Montesquieu beholden for his Persian Letters, and a numerous croud are indebted to Montesquieu. Corneille made a liberal use of Spanish literature; and the pure waters of Racine flowed from the fountains of Sophocles and Euripides.

Is there then no literary novelty? Denina's work on the Revolutions of Literature is built on the notion, that there being a great uniformity in nature, when the perfection of those arts which express the passions is acquired, nature becomes exhausted; and that, at this period, success in poetry or eloquence requires us either to extend nature or create new passions, which are alike impossible. If this be true, literary novelty would, in our present state of refinement, be impossible.

What is a new thought? It is not, says Boileau, as the ignorant imagine: a thought which no one before ever conceived, or could have possibly conceived. On the contrary, it is a thought that might have occurred to any one, but that somebody has first expressed: it is what every one *thinks*, but is said in a new and lively *manner*. Pope, no doubt, borrowed his definition of wit, or genius, from this source:

> What oft was *thought*, but ne'er so well *express'd*.

It is, perhaps, with writing as with shooting; the art consists in the *aim* of the sportsman, but the objects are always the same. Good sense has been so in all ages, says Pope, who, perhaps, had more good sense than any other poet. When we analyse the most striking passages of our most original writers, we find in the naked idea nothing uncommon. The finest thoughts derive their beauty from the glow and colouring of imagination. A critic, once examined and compared the natural sentiments of two dialogues of vulgar courtship, in the Exmoor dialect, with congenial and similar ideas in poetical language, and found that the ground-work was always the same; that all men think alike, but express themselves very differently.

The most forcible passages of Shakespeare are only delightful or energetic expressions of our own feelings. Great writers must, therefore, bear affinity with each other; and will eagerly adopt the images, the sentiments, and the very expressions of a kindred genius. We may thus account for similar passages in different works, though no connection existed between the writers. Hence sometimes an English reader finds in Corneille an expres-

sion which he exclaims is worthy of Shakespeare; and a Frenchman discovers in Shakespeare a sentiment which equals the eloquence of Corneille.

Do we not observe the most essential truths on the most interesting topics enfeebled, and even rendered disgusting, by the terms in which they are conveyed? And do we not sometimes admire the most trivial objects when they are touched with all the felicity of words? It is the use made of this instrument, which bestows novelty on the most familiar and delight on the most arid topics.

The French and Italians have a kind of writing almost peculiar to themselves. It is called by the former, *rajeunissement*, and by the latter *refaccimento*. This is nothing but a rejuvenescence of their ancient authors, such as are the versions, by Dryden and Pope, of some of Chaucer's Tales, and of Donne's Satires. Every one is not equally successful in this employment; and writers who possess a happy style display in these works its full force; they give, by master-touches, all the pleasure the originals once gave. In the hands of inferior writers, the same thoughts have been as faithfully but not as attractively repeated. Several works of importance might be noticed, which cannot be viewed in their original dress; but since they have been re-written by men of genius, every one peruses them. *Manner* or style is the first acquirement of genius; it renders a sonnet more precious than a long poem, and has made some authors more celebrated for ten pages, than others who in vain have written ten volumes.

Observe in two of the most popular French writers a great contrast of manner: Voltaire is a wit, and takes us by surprise; Rousseau is an orator, and insinuates his soul into our own; one points his polished epigrams, and the other steals on us with pathetic sentiments; our fancy is the aim of Voltaire, but we yield our heart to Rousseau. It is this manner which enchants in Addison, pleases in Melmoth, and sooths in Hawkesworth; which sparkles in the brilliant periods of Shaftesbury, rises into majesty in the grand tones of Bolingbroke, and awes in the solemn cadences of Johnson.

L.

For the Literary Magazine.

A STUDENT'S JOURNAL.

Sunday evening, nine o'clock.—I have too long delayed to set myself seriously to my studies. I am determined to begin *to-morrow*, betimes: So I'll go to bed earlier this evening than usual. I am resolved——but I'll stop here and go to bed immediately, and that I may rise betimes, will leave my shutters open.

Monday, nine o'clock. Just opened my eyes. I opened a shutter, but forgetting to fasten it, it blew to: so did not know it was day, till the sun was two hours high.

Tuesday, nine o'clock. Just rose; went to bed so late that I could not wake sooner. At breakfast, Wetherby bolted in, equipped for shooting. Persuaded me to go along. Want a little exercise, and the weather so fine, I believe I will go this once.

Wednesday, nine o'clock. Out a shooting all day yesterday. Brought home a few plover. Dick stayed to sup with me upon them. Too tired even to write. Mem. Shall avoid Dick for the future.

Four o'clock. At the office. Went over the case I last read in Burrow. Scarcely through it, when Harry Settle came in. Brought Colman's last play. Staid prating till dinner time. After dinner, ran over the play. Just finished it. Too late to go to the office this afternoon. Mused a good deal upon miss T——. Whether to meet her at Hill's this evening, to visit Sally, or stay at home and read Bacon——*that's the question.*

Twelve o'clock. At Hill's. A brilliant company. Miss T—— a

most charming creature. Rallied her on her engagement. She denied it. She returns home shortly. An eastern tour must be very agreeable. Her engagement, I doubt, is all fudge. Found, at home, a note from Sally. Too sleepy to read it to-night.

Thursday, nine o'clock. Rose half an hour ago. Breakfasted. Put Sally's note in my pocket, intending to read it at the office.

Three o'clock. Leaving home, met Mrs. Wilson on a visit to Kitty. She knows something of miss T——. Returned with her into the house. Told my sister that miss T—— would be married in August; all fixed.

Ten o'clock. Just breakfasted. Toby knocked over the coffee-pot. Was obliged to wait till fresh was made.

Half after eleven. Called at John's to be shaved. Met Dick Wetherby there. Dick proposed a shooting match to-morrow. Refused, for I am resolved to be more studious. Took up the Sporting Magazine. Head-ache hangs about me. Took a short walk with Dick to shake it off.

One o'clock. At the office a little before twelve. Opened Burrows. Just beginning a case when Sally Phillips walked by. Looked over as if she expected me to join her. Did so. Left her as soon as possible at Mrs. Craig's door. Hastened back, finished the case, and made a note of it in common-place book.

Three o'clock. Home at one. Papa going to Baltimore, appointed dinner early, but did not come home till two. Prevented by business from going this week. Just dined. An invitation to tea at Mrs. Craig's. Pressed to come early. Miss T—— of Boston to be there. Had resolved to spend my evenings in study, but wanted to see miss T——. Will go for this once.

Five o'clock. At the office by half after three. Applied to Burrows, but surprised by a nap in the second paragraph. Obliged to walk to shake off my drowsy fit.

Twelve o'clock. From five till now dressing, and at Mrs. Craig's. Sally there. Did not look as well as usual. Miss T—— a very fine girl. Sally piqued with my attentions to her. Rode home with her, but she refused her hand and was mute all the way. Wonder if 'tis true that Miss T—— is engaged. She's engaged at Hill's on Wednesday evening. Went to my room to read Sally's note. A scolding one, demanding an explanatory visit. Went to her. Pretty hard to prevail on her to make up. Sally is a sweet, tender creature for all. Could not leave her till past two.

Three o'clock. Going to the office. Met Beau Williams. He was going to see, and walk with Sally. In pity to her, but much against his inclination, went along with him. Williams, to spite me, staid tea, and would not budge till ten o'clock. Was determined to out-stay him. It was two o'clock before my girl and I could part. I wonder I could forget her for a moment; yet I wish she could talk a little like miss T——. Sally has no taste but for dress and gossipping: but she'll improve. She promises to be all I wish. Am to leave Colman's play with her this morning. Plaguy wakeful, though so late. I wish I had staid with her till morning. I wish people could marry when they liked. Mamma says we are too young, and must make myself a lawyer first. Nature says, "Now's the time," and I should study, I'm sure, much better afterwards. Coke, and Bacon, and Burrows are confounded dull work at present. Can't sleep for a moment. I'll write a few lines to Sally, and put it in the book.

Friday, two o'clock. At the office betimes this morning. Left the play with Sally on my way hither. Opened Bacon at *Jeofail.* Unluckily found a piece of white paper at the place, and instead of taking notes, scribbled a stanza or two to Sally. Spent till dinner time in chusing between Cynthia, Lindamira, and Eudora. I'll defer heading it, till I hear her opinion. I've

heard her say she would like to have been called *Clara*, but Clara won't do for verse.

Six o'clock. At the office. Weatherby wanted me to try his new gig, but I was resolved to attend to my studies. Not sufficiently grounded, I find, to read Bacon. Will begin Blackstone's third volume to-morrow. Transcribed and corrected my verses. *Lindamira* best upon the whole. Looked into Ainsworth for its etymology. On reflection, Mira is very pretty also: but I'll submit it to Sally.

Twelve o'clock. Plaguily mortified to night. Sally had not opened the play; of course had not seen my billet, when I called upon her. Had a head-ache, it seems, which reading always increases; and deferred it till we could read it together. I proposed reading it, but the bewitching girl said she had rather be kissed, than read to, by *somebody*. Sally does not love books, but she loves me, and that makes up for every thing. With her in my arms, time will never hang heavy. Plagued all the evening by visitants. A little more sense in Sally would not be amiss. But she's very young; has had few advantages. *I'll* make something of her yet. She has some judgment too, for she declares warmly for *Lindamira*. Was obliged to leave her at eleven. Met Bob and Sam Walters. Teazed me to go to Sales; but virtue and Sally forbad. Mem. To ask mamma for some money. Quite out this morning.

Eleven o'clock. At the office, this morning, at ten. Hardly worth while to begin Blackstone at the end of a week. Start fair and fresh on Monday morning, and stick to it faithfully. I'm resolved on this.

Rummaging a neglected pigeon-hole for a precedent (by direction) lighted on a *narr.* in Latin Sapphics. An excellent joke! Tried my hand at a ballad; each stanza ending in *certiorari* and *mandamus*. Finished three stanzas by dinner time. Company to dinner. A short walk, and tea with Sally. A charming moonlight walk. Got to Schuylkill before we were aware. Returned home at eleven, and sat at the door till twelve. After all, there is nothing worth living for but love—and Sally. This law is plaguy harsh, crabbed reading: but then Sally is behind this thorny fence. I must leap it to get at her: and so leap it I will!——

For the Literary Magazine.

THE CHARACTER OF ATTICUS.

I HAVE always had a notion that the most perfect character on record is Pomponius Atticus. This extraordinary person, amidst the civil wars of his country, when he saw the designs of all parties equally tended to the subversion of liberty, by constantly preserving the esteem and affection of both the competitors, found means to serve his friends on either side: and while he sent money to young Marius, whose father was declared an enemy of the commonwealth, he was himself one of Sylla's chief favourites, and always near that general.

During the war between Cæsar and Pompey, he still maintained the same conduct. After the death of Cæsar, he sent money to Brutus in his troubles, and did a thousand good offices to Antony's wife and friends, when that party seemed ruined. Lastly, even in that bloody war between Antony and Augustus, Atticus still kept his place in both their friendships; insomuch that the first, says Cornelius Nepos, whenever he was absent from Rome in any part of the empire, writ punctually to him what he was doing, what he read, and whither he intended to go; and the latter gave him constantly an exact account of all his affairs.

So far as we can judge from his conduct, he was a sage in *practice*, while most of his illustrious friends were such only in *speculation*. He seems to have seen the bearings and tendencies of the great political currents of his time, with more accu-

sacy than all others. Unlike the restless patriots of his age, he seems to have rightly estimated his own powers of doing good and the capacity of his countrymen to receive it, and to have regulated his conduct accordingly. In fine, no man could be placed in more arduous circumstances, and none ever performed his part with more true wisdom and sagacity. X.

For the Literary Magazine.

SCHOELLENEN AND URSEREN VALE DESCRIBED.

From Sansom's American Letters.

WE now applied ourselves to ascend the barren valley of Schoellenen, insensible of fatigue, engrossed as we were by the stupendous objects with which we were surrounded; every now and then encountering straggling parties of disbanded soldiers, returning from Italy, and shivering with cold, while we were sweltering with heat. The poor fellows were only three days from Milan, where they told us it was too hot to stir in the day time, or to sleep at night, as we sometimes have it in America, when the wind is from the south.

Now and then a capuchin friar, with his beard and sandals, gave local interest to the alpine scenery.

After winding about for some hours round perpendicular rocks, which seemed to have been cleft asunder on purpose to form the tortuous passage, strong puffs of wind, accompanied with spray, warned us, before we could see it, of our approach to the foaming cataract, over which has been thrown an aerial arch called the devil's bridge.

This tremendous pass was obstinately disputed by the French, when general Suwarrow entered Switzerland, at the head of 20,000 men. A small body of French troops, retreating before superior force, had destroyed the bridge behind them, and they continued to defend the yawning gulph, against the murderous fire of the invaders, until a few planks, slightly fastened together with the officers' scarfs, were thrown across the breach, and the dauntless corps, the greatest part of which had by this time fallen into the precipice they defended, was overpowered by numbers, rushing desperately over the frightful chasm, the crevices of which were heaped with the bodies of the slain.

The object of Suwarrow was to form a junction with the Russian and Austrian forces, then encamped in the neighbourhood of Zurich. But they had been defeated by Massena, at the critical juncture, and the Russian veteran was fain to throw his artillery into the lakes, and effect his retreat, across ridges, till then deemed impassable by any thing but goats.

After crossing the bridge, this singular road enters a subterraneous passage, which has been cut several hundred feet through the solid rock; from whose midnight darkness you suddenly emerge upon broad daylight, in the valley of Urseren; an opening scene of pastoral tranquility, in which at a little distance appears the village of Andermat, sheltered by a ridge of firs, the only trees that will grow in so elevated and confined a situation.

The vale of Urseren is 4000 feet above the level of the sea, and it is probably the highest spot in the world, inhabited by twelve hundred people. They would be totally separated from the rest of mankind, if it was not for the winding mule-path, which has here crossed the Alps ever since the days of Julius Cæsar, who is said to have first surmounted the stupendous barrier.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE DRESS OF A BEAU IN THE TIME OF HENRY IV.

HE wore long pointed shoes, fastened to his knees by gold or silver

chains; a stocking of one colour on one leg, and one of a different colour on the other; short close breeches, that reached but half way down his thigh; a coat, one half white, the other half black or blue; a long beard; a silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of men and and animals, and sometimes ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones.

For the Literary Magazine.

VACCINE INOCULATION.

IN consequence of the misrepresentations of the result of certain cases of vaccine inoculation, and of the malicious industry which has been exerted to circulate those misrepresentations, a committee of twenty-five active and intelligent members of the Royal Jennerian Society was appointed to enquire into their validity, and they have made their report in the following terms:

"The medical council of the Royal Jennerian Society, having been informed that various cases had occurred, which excited prejudices against vaccine inoculation, and tended to check the progress of that important discovery in this kingdom, appointed a committee of twenty-five of their members to inquire, not only into the nature and truth of such cases, but also into the evidence respecting instances of small-pox, alleged to have occurred twice in the same person.

"In consequence of this reference, the committee made diligent inquiry into the history of a number of cases, in which it was supposed that vaccination had failed to prevent the small-pox, and also of such cases of small-pox as were stated to have happened subsequently to the natural or inoculated small-pox.

"In the course of their examination, the committee learned that opinions and assertions had been advanced and circulated, which charged the cow-pox with rendering patients liable to particular diseases, frightful in their appearance, and hitherto unknown; and judging such opinions to be connected with the question as to the efficacy of the practice, they thought it incumbent upon them to examine also into the validity of these injurious statements respecting vaccination.

"After a very minute investigation of these subjects, the result of their inquiries has been submitted to the medical council; and from the report of the committee it appears:

I. "That most of the cases which have been urged in proof of the inefficacy of vaccination, and which have been the subjects of public attention and conversation, are either wholly unfounded, or grossly misrepresented.

II. "That other cases, brought forward as instances of the failure of vaccination to prevent the small-pox, are now allowed, by the very persons who first related them, to have been erroneously stated.

III. "That the statements of the greater part of those cases have been already carefully investigated, ably discussed, and fully refuted, by different writers on the subject.

IV. "That notwithstanding the most incontestible proofs of such misrepresentations, a few medical men have persisted in repeatedly bringing the same unfounded and refuted reports and misrepresentations before the public, thus perversely and disingeniously labouring to excite prejudices against vaccination.

V. "That in some printed accounts adverse to vaccination, in which the writers had no authenticated facts to support the opinions they advanced, nor any reasonable arguments to maintain them, the subject has been treated with indecent and disgusting levity; as if the good or evil of society were fit objects for sarcasm and ridicule.

VI. "That when the practice of vaccination was first introduced and recommended by Dr. Jenner, many

persons, who had never seen the effects of the vaccine fluid on the human system, who were almost wholly unacquainted with the history of vaccination, the characteristic marks of the genuine vesicle, and the cautions necessary to be observed in the management of it, and were therefore incompetent to decide whether patients were properly vaccinated or not, nevertheless ventured to inoculate for the cow-pox.

VII. "That many persons have been declared duly vaccinated, when the operation was performed in a very negligent and unskilful manner, and when the inoculator did not afterwards see the patients, and therefore could not ascertain whether infection had taken place or not; and that to this cause are certainly to be attributed many of the cases adduced in proof of the inefficacy of cow-pox.

VIII. "That some cases have been brought before the committee, on which they could form no decisive opinion, from the want of necessary information as to the regularity of the preceding vaccination, or the reality of the subsequent appearance of the small-pox.

IX. "That it is admitted by the committee, that a few cases have been brought before them, of persons having the small-pox, who had apparently passed through the cow-pox in a regular way.

X. "That cases, supported by evidence equally strong, have been also brought before them, of persons who, after having once regularly passed through the small-pox, either by inoculation or natural infection, have had that disease a second time.

XI. "That in many cases, in which the small-pox has occurred a second time, after inoculation or the natural disease, such recurrence has been particularly severe, and often fatal; whereas, when it has appeared after vaccination, the disease has generally been so mild, as to lose some of its characteristic marks, and in many instances to render its existence doubtful,

XII. "That it is a fact well ascertained, that in some particular states of certain constitutions, whether vaccine or variolous matter be employed, a local disease only will be excited by inoculation, the constitution remaining unaffected; yet that matter taken from such local vaccine or variolous pustule is capable of producing a general and perfect disease.

XIII. "That if a person, bearing the strongest and most indubitable marks of having had the small-pox, be repeatedly inoculated for that disease, a pustule may be produced, the matter of which will communicate the disease to those who have not been previously infected.

XIV. "That, although it is difficult to determine precisely the number of exceptions to the practice, the medical council are fully convinced, that the failure of vaccination, as a preventive of the small-pox, is a very rare occurrence.

XV. "That of the immense number who have been vaccinated in the army and navy, in different parts of the united kingdom, and in every quarter of the globe, scarcely any instances of such failure have been reported to the committee, but those which are said to have occurred in the metropolis, or its vicinity.

XVI. "That the medical council are fully assured, that, in very many places in which the small-pox raged with great violence, the disease has been speedily and effectually arrested in its progress, and in some populous cities almost wholly exterminated by the practice of vaccination.

XVII. "That the practice of inoculation for the small-pox, on its first introduction into this country, was opposed and very much retarded, in consequence of misrepresentations and arguments drawn from assumed facts, and of miscarriages arising from the want of correct information, similar to those now brought forward against vaccination, so that nearly fifty years elapsed before small-pox inoculation was fully established.

XVIII. "That, by a reference to the bills of mortality, it will appear that, to the unfortunate neglect of vaccination, and to the prejudices raised against it, we may, in a great measure, attribute the loss of nearly two thousand lives by the small-pox, in this metropolis alone, within the present year.

XIX. "That the few instances of failure, either in the inoculation of the cow-pox, or of the small-pox, ought not to be considered as objections to either practice, but merely as deviations from the ordinary course of nature.

XX. "That, from all the facts which they have been able to collect, it appears to the medical council, that the cow-pox is generally mild and harmless in its effects; and no instance has come to their knowledge, in which there was reason to admit that vaccine inoculation had, of itself, produced any new or dangerous disease, as has been ignorantly and unwarrantably asserted; but that the few cases which have been alleged against this opinion, may be fairly attributed to other causes.

XXI. "That if a comparison be made between the effects of vaccination, and those of inoculation for the small-pox, it would be necessary to take into account the greater number of persons who have been vaccinated within a given time, it being probable that within the last seven years, nearly as many persons have been inoculated for the cow-pox, as were ever inoculated for the small-pox, since the practice was introduced into this kingdom.

XXII. "That many well-known cutaneous diseases, and some scrophulous complaints, have been represented as the effects of vaccine inoculation, when in fact they originated from other causes, and in many instances occurred long after vaccination; but that such diseases are infinitely less frequent after vaccination, than after either the natural or inoculated small-pox."

For the Literary Magazine.

THREE KINDS OF DRUNKENNESS.

An Original Anecdote.

AT one of the Edinburgh medical societies, which are principally composed of students, they debated once more an old question, whether *opium* is a stimulant? Much sophistry and much ingenuity were displayed as usual by several juvenile orators, but without arriving much nearer the truth than they were before. The question was several times new modelled in the course of discussion; at length it was asked, are there not *specific stimulants?* do all act in the same manner? has *wine*, for example, the same effect upon the human body as spirits, Peruvian bark, &c.? A student, fonder of good wine than of the abstruse study of physic, was *stimulated* with the very name of wine, though he was silent all the evening before. "Difference!" said he; "ay that there is, a vast deal of difference in stimulants; ay, even in different kinds of spirituous liquors. Now I cannot, *at present*, talk to you about *irritability*, and *nervous fluid*, and all that kind of learned stuff, for I have not time for 't; but I'll give you my notion about the matter in the form of a story. Suppose I meet a man in the street when I am drunk with rum, [Heaven forbid, though, that ever I should be drunk, especially with *rum!*]; the rum makes me *angry*, and, for little or no reason, I knock him down. Next day I meet him when I am intoxicated with wine. Now mark the difference. I now feel *generous*, but I am not *afraid* of him; I humbly ask his pardon, and offer to make him any atonement in my power. 'Tis a great luxury, Mr. president, to ask pardon of the man you have injured, when he is incapable of injuring you. But suppose I do not meet this man till the day after, when I am drunk with *strong beer*; would I ask his pardon then, d'ye

think? No; I would pass him muttering, 'I'll be d——d if I care a farthing about it!' Yes, sir, I know I should, for strong beer makes us careless, heavy, and *indifferent*. This is all I had to say, gentlemen, and I believe I might have said it in half a dozen words; for it amounts to no more than this, that *rum* makes us *irascible*, *beer indifferent;* but *wine generous;* therefore we ought to prefer wine to all other kinds of drink: they say *wine opens the heart;* but if we take care to keep *good hearts* in our bosoms, there is no danger in drinking good wine."

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE HISTORY OF DR JOHNSON'S CHILDHOOD, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

DR. JOHNSON, more than any other eminent man, has been fated to suffer from the impertinence of biographers and collectors. A few days before his death, the doctor ordered his manuscripts to be indiscriminately committed to the flames; judging, doubtless, that they contained nothing worth preserving; at any rate, resolved to use the unquestionable right which every author has over his own literary property, by preventing any posthumous publication of his writings. His servant, Francis Barber, however, to whom this confidential office was entrusted, thought proper to secrete a small part of the papers, probably rather as a relic of his master than with any view to gain; and the consequence of his disobedience was, that, after his death, his widow sold them to Richard Wright, a collector of curiosities, who sold them to Richard Phillips, a publisher of books in *ana*, who will sell whatever can be wire-wove and hot-pressed: and thus, by the combination of all these accessaries, the breach of trust, which was, perhaps, venial in Barber, has become the means of holding up his master to laughter. When the world reads the wretched trifles so carefully recorded in this fragment of biography, they will laugh at Johnson's expence, without reflecting that the absurdity of the production consists entirely in its publicity, and that they alone are answerable for it, who have combined to bring it forward, contrary to the will of the author.

After the fragment in Johnson's handwriting had been procured by such means as these, the question next occurred how it could be made into a volume. Nor was this a matter of easy solution; for the relic, however "curious and interesting," to use the editor's expression, was unhappily so small, that all the resources of the eking-out art, types, vignettes, and margins, seemed to be set at defiance. Fortunately, it occurred, that a miss Hill Boothby, had written some letters to Dr. Johnson, and Mrs. Piozzi had published some letters from Johnson to miss Boothby; so, by printing a number of the former, which, it must be owned, have some relation to Johnson, and reprinting several of the latter, a volume has been at length accomplished, calling itself, "*A Life of Dr. Johnson, by himself.*"

The information contained in this "early biography" of the great English moralist, may be compressed within limits sufficiently narrow. The man-midwife who assisted his mother, said at his birth, "There is a brave boy;" but he was at first thought to be dead, and could not cry. "In a few weeks," proceeds the doctor, "an inflammation was discovered on my buttock, which was at first, I think, taken for a burn, but soon appeared to be a natural disorder. It swelled, broke, and healed."

The boil being thus settled, we have a historical sketch of an issue in his arm; some notices of his bad eyes and scrophulous habit; and a narrative of his adventures on being taken up to London to be touched by queen Anne. The most remarkable incidents in this expedi-

tion, are the following: "I remembered a little dark room behind the kitchen, where the jack weight fell through a hole in the floor, into which I once slipped my leg." "I seem to remember that I played with a string and a bell which my cousin Isaac Johnson gave me, and that there was a cat with a white collar, and a dog called Chops, that leaped over a stick: but I know not whether I remember the thing or the talk of it."

Furthermore, on his return in the waggon, he was sick, which disgusted one woman, but another woman fondled him. Lastly, in this memorable journey to London, his mother bought him a speckled linen frock, which he afterwards knew by the name of his London frock. At this period of his life there occurs a *hiatus in manuscripto* of thirty-eight pages, and the narrative goes on at his ninth year, with some account of his school exercises. Of this detail, the following may serve as a specimen.

"On Thursday night a small portion of Æsop was learned by heart, and, on Friday morning, the lessons in Æsop were repeated; I believe, not those in Helvicus. On Friday afternoon we learned *Quæ Genus*; I suppose that other boys might say their repetition, but of this I have now no distinct remembrance. To learn *Quæ Genus* was to me always pleasing; and *As in Præsenti* was, I know not why, always disgusting.

"When we learned our accidence we had no parts, but, I think, two lessons. The boys that came to school untaught, read the accidence twice through before they learned it by heart.

"When we learned *Propria quæ Maribus*, our parts were in the accidence; when we learned *As in Præsenti*, our parts were in the accidence and *Propria quæ Maribus*; when we learned *Syntaxis*, in the former three. *Propria quæ Maribus* I could repeat without any effort of recollection. I used to repeat it to my mother and Tom Johnson; and remember, that I once went as far as the middle of the paragraph, 'Mascula dicuntur monosyllaba,' in a dream."

His tenth year is occupied with similar school anecdotes, and also with a severe character of some of his relatives. With respect to himself we only find two facts noticed; that he was much pleased with a whip which had a rattle, and wrote of it to his mother; and that on a visit to his aunt he ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton, that she used to talk of it, and his mother said it would hardly ever be forgotten. After a few more details of what they read at school, how often they were punished, what the master said, and what the usher said; this "curious and interesting" work breaks off, at the twenty-fourth page.

Then follow miss Hill Boothby's letters, which make up the volume. Of this lady, Dr. Johnson said "that she had the best understanding he ever met with in any human being." Of a person so praised by such a critic, the epistolary correspondence may well excite interest. But, alas! we read but few pages of it before we recollect that the author was a lady, and suspect that her critic was in love. In fact, letters of a less interesting nature have not hitherto been offered up to that indiscriminate rage for letter-reading, which distinguishes the present generation. They consist of miss Boothby's affection for Dr. Johnson, whom she begins by taking under her protection, and ends by making her "dearest friend." They are interspersed with compliments and inquiries, some few advices of a serious nature, which, we know not how, she seems to have thought her correspondent stood in need of, some medical receipts, and other bits of doctoring; and innumerable accounts of the lady's health, from time to time, and of the progress of her nephews and nieces. The staple article, however, of this epistolary commerce, seems to have been miss Boothby's admiration of Dr.

Johnson's writings; and it must be confessed, that, considering the relative magnitudes of the two correspondents, she deals it out as if she were sufficiently sensible of its high value. She seems rather to patronize and foster Dr. Johnson's merit, than to lay her devotion at his feet, in the style of Richardson's female correspondents; and, indeed, in this particular, miss Boothby differs so much from all the other instances which we have seen of ladies honoured with the friendship of great men, that one can scarcely avoid thinking there must have been a little mixture of a more tender passion in the case, at least on Johnson's part. In the following advice, she has mingled more flattery than she usually bestows on him.

"I am enabled to march on steadily with my shattered frame; how long, I think not of, but wait cheerfully for

"Kind Nature's signal of retreat,"

whenever it pleases God.

"I hope, however, to see you the *author of a great dictionary* before I go, and to have the pleasure of joining with a whole nation in your applause: and, when you have put into their hands the means of speaking and writing the English language with as much purity and propriety as it is capable of being spoken and wrote, give me leave to recommend to you your future studies and labours: let them all be devoted to the glory of God, to exemplify the true use of all languages and tongues. *The vanity of all human wishes* you have finely and forcibly proved: what is then left for you but to seek after certain and permanent happiness, divine and eternal goods,

"These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain,"

and with all the great talents bestowed on you, to call others to the same pursuit. How should I rejoice to see *your* pen *wholly* employed in the glorious christian cause; inviting all into the ways of pleasantness; proving and displaying the only paths to peace! Wherever you have chosen this most interesting subject of religion in your Ramblers, I have warmly wished you never to chuse any other."

We give this lady full credit for excellent intentions in these, as well as some other lectures of the same devout tendency, which she delivers in her letters. But as they are absolutely the only things in the least degree resembling discussion or remark, in the whole of her effusions, we must venture to doubt whether they be sufficient to support the character given of her by Johnson, and quoted above, that she had the very best understanding he had ever seen in any human being. Indeed, when her piety finds a vent for itself in verse, we find a still less call to admire her. Thus, even the devoutness of the poetry about Gilead and Divine love, can in nowise excuse its wretched taste. The correspondent of Johnson lived too long after the days of Hopkins to enclose such lines as these in her epistles:

"The sovereign balm for every heart-felt wound
Is only in the *heavenly* Gilead found:
Whate'er," &c.

and so forth, down to

——— "Wisdom divine must cure,
And *love* inspire, which *all* things can endure."

But perhaps it was in her character, in the strength of her mind, that Dr. Johnson discovered the best of possible understandings. Accordingly, this publication furnishes an instance of her fortitude under afflictions, which is edifying. "O," says she, talking with lightness and resignation of her calamities, "O, chaises and such things are only transient disquiets. I have, on a fine, still day, observed the water, as

smooth as glass, suddenly curled on the surface by a little gust of air, and presently still and smooth again. No more than this are my *chaise troubles*. Like Hamlet's ghost, *'tis here, 'tis gone.*"

That Dr. Johnson highly esteemed this lady, there can be no doubt. In the course of his attempts to eke out the present volume, the editor has inserted a prayer from his *Prayers and Meditations*, composed on the occasion of her death; and in one of the letters to her, taken from Mrs. Piozzi's collection, we find him prescribing for her bodily infirmities with an anxiety so amiable, and, at the same time, a quackery so amusing, that we cannot refrain from transcribing the passage.

"Dear angel, do not forget me. My heart is full of tenderness.—Give me leave, who have thought much on medicine, to propose to you an easy, and, I think, a very probable remedy for indigestion and lubricity of the bowels. Dr. Lawrence has told me your case. Take an ounce of dried orange-peel finely powdered; divide it into scruples, and take one scruple at a time in any manner; the best way is perhaps to take it in a glass of hot red port, or to eat it first, and drink the wine after it. If you mix cinnamon or nutmeg with the powder, it were not worse; but it will be more bulky, and so more troublesome. This is a medicine not disgusting, not costly, easily tried, and, if not found useful, easily left off.

"I would not have you offer it to the doctor as mine. Physicians do not love intruders; yet do not take it without his leave. But do not be easily put off, for it is in my opinion very likely to help you, and not likely to do you harm; do not take too much in haste; a scruple once in three hours, or about five scruples a-day, will be sufficient to begin; or less, if you find any aversion. I think using sugar with it might be bad; if syrup, use old syrup of quinces; but even that I do not like. I should think better of conserve of sloes."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE TYROLESE.

By Kotzebue.

THE Tyrolese are universally passionate lovers of the chase. Before I had proceeded so far as Inspruk, I was told that the liberty of hunting is not expressly allowed them as a right; but that, from their assistance having been much wanted in times of danger, the practice is connived at, in order to reward them for their good behaviour, and that, in fact, the chase is now no longer rented, the natural consequence of which is, that the quantity of game is daily decreasing. The conduct of the government, in this instance, appeared to me very commendable and prudent, in not forgetting these faithful services, but rewarding them in the manner the most agreeable to the people, and least expensive to themselves. But in Inspruk I heard a different account. I was here told that it was not till the daring enemy had found in the passes of the Tyrol mountains the limits of their victories, and the courageous fidelity of the sharp-shooters (who were never soldiers) had served as a bulwark for the trembling capital, that this privilege was temporarily suffered; but that now again every unlicensed hunter is deemed a poacher, and, when seized, is invariably made a soldier. However, the practice is grown into a passion with them, more violent than that of the gamester. Neither threats nor punishments are capable of deterring them from it. One who had been many times caught in the fact, declared aloud, "And if I knew that the next tree would be my gallows, I must, notwithstanding, hunt." Gain cannot be the principal inducement here for them to risk their liberty; for a goat, when shot, weighs only fifty or sixty pounds at the utmost, and sells, together with the skin (which is of use only in autumn), but for ten or twelve florins. It is for this

that the hunter exposes himself to a thousand dangers, and, besides, to ignominy and a severe punishment. For this he spends the coldest winter nights on the cliffs, buries himself in the snow, and sacrifices his hours of sleep. Provided with a scanty store of victuals, he ranges for many days the desert mountains around; and, in spite of hunger and thirst, and every other hardship, pursues this way of life as his highest enjoyment. But when he has gained his poor plunder, he is still exposed to great danger and trouble in the sale of it, unless he happens to be near the monastery at Wiltau, where he may find friends in the clergy there, who love to be provided, all the year round, with game at a cheap rate. The inns of Inspruk are also good customers to such of them as will carry them their prey in the middle of the night.

One of these sportsmen alone seldom or never shoots a goat; they are obliged to go in company, and surround the animals. A herd of goats has always a sentinel planted at a distance. On the point of a rock, presenting no more space than can be covered by the hand closed, the goat stands; and when at a distance he perceives the human form, he makes a loud whistling sound, and in an instant the whole herd vanish. Besides these goats, there are also deer, and (still more numerous) bears, wolves, foxes, and badgers.

The poachers wear masks, or, by some other means, render their faces undistinguishable. If they perceive a game-keeper at a distance, they beckon to him with their hands to depart in haste, calling to him, at the same time, "Go, or we will make you." If he does not obey, they level their firelocks at him; and, if he still refuses to return, they fire: this, however, is in extreme cases only, and when they see no other means of saving themselves. If a game-keeper recognizes one of them in these excursions, and informs against him, he must himself afterwards guard against their revenge. Of this there have been some melancholy instances. A poacher who, in consequence of these practices, had been obliged for many years to serve in a distant regiment, was at length discharged, and returned to his country. He immediately began climbing the mountains again in search of game, met his informer, and shot him dead.

They survey a stranger almost with the curiosity of children, follow him every where, are ever officious to do something or other for him, and are frequently troublesome in consequence of this disposition; but he cannot possibly be angry with them, as he must be convinced of their ardent desire to fulfil all his wishes. Such a race of men inhabit the former principality of Brixen; whose territory, watered by the Eisach, which rushes through a narrow valley, is interspersed with cheerful towns and villages; where cleanliness prevails within and without the houses, and where health and cheerfulness smile from the faces of the inhabitants upon the stranger. They principally subsist by breeding cattle; the climate is too sharp for the cultivation of the vine; for the valley lies high, and the inclement winds have a free passage through it. "Nine months in the year are winter," say the inhabitants of Niederdorf, for example, "and three are cold." The soil, however, is well adapted to pasturage. This may, perhaps, be the reason why this tribe of herdsmen appeared to me to be more brave and less corrupted than their neighbours, who cultivate the vine. What might not have been expected of them during the late war! With what courage they waited for the coming of the French! At Branneken, two posts from Brixen, they had not heard of the arrival of the enemy till he was almost at their gates. They immediately sent to general Sporke, who commanded a corps at no great distance, to inform him they were ready to fight if he would come and support them. The general promised to comply with their invita-

tion. More than four thousand country people assembled, armed themselves, baked bread for the Austrians, procured wine, and waited for their leader. He came not: he sent them word, that his orders obliged him to return over the mountains. This message the honest peasants could not understand. They were acquainted with their mountains: they knew that, especially in spring, it was not possible to cross them, at least not with artillery. They wondered why the general should chuse rather to throw his cannon into the water than to bring it to their defence; and they still maintain, that, if this had been done, if they had been organized, and had had any one to head them, not a man of the French would have escaped. Whoever has seen the country and its inhabitants, will give them credit for the assertion. The answer they received rendered them not dejected, but indignant. All the officers of government withdrew, leaving the people to shift for themselves. But, whenever they met with one of these fugitives, they seized him by his queue, dragged him back, and tauntingly exclaimed, "Scoundrel, there is the enemy!"

Had, at that moment, a man appeared among them, endowed by nature with military talents, he might have given the state of affairs a very different aspect, and have acquired great renown. Now their force was dispersed; but, even in this situation, they made head against the French. In a small town, a body of them assembled at the gate, merely opened a small door from time to time, fired, killed at each time a number of the enemy, and then instantly drew back their heads again. The French might threaten and storm as much as they pleased; the little troop continued to defend themselves in this manner, and at length compelled them to retire. Even in a village situated on a rock, the inhabitants resolved to oppose the entrance of the invaders. The women armed themselves as well as the men, and the children rolled large stones down upon the French, who made a halt, and then proceeded farther. On their approach to Branneken, the peasants ascended the mountains, kindled some hundreds of fires in the vicinity, and so alarmed the numerous army of the enemy, that he entered into a capitulation with this open town, the articles of which were faithfully observed. These brave herdsmen were therefore indebted to their courage alone for not being plundered. The word *peasant* was a terror to the French, and frequently restrained them from committing excesses. The heart of a German patriot bleeds when he sees what a two-edged sword the government then had in its hand, without daring to draw it from the scabbard.

At Leinz the inhabitants likewise gave proofs of their courage; and here, too, they complain bitterly of having been deserted by general Sporke with eleven thousand men. He had resolved to retreat with his artillery beyond the mountains. They represented to him that such a measure was impossible, as there was not even a path for a saddle-horse. All their representations, however, were in vain: he treated them very rudely into the bargain, and attempted to put his plan into execution, but was soon obliged to desist, and to leave his cannon behind him. "Had he kept on good terms with us," say the Tyrolese, "we would have drawn the artillery ourselves to some place of security, and have concealed it where it would not be found by the enemy. It would then have been saved for our sovereign."

But the general was not only obliged to abandon the cannon, but likewise a great quantity of ammunition. He attempted indeed to destroy the greatest part of it, but the time was too short. What could not be destroyed was collected by the inhabitants, and with this they repulsed the French. Such was literally the fact; the anecdote is truly extraordinary: deserted by those who ought to have protected

them, unprovided with arms, except such as the troops had thrown away in their precipitate flight, they seized these, placed an inn-keeper, who had once been a sergeant, at their head, boldly attacked the advanced guard of the French which had entered their little town, and drove them from street to street, out at the gate, and beyond the bridge, strewing the whole way with the bodies of their enemies. An army of sixteen thousand men soon afterwards advanced, and the general who commanded it breathed vengeance against the town. But when he perceived that the peasants and inhabitants had taken post unintimidated on the adjacent mountains, where they remained under arms, he altered his tone, and declared, in a manifesto, that he had relinquished all idea of satisfying his vengeance, though just; that he wished not to punish the innocent with the guilty, and merely demanded a free passage and bread for his troops. This capitulation was accepted; but no sooner had the rapacious Frenchman entered the town, than he gave notice, that, unless the sum of one hundred thousand florins was raised in two hours, the place should be set on fire at the four corners. The unfortunate citizens made every possible exertion: they went from house to house, accompanied by a French guard, to collect money, but could not collect more than twenty-five thousand florins. Five of the principal inhabitants were therefore taken as hostages. These were shamefully treated during their march; were scarcely allowed bread; and, when the preliminaries of Leoben were actually signed, they were not informed, that, by this treaty, all arrears of contributions were remitted; they were several times led out as if for the purpose of being shot; and, by such methods as these, a like sum, which they were obliged to borrow of their friends and acquaintance, was extorted from them before they were dismissed. It would certainly be worth the while of a good historian to reside for a few months in Tyrol; he would there have an opportunity of collecting the most extraordinary particulars of a war, the individual occurrences of which must appear incomprehensible to posterity. They will not be a little astonished to learn, that the military manifested a kind of hatred (I cannot possibly call it envy) against the brave peasantry; and that they went so far as to call the gallant general Laudon, by way of ridicule, *the idol of the peasants*, because he was the only officer who knew how to avail himself of the courage and energy of the Tyrolese; and who, let it be well remarked, himself fought at their head.

For the Literary Magazine.

MILTON, HIS METRE AND HIS IMITATORS.

JOHNSON says, that the Paradise Lost is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again; that none ever wished it longer than it is; that its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure.

We must admit that the irregularity of his pauses, which certain critics have so much commended, often gives the character of prose to his verse, and deprives it of all fire and enthusiasm of expression. It is also too true that Milton has often employed an inverted order of collocation, merely to stiffen his diction, and keep it out of prose; an artifice, of all others, the most adverse to the genuine purposes of a metrical or poetical style, which, though known to be the result of study and labour, should always appear to flow from inspiration. It cannot be denied that some parts of Paradise Lost have as little the characteristics of metre as they have of poetical beauty. There is, even in the most beautiful parts of the Paradise Lost, a want of that

charm of ease and animation, which runs through the poetry of Homer and Virgil.

The admirers of Milton must be better pleased to lay the fault on his verse than on his mind. His lighter poems are often full of grace and spirit. The evil days on which he had fallen, and the influence of a temperament, naturally so serious and severe, that in his mirth, according to Johnson, there is always some melancholy, will certainly account, in a great degree, for that unbending solemnity, which reigns in the Paradise Lost, and which is apt to leave an impression almost painful on the mind. But there is something more. Sensible that the inferiority of our own idiom to those of antiquity proceeded mainly from its want of inversions, he struggled, both in prose and poetry, to naturalize a more classical structure of periods. Had this succeeded, so as to become the common style, which, from our want of inflections, and for other reasons, it never could, poetry and eloquence would have been inestimably gainers. He failed; and his failure cost him half the price of his labour.

His prose writings, abundant as they are in eloquence, seldom quit the shelf; the much more splendid excellences of his poetry have redeemed that from such oblivion; and by the natural course of critical idolatry, his defects have been praised by critics, and imitated by what the world call poets. But never were there poems less deserving their name, than those written in imitation of the Miltonic blank verse, by some who acquired not a little reputation in their day. The most thorough penury of poetical images, the greatest triteness of sentiment, the hardest and most uncouth sentiment, seemed, with these bards, to constitute the true tone of poetry. Nothing was expressed naturally; no verse moved smoothly on, accordant to the fancy and feelings of the reader. A few modes of phrase, generally of classic origin, and imitated from Milton, such as placing the substantive before its epithet, or inverting the verb and accusative case, threw a stiff and cumbrous pedantry over the language. Animation, the great characteristic of good poetry, was utterly wanting. It was, in truth, verse only to the eye. Happily this school has been exploded. It has been discovered that unrhymed verse may possess simplicity of expression and warmth of sentiment.

Among the first specimens of this reformed style were the inscriptions of Akenside. Some late poets have been very successful in it, and shown the fallacy of that strange notion, that blank verse is adapted only to poems of considerable length. It is susceptible, by art and attention, of greater harmony, as well as variety, than rhyme; but, unless where the sentiment buoys it up, its inevitable tendency is to coldness and want of spirit: and, as many parts of a narrative or didactic poem must be destitute of such assistance, it is too much to hope that any future favourites of Apollo will overcome these obstacles to which Milton, Akenside, and Cowper have been forced to yield.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SKETCH OF MARMONTEL.

From his Memoirs.

MARMONTEL was born, in 1723, in the little town of Bort, in the Limosin, in a very humble rank of society. From the account which he has given of the domestic economy of his family, and of the state of society among their equals, it is clear that their condition was but one degree removed from that of the ordinary peasantry. Nothing is more striking than the refinement, intelligence, and independence, which he describes as prevailing in this class of society. A foreigner would not suspect that the lower orders in France were by any means so well educated, so comfortable, or so well

informed, as they appear to be from Marmontel's account. His whole account of this village society, in the wild mountains of Auvergne, is full of interest and instruction.

In a family which seems to have lived, like that of Fabricius, on roasted turnips and chesnuts, clothed with hemp and wool spun by their females, and lodged in a cottage surrounded with bee-hives and apple-trees, we find not only the purest and most tender affection, but a degree of intelligence, and even of accomplishment, that seem to belong to a very different condition.

The mother of Marmontel, with no other education than that of the little convent of Bort, had acquired not only a remarkable polish of mind, but a propriety in her language, so delicate and pure, that it seemed to be the pure instinct of good taste, and made a great impression on the bishop of the diocese, to whom she afterwards wrote in behalf of her son; and Marmontel himself, though his father could not scrape together four or five pounds a year for the expences of his education, was not only instructed in Latin, with the other children of the village, by a philanthropic priest in the neighbourhood, but was carried, at the age of eleven, to the little college of Mauriac. This might not be common among the peasantry of old France; but few instances of similar indulgence or ambition can be produced among the poor of other countries: and yet, from the description of the establishment at Mauriac, it would appear that all the pupils were nearly of this description.

He was lodged, as was the custom of the school, with five other scholars, at an honest mechanic's in the town; and his father, sad enough to return without him, left him there with his packet and provisions for the week. These provisions consisted of a large loaf of rye-bread, a little cheese, a piece of bacon, and two or three pounds of beef: his mother had added to them a dozen apples. This was the weekly provision of the best fed scholars of the school. The mistress of the house cooked for them; and for her trouble, her fire, her lamp, her beds, her *lodging*, and even the vegetables of her little garden that she furnished for soup, they gave her twelvepence halfpenny a piece per month; so that his whole expences amounted to between four and five pounds a year.

In this humble seminary he remained studying the languages, logic, and rhetoric, six years; and, though naturally deficient in memory, soon came, by unwearied application and regularity, to be one of the most distinguished scholars in his class. The first boy in each class was honoured with a cross of merit, which he wore at his bosom.

When his dimity waistcoats were returned to his mother to be washed, she looked eagerly to see whether the silver chain which suspended the cross had blackened the button-hole: and if she perceived that mark of triumph, all the mothers in the neighbourhood were told of her joy, the good nuns returned thanks to heaven, and his early tutor, the abbe Vaissiere, with more fervour than any of them.

In his little town, the education of boys was carefully conducted: their example became, to the girls, an object of emulation. The instruction of the one influenced the spirit of the others, and gave to their air, their language, and their manners a strong tint of politeness, of decorum, and of agreeableness. An innocent freedom reigned among them: the girls and the lads used to walk together in an evening by the light of the moon. Their usual amusement was singing; and the connexions that were formed there did not at all disquiet their families: there was so little inequality of condition and fortune, that the parents were almost as soon agreed as their children; and, after marriage, love did not often languish.

He saw hearts chusing and forming ties with each other: example inspired him with a similar inclina-

tion. One of his young companions, and the prettiest to his taste, appeared still disengaged, and, like him, to have only the vague desire of pleasing. In her freshness, she had not that tender and soft brilliancy with which beauty is painted, when it is compared to the rose; but the lively red, the down, and roundness of a peach afford an image that very much resembles her. As for wit, with so sweet a mouth, could she be without it? Her eyes and her smile would alone have given wit and grace to her simplest language; and, from her lips, good day and good night seemed to him exquisitely engaging. She might be one or two years older than him; and this inequality of age, rendered still more apparent by an air of steadiness and prudence, intimidated his dawning love: but, by degrees, in trying to make his attentions please her, he won her heart, and loved her in good earnest. He made her a plain avowal of it, and she as plainly answered, that her inclinations were not at variance with his. "But you well know," said she, "that, to be lovers, we must hope one day to be married; and how can we expect it at our age? You are scarcely fifteen: and are not you going to pursue your studies?" "Yes," said he; "such is my determination, and the wish of my mother." "Well then! here will be five years of absence before you can be fixed in life, and I shall be more than twenty, without knowing for what you are destined."—"Alas! it is too true," said he, "that I know not what will become of me; but promise me, at least, never to marry without consulting my mother, nor without asking her whether I have not some hope to offer you." She gave him her promise with a charming smile, and, during the rest of the vacation, they abandoned themselves to the pleasure of loving each other, with the ingenuousness and the innocence of their age. Their private walks, their most interesting conversations, were passed in imagining possibilities of future fortune, that might favour their wishes; but, as these sweet illusions succeeded each other like dreams, the one effaced the other, and, after they had delighted them for a moment, they finished by weeping over them, as children weep when a breath overturns the house of cards they have built.

Soon after this innocent engagement, the father of the young lover insisted upon his breaking off his unprofitable studies, and took him to Clermont, where he intended to establish him in the counting-house of a considerable merchant. The dealer, however, and the rhetorician disagreed in two days; and the disconsolate youth, going into a church to compose his thoughts in prayer, was suddenly seized with the wish of devoting himself to the clerical profession. After obtaining his father's consent, he accordingly applied to be received into the academy of the jesuits at Clermont; and having passed his examinations with success, was allowed to occupy his leisure as a private tutor to some of the more opulent scholars. By this means he was able to subsist in comfort, and, what delighted him still more, to attire his youthful, person in the reverend habit of an abbe. During his residence at Clermont, he saw the venerable Massillon, then on the verge of life, at his house of Beauregard, and has spoken with feeling of the impression made upon him by the sight of this illustrious orator. At the year's end he returned exulting to his paternal cottage, his hands filled with presents for his sisters, and glorying in that ecclesiastical habit which struck misery and despair into the heart of his young betrothed. In the end of his second year's study he was summoned home by the sudden death of his father; and was so much affected by the shock, that he was forced to go and recruit his health and spirits in the country residence and spiritual conversation of the good priest who had superintended his earliest education.

From this retreat he was drawn,

in a few months, to act as private tutor to the son of M. de Linars, and passed a short time in this family with equal satisfaction and improvement. He then received the *tonsure* from the hands of the bishop of Limoges; and, during a short visit to his mother, he was strongly tempted by the jesuits to enter their powerful society. He went to Thoulouse to deliberate on this project; from which, however, he was fortunately dissuaded, by an eloquent and pathetic letter from his mother, enlarging on all its dangers and disadvantages. At Thoulouse, when little more than eighteen, he acquired great reputation by supplying the place of the professor of philosophy during an occasional absence, and was again enabled to subsist in comfort by instructing a small number of opulent pupils. He was then elected a member of the college in that city, and sent a poem to the Academy of the Floral games, which failed, however, to obtain the prize. Enraged at this disappointment, the young author wrote to Voltaire, and sent him a copy of his poem; the philosopher not only returned him a flattering answer, but sent him a copy of his works corrected with his own hand. For three years he continued to write for the accademy, and every year obtained prizes of considerable value; his account of the solemnity attending their distribution, and of his own emotion when his success was proclaimed three times in one day, is extremely lively and amusing.

His opposition to the bishop's proctor in the college of St. Catharine, occasioned him a very cold reception when he applied for ordination; and his correspondence with Voltaire, to whom he continued to transmit his prize poems, confirmed in him that disinclination to the clerical profession which had begun with his escape from the jesuits. In the choice of life, the career of a man of letters at Paris, the bar at Thoulouse, or the calling of a teacher at Limoges, all presented themselves to him with different attractions; and finally he found it necessary to consult his mother. In his last journey to the place of his nativity, he found this beloved parent in a state of visible decay, and, after receiving from her the most affectionate and tender advice, left her with the sad persuasion that they were to meet no more.

"Yet a little while (exclaims he) and she will be no longer mine; this mother who, from my birth, has breathed only for me, this adored mother, whose displeasure I feared as that of heaven, and, if I dare say it, yet more than heaven itself! for I thought of her much oftener than of God; and when I had some temptation to subdue, or some passion to repress, it was always my mother that I fancied present. What would she say, if she knew what passes in me! What would be her confusion, what would be her grief! Such were the reflections that I opposed to myself; and my reason then resumed its empire, seconded by nature, who always did what she pleased with my heart. Those who, like me, have known this tender filial love, need not be told what was the sadness and despondency of my soul. Yet I still held by a frail hope; a hope too dear to be wholly relinquished until the last moment."

On his return to Thoulouse he received a note from Voltaire, pressing him to come immediately to Paris, for that Orri, comptroller-general of finance, had undertaken to provide for him. This at once decided his choice; and, in the year 1745, with thirty dollars in his pocket, he set out for the metropolis.

Hitherto the life of Marmontel had been that of a simple and industrious scholar, aiming, by modest diligence, at a humble independence, and only ambitious of distinction for the sake of the gratification which his parents and benefactors would derive from his success. From the moment of his arrival in Paris, he assumes a very different character: he plunged, at once, into all the hustle and intrigue of literary circles,

and all the glare and dissipation of fashionable society: instead of rural walks with the damsels of his native village, and consultations with his mother, and discussions with curates and school-masters, he has intrigues with actresses and cast-off mistresses; dinners with artists, revels with the *intendans des menus plaisirs*; rehearsals, coteries, jealousies, and perpetual anxieties. It is to the excitements of this turbulent scene, no doubt, that we are indebted for his most pleasing performances; but he made a bad exchange for his own comfort and tranquillity, and his history affords a new instance of the wide difference between literary fame and individual happiness. The author, at first, looked back with regret on the simple and innocent pleasures of his youthful obscurity, and often repented of the ambition which had led him so far away from the scenes of his purest enjoyments. As he proceeds in his narrative, however, he kindles with the increasing interest of the subject, and we hear no more of the regrets which attended the recollections of his childhood.

He came to Paris because Orri had promised to provide for him; and he hears on his arrival that Orri is himself in disgrace, and can no longer provide for any body. By Voltaire's advice, he now sets about writing a tragedy, and is almost starved while it is preparing. He lives with a profligate *literateur*, Beauvin, and his mistress, frequents the society of Voltaire and his pupils, and is introduced into the circle of madame Harenc. After his piece is finished, he is exceedingly disturbed by a quarrel between two actresses for the chief character: at last it is assigned to the young mademoiselle Clairon, and Dionysius the Tyrant is represented with great applause in 1748. The author immediately comes to be in great request in all the fashionable circles; and, after enjoying this tumultuous popularity for a few months, he forms a connexion with a beautiful mademoiselle Navarre, a cast-off mistress of marshal Saxe, and goes to spend some idle and dissipated months with her at a chateau of the marshal in Champagne. On his return, he learns that his mistress has given him a successor, and, by and by, she comes into his chamber with her new lover, a chevalier de Mirabeau, who is foolish enough afterwards to marry her, and take her away with him to Italy. The virtuous abbe, however, finds it impossible to live without a mistress, and, on a statement of his case, the celebrated mademoiselle Clairon consents to accommodate him: they live together for some time in great harmony; but the heroine soon languishes for variety, and tells him coolly, one afternoon, that she is going to leave him a while for a new lover. When this fantasy is gratified, she is willing to come back; but the offended poet will have nothing more to say to her as a mistress, though she continued, he assures us, to be his most intimate and respected friend to the latest hour of her life.

In the midst of this heartless and debasing profligacy, an incident occurs which might have roused a more generous spirit from its dream of sensuality. Madlle. B., the innocent girl with whom he had exchanged his youthful vows, and who had seen with silent grief and astonishment that clerical habit which pledged him to celibacy, finding that he had renounced all views of ecclesiastical preferment, and was living a layman's life in Paris, reminds him of the promise he had exacted from her, not to marry without the consent of his mother, and informing him that a proposal having now been made to her, of which her parents approved, she had thought herself bound to consult him on the occasion. This communication, he confesses, gave him some emotion; but he applauds himself much for replying to it, that the lot he could propose to her with him was too full of hazard and uncertainty to be worthy of her acceptance, and that he can only en-

vy the person who is enabled to offer her a more secure felicity. He then goes back to his rehearsals with great exultation and self-complacency.

After Dionysius, he produced Aristomenes, and with equal applause: and being again in want of a mistress, he is fortunate enough to supply himself a second time from the seraglio of marshal Saxe. This is a mademoiselle Verriere, whom he began with teaching to recite, and afterwards seduced. The marshal was offended, it seems, with this intrigue; and Marmontel, who seems to have been by no means so remarkable for courage as for gallantry, declares, that he never stole to her house without trembling. At last, the prince de Turenne proposes to take her off his hands; and the poet, with some tragical grimace, assents, and never sees her again.

After this, he goes to live with M. de Popliniere, a rich financier, who had been forced to marry his mistress in order to retain his place, and who kept open house at Passy for players, artists, ambassadors, and all sorts of idle people. His life here was not very regular; but he was introduced to a very brilliant society, and came to live a good deal with d'Alembert, Diderot, Grimm, Rousseau, &c. By flattering the king in occasional verses, he gained the favour of madame de Pompadour; and when another of his forgotten tragedies was represented without success, owing, as he alleges, to the chief actress having got tipsy during the representation, the favourite procures for him, in 1750, an appointment of *secretaire des batimens*, under her brother de Marigny.

For eight years after, he continued in this office, and seems to have lived a gay, idle life about court. In this interval, however, he provided for the husband of his sister, and had influence enough to procure the patent of the *Mercure de France* for Boissy. On the application of this person for some contributions to this journal, he first tried his hand at a moral tale; and he produced Alcibiades, and afterwards Solyman II., the Scruple, and several others. Those pieces were much and deservedly admired; and, on the death of Boissy in 1758, madame de Pompadour obtained the *Mercure* for the author who had contributed so much to support it.

This journal he conducted with great judgment and ability. The rest of his tales were written for it; and he showed considerable penetration in pointing out, through that medium, the merit of rising talents. It was here that de Lille and Thomas were first introduced to public favour. A little incident soon occurred, however, which figures in his luxurious and easy life as a terrible and tragical adventure. A brother poet of the name of Cury had written some satirical verses on the duc d'Aumont, and had read them twice over to Marmontel. He was indiscreet enough to repeat them afterwards in company, and was denounced by the duke as their author. As he refused to betray his friend, he was sent to the bastile, where he was treated very kindly, and dismissed in a few days, during which he was sumptuously entertained, and indulged with books and all the implements of study. The Mercure, however, was not restored to him; but he was indemnified by a pension of about 600 dollars. After this, he travelled over a great part of France, and paid a visit to Voltaire at Ferney; and soon after became a member of the French Academy in 1763.

He now published his Belisarius, which was censured by the Sorbonne, but applauded by all the literary circles of Paris. He then makes a journey to Aix la Chapelle and Spa with madame de Seran, the platonic favourite of the king, and there composes his *Incas*. He afterwards wrote several operas; and at last, at the age of fifty-four, marries mademoiselle de Montigny, a young girl of eighteen, the niece of the abbe Morellet, with

whom he lives in great happiness and tranquillity till the æra of the revolution. In 1793, he retires for safety to Abloville, where he employs himself in the education of his children, and in composing his Memoirs for their instruction. In 1797, he was elected a deputy to the national assembly, and specially enjoined to defend the catholic religion; but, before the end of the same year, the party to which he had attached himself was violently expelled; and, narrowly escaping the *deportation* that fell to the lot of most of his coadjutors, he regained his retreat, where he remained, occasionally occupied with literary projects, till his life was terminated by apoplexy, in December, 1799.

There is nothing very amiable or enviable in this life. Marmontel's lightness of heart, his playful imagination, and splendid reputation, are no doubt extremely desirable; but there is too much profligacy and too much servility. Few men of a true spirit would condescend to owe his advancement to the favour of an actress, or the mistress of a minister.

The society in which he lived was, probably, the most refined and accomplished that was ever assembled upon earth; and was rendered engaging by an intimate and cordial union of literary talents with all the graces of female elegance, and all the polish of exalted rank. The men of letters learned facility from their fair auditory, who gained taste and intelligence from them in return; and persons of the highest consideration in the country, by placing a part of their glory in the rank they held in such a combination, communicated to the whole a degree of dignity and personal consideration, that has seldom fallen to the lot of talents elsewhere. Notwithstanding all this fascination, however, and in spite of the brilliant spectacle that such a society must have afforded to a spectator, it contained too much art and too much ambition to make it always delightful to those who composed it. With conversation, as with life, those enjoy it the most who give themselves the least trouble about it; and an excessive anxiety to secure and improve all its advantages, takes away more pleasure than can be bestowed even by its greatest success. Wherever great pains are bestowed to render society select, a certain fastidious, jealous, and exclusive spirit is generated, by which the temper and feelings which give the greatest relish for society are gradually perverted; and wherever the art of talking is studied as a passport to distinction, the quiet and intimate enjoyment of conversation is infallibly lost; and the delightful, but unequal flow of spontaneous sentiments is exchanged for feats of colloquial dexterity. Society of this kind is a scene of perpetual toil and warfare, rather than of amusement and relaxation. We enter it with anxiety, and leave it, either filled with the vanity of success, or mortified by failure and defeat. In all great and polished capitals, there is a tendency to such a consummation. The multitude renders selection necessary, and the abundance of materials makes it easy; but selection necessarily leads to exclusion, and that, again, to exertion and constraint. It is known that, to gain admission into such a circle, a certain ordeal must be passed, and certain qualifications exhibited. It would be fraud merely to show these like a ticket at the door, and to put them in our pocket as soon as our admission is secured. They must be exhibited daily; they must be compared and brought to the test. Exertion then necessarily takes place of ease and enjoyment; free and characteristic conversation disappears; and, unless prevented by the exuberant spirits of youth, or the overflowing of constitutional gaiety, the intercourse of a very select society loses those simple graces and natural enjoyments that belong to accidental meetings.

For the Literary Magazine.

PORTRAITS, BY MARMONTEL.

D'Alembert.

THE gayest man, the most animated, the most amusing in his gaiety, was d'Alembert. After having passed his morning in algebraic calculations, and in solving the problems of mechanics or astronomy, he came from his study like a boy just let loose from school, seeking only to enjoy himself; and by the lively and pleasant turn that his mind, so luminous, so solid, so profound, then assumed, he soon made his companions forget the philosopher and the man of science, to admire in him all the qualities that can delight and engage. The source of this natural gaiety was a pure mind, free from passion, contented with itself, and in the daily enjoyment of some new truth that recompensed and crowned his labours; a privilege which the mathematics only possess, and which no other kind of study can completely obtain.

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Marivaux.

Marivaux would have been very glad to have had a jovial hour now and then; but he had a business in his head that incessantly preoccupied him, and gave him a sullen air. As he had acquired by his works the reputation of a subtile and refined wit, he thought himself obliged to give perpetual proofs of this wit, and he was continually on the watch for ideas susceptible of opposition or analysis, in order to turn or wind them as his fancy dictated. He would agree that such a thing was true *as far as a certain point, or in a certain view*; but there was always some restriction, some distinction to make, which no one perceived but himself. This exertion of the attention was laborious to him, and often painful to others; but it sometimes gave birth to happy perceptions and brilliant flashes of genius. Yet it was easy to discover, by the inquietude of his looks, that he was in pain about the success he already had, or about that he was about to obtain. There never was a vanity more delicate, more wayward, or more fearful; but as he carefully humoured that of others, his was respected; and it was only regretted that he could not resolve to be simple and natural.

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Morellet.

Abbe Morellet, with order and clearness in a very rich magazine of every kind of knowledge, possessed in conversation a source of sound, pure, profound ideas, that, without ever being exhausted, never overflowed. He showed himself at dinner with an open soul, a just and firm mind, and with as much rectitude in his heart as in his understanding. One of his talents, and the most distinguishing, was a turn of pleasantry delicately ironical, of which Swift alone had known the secret before him. With this facility of being severe, if he had been inclined, no man was ever less so; and if he ever permitted himself to indulge in personal raillery, it was but a rod in his hand to chastise insolence, or punish malignity.

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Saint Lambert.

Saint Lambert, with a delicate politeness, though a little cold, had, in conversation, the same elegant turn, the same acuteness of mind that you remark in his writings. Without being naturally gay, he became animated by the gaiety of others; and on philosophical or literary subjects, no one conversed with sounder reason nor more exquisite taste. This taste was that of the little court of Luneville, where he had lived, and whose tone he preserved.

Helvetius.

Helvetius, preoccupied with his ambition of literary celebrity, came into company, his head heated with his morning's work. To write a book that should be distinguished in his age, his first care had been to seek for some new truth to publish, or some bold and new idea to produce and support. But as new and fruitful truths have been infinitely rare for the last two thousand years, he had taken for his thesis, the paradox which he has displayed in his work *De l'Esprit*. Whether he had finally persuaded himself of what he wished to persuade others, or whether he were still struggling against his own doubts, and sought to conquer them, he used to bring successively on the carpet the questions that occupied, or the difficulties that embarrassed him; and after having enjoyed for some time the pleasure of hearing them discussed, he suffered himself to be carried along with the current of conversation. He then gave himself wholly to it, with infinite warmth, as simple, as natural, as ingenuously sincere in his familiar converse as you see him systematic and sophistical in his writings. Nothing less resembles the simplicity of his character and of his habitual life, than the cautious air and affected singularity of his works; and this want of harmony will always be found between the manners and opinions of those who fatigue themselves with imagining strange things. Helvetius had in his soul the complete contrary of what he has said. There never was a better man: liberal, generous without ostentation, and beneficent because he was good, he conceived the strange scheme of calumniating all honest men and himself, by giving to all moral actions no motive but self-love.

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Thomas.

No man was more ambitious of glory than Thomas; but, in tune with himself, he only expected success from the rare talent he possessed of expressing his sentiments and his thoughts; sure of giving to common subjects the originality of a lofty eloquence, and to known truths, new colours, and new lustre. It is true that, absorbed in his meditations, and incessantly occupied with what might acquire him an ample fame, he neglected the little cares and the light merit of being engaging in society. The gravity of his character was gentle, but reserved; silent, smiling with difficulty at the gaiety of conversation, without ever contributing to it. He even scarcely ever spoke freely on subjects that were familiar to him, unless it were in a small and intimate circle: it was there only that he was brilliant with the light of intellect, and astonishing in copiousness. At dinner he added to the number, and it was only by reflection on his literary merit, and on his moral qualities, that he enjoyed there any consideration. Thomas always sacrificed to virtue, to truth, to glory, never to the graces; and he lived in an age when, without the influence and favour of the graces, there was no brilliant reputation in literature.

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Galiani.

The abbe Galiani was, in his person, the prettiest little harlequin that Italy ever produced; but on the shoulders of this harlequin was the head of Machiavel. An epicurean in his philosophy, and with a melancholy soul, having looked at every thing on the side of ridicule, there was nothing, either in politics or in morality, on which he had not some good story to tell; and these stories had always the merit of pertinence, and the wit of an unforeseen and ingenious allusion. Figure to yourself too the prettiest little natural graces, in his manner of relating, and in his gesticulation, and you may conceive what pleasure was derived from the contrast between the profound sense of the

story, and the bantering air of him who told it. His company forgot every thing in order to hear him, even for whole hours. But when his part was played, he was like a cypher in the company; and, sad and mute in a corner, he had the air of impatiently waiting the catch-word to re-enter on the stage. It was with his arguments as with his stories; he would be listened to. If he were sometimes interrupted, he would say, "But let me finish, you shall soon have full leisure to answer me." And when, after having described a long circle of inductions, for that was his way, he at last concluded, if any one showed an inclination to reply to him, you might see him slide in among the crowd, and quietly escape.

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Caraccioli.

Caraccioli, at first sight, had in his physiognomy the heavy and massive air with which you would paint stupidity. To animate his eyes, and bring out his features, it was necessary that he should speak. But then, and in proportion as that lively, piercing, and luminous intelligence with which he was gifted awoke, it sent forth beams of light; and acuteness, gaiety, originality of thought, simplicity of expression, the grace of an animated smile, and a look of sensibility, all united to give an engaging, intelligent, and interesting character to ugliness. He spoke the French language ill, and painfully; but he was eloquent in his own; and when the French term did not occur to him, he used to borrow the word, the turn, the image he wanted, from the Italian. Thus, he every moment enriched his language with a thousand bold and picturesque expressions that excited envy. He accompanied them too with those Neapolitan gestures that, in the abbe Galiani, so well animated expression; and it was said of both of them, that they had wit even to their fingers' ends. Both too had excellent stories, and they had almost all a delicate, moral, and profound meaning. Caraccioli had studied men as a philosopher; but he had observed them more as a politician and a statesman, than as a satirical moralist. He had contemplated the manners, the customs, and the policy of nations on a large scale; and if he cited some particular features of them, it was only as examples, and in support of the inferences he drew. In knowledge, his riches were inexhaustible, and he distributed them with the most engaging simplicity; beside, he had in our eyes the merit of being an excellent man. Not one of us would have thought of making a friend of the abbe Galiani; each of us was ambitious of the friendship of Caraccioli; and I, who have long enjoyed it, cannot express how desirable it was.

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De Creutz.

De Creutz was less eager to please, less occupied with the care of attracting attention, often pensive, still oftener absent, but the most charming of the convivial circle, when, without distraction, he gave himself freely to it. To him nature had really given sensibility, warmth, the delicacy of moral sentiment, and of that of taste; the love of all that is beautiful, and the passion of genius as well as that of virtue; to him she had granted the gift of expressing and painting in touches of fire, all that had struck his imagination, or vividly seized on his soul: never was a man born a poet, if this man were not so. Still young, his mind ornamented with a prodigious variety of information; speaking French like Frenchmen; and almost all the languages of Europe like his own, without reckoning the learned languages; versed in all kinds of ancient and modern literature; talking of chemistry as a chemist; of natural history as a pupil of Linnæus; and singularly of Sweden and of Spain, as a curious observer of the properties of climates, and of

their divers productions; he was a source of knowledge, embellished by the most brilliant elocution.

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Rousseau.

No one ever observed more strictly than Rousseau the melancholy maxim of *living with his friends as if they were one day to be his enemies.* When I first knew him, says Marmontel, he had just gained the prize of eloquence at the academy of Dijon, with that fine sophism in which he has imputed to the sciences and the arts the natural effects of the prosperity and wealth of nations. Yet he had not then declared himself as he has since done, nor did he announce any ambition to form a sect. Either his pride was unborn, or he concealed it under the show of a timid politeness, that was sometimes even obsequious, and bordered on humility. But in his fearful reserve, distrust was evidently visible; his eye secretly observed every thing with a suspicious attention. He was very rarely affable, and never opened his heart; he was not the less amicably received. As we knew he indulged a restless self-love; wayward, easily hurt; he was humoured, treated with the same attention and the same delicacy that we should use toward a beautiful woman, very vain and very capricious, whose favours we wished to obtain. He was then composing the music for the *Devin de Village*, and he sung to us at the harpsichord the airs he had written. We were charmed with them; we were not less so with the firm, animated, and profound manner in which his first essay on eloquence was written. Nothing could be more sincere, I ought to say it, than our benevolence for his person, nor than our esteem for his talents. It is the recollection of these days that made me indignant against him, when I saw him, for foolish trifles, or wrongs of his own creating, calumniate men who treated him so kindly, and would have been so happy to love him. I have lived with them all their lives. I never perceived in them any thing like the character that his evil genius attributed to them.

As for me, the little time that we were together in their society passed between him and me coldly, without affection, and without aversion for each other; the way in which we treated each other admitted neither of complaint nor of praise; and in what I have said, and what I may still say of him, I feel myself perfectly free from all personality.

After the success which his two works, crowned at Dijon, had produced among the superficial, Rousseau, foreseeing that by colouring paradoxes with his style, and by animating them with his eloquence, it would be easy for him to draw after him a crowd of enthusiasts, conceived the ambition of forming a sect; and, instead of being a simple associate in the philosophic school, he wanted to be the chief and sole professor in a school of his own; but in withdrawing from our society, like Buffon, without dispute and without noise, he would not have completed his object. To attract the crowd he had attempted to give himself the air of an old philosopher; he showed himself at the opera, in the coffee-houses, in the walks, first in an old great coat, and then in the habit of an Armenian; but neither his little dirty wig, and the stick of Diogenes, nor his fur cap, arrested the passengers. He wanted some grand disturbance to advertise the enemies of men of letters, and particularly of those who were marked with the name of philosophers, that J. J. Rousseau was divorced from them. This rupture would draw to him a crowd of partizans; and he had safely calculated that the priests would be of the number. It was therefore not enough for him to separate from Diderot and from his friends; he abused them; and, by a dart of calumny directed against Diderot, he gave the signal of the war he had declared against them on parting.

He was never spoken of in society

but with tender interest. Even criticism itself was for him full of respect, and tempered with eulogies. He would say, it was but the more adroit and perfidious. In the most tranquil repose, he always chose to fancy or to say that he was persecuted. His disease was to imagine, in the most fortuitous events, in the most common occurrences, some intention of injuring him, as if in the world all the eyes of envy had been fixed on him. If the duke of Choiseul had conceived the conquest of Corsica, it was in order to take from him the glory of being its legislator. If the same duke went to sup, at Montmorency, with the duchess of Luxembourg, it was to usurp the place that he was wont to occupy near her at table. Hume, he would say, had been envious of the reception which the prince de Condi had given him. He never pardoned Grimm for having had some preference over him at madame d'Epinay's; and you may see in his memoirs how his cruel vanity revenged this offence.

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Voltaire.

The first name in French literature, during the eighteenth century, was unquestionably that of Voltaire. Marmontel describes him as friendly and indulgent; full of vivacity and impatience, to a degree of childishness and folly; extremely changeable in his humour; vain, satirical, and ambitious of glory without modesty and without measure. He gave encouragement to all young men who showed any talent for poetry. The French Parnassus was an empire, the sceptre of which he would have yielded to no one on earth; but, for this very reason, he delighted to see its subjects multiply. He behaved to Marmontel with uniform kindness; offered him money in his distresses; went with him to the first representation of his tragedies; and sympathized in all the anxiety and all the triumph of the author. From his earliest outset in life he was ambitious of distinction and advancement at court; and bought the place of a gentleman of the bedchamber, to put himself in the way of promotion. But the king was prejudiced against him; and the courtiers, who were jealous of his talents, easily found means to foster his dislike. Voltaire's own impatient vanity, indeed, very effectually seconded their efforts, by leading him to do a number of rude and imprudent things, which royalty can never pardon in a person of inferior condition.

He had written an opera for the court, called *La Temple de la Gloire*. The third act, of which Trajan was the hero, contained an allusion flattering to the king; it was a hero, just, humane, generous, pacific, and worthy the love of the world, to whom the temple of glory was open. Voltaire doubted not but that the king would recognize himself in this eulogy. After the play he met him in his way out, and, seeing that the king passed without saying any thing to him, he took the liberty of asking him, *Is Trajan satisfied?* Trajan, surprised and displeased that he should have dared to interrogate him, passed on in cold silence; and the whole court thought Voltaire very wrong for having dared to question the king.

This and other mortifications, which plainly showed him that he was not destined to make his way at Versailles, determined him to accept the king of Prussia's invitation to Berlin. The obstacles which were thrown in the way of this journey, and the circumstances by which it was at last decided, are both equally characteristic.

Voltaire wanted a thousand pounds to defray his expences; and Frederic, after some hesitation, agreed to let him have that sum. But madame Denis wanted to accompany her uncle, and for this additional expence Voltaire asked for another thousand pounds. To this the king would not listen. "I shall

be very happy," said he in his answer, "that madame Denis accompanies you; but I do not ask it."—"Look," said Voltaire, "at this meanness in a king. He has barrels of gold, and he won't give a thousand poor pounds for the pleasure of seeing madame Denis at Berlin! He *shall* give them, or I myself won't go." A comical incident came and finished this dispute. One morning, as I was going to see him, I found his friend Thiriot in the garden of the Palais Royal, and as I was always on the watch for literary news, I asked him if he had heard any. "Yes," said he, "there is most curious news: you are going to Voltaire's, and there you shall hear it, for I am going there as soon as I take my coffee."

Voltaire was writing in his bed when I went in: in his turn he asked me, "What's the news?" "I know none," said I; "but Thiriot, whom I met in the Palais Royal, says he has something very interesting to tell you. He is coming."

"Well, Thiriot, you have some curious news to tell us?" "Oh! very curious, and that will please you particularly," answered Thiriot, with his sardonic laugh, and the nasal twang of a capuchin.—"Let's hear." "Arnaud-Baculard is arrived at Potsdam, and the king of Prussia has received him with open arms." "With open arms!" "That Arnaud has presented him an epistle." "Very bombastic and very insipid!" "Not at all; very fine; so fine that the king has answered it by another epistle." "The king of Prussia an epistle to Arnaud! No, no, Thiriot; they have been joking with you." "I don't know; but I have the two epistles in my pocket." "Let's see! quick, let me read these master-pieces of poetry. What insipidity! what meanness! how eggregiously stupid!" said he, in reading the epistle of Arnaud: then, passing to that of the king, he read a moment in silence, and with an air of pity. But when he came to these verses,

> Voltaire's a setting sun;
> But you are in your dawn,

he started up, and jumped from his bed, bounding with rage: "Voltaire's a setting sun, and Baculard in his dawn! and it is a king who writes this enormous folly! let him think only of reigning!"

It was with difficulty that Thiriot and I could prevent ourselves from bursting into laughter to see Voltaire in his shirt, dancing with passion, and addressing himself to the king of Prussia. "I'll go," said he, "yes, I'll go to teach him to know men;" and from that moment his journey was decided. I have suspected that the king of Prussia intentionally gave him this spur; and, without that, I doubt whether he would have gone, so angry was he at the refusal of the thousand pounds, not at all out of avarice, but out of indignation at not having obtained what he asked.

When I went to condole with him on the death of madame Duchatelet, his most beloved mistress, "Come," said he, on seeing me, "come and share my sorrow. I have lost my illustrious friend; I am in despair, I am inconsolable." I, to whom he had often said that she was a fury that haunted his steps, and who knew that in their disputes they had more than once been at daggers drawn, I let him weep, and seemed to sympathize with him. And there he was exhausting language in praise of that incomparable woman, and redoubling his tears and sobs. At this moment arrives the intendant Chauvelin, who tells him some ridiculous story, and with him Voltaire is bursting with laughter. I laughed too, as I went away, to see in this great man the facility of a child, in passing from one extreme to another in the passions that agitated him. One only was fixed in him, and, as it were, inherent in his soul: it was ambition and love of glory.

Nothing can be more singular, nor more original, than the reception Voltaire gave us at Ferney. He was in bed when we arrived. He

extended to us his arms; he wept for joy as he embraced me; he embraced the son of his old friend, Gaulard, with the same emotion. "You find me dying," said he; "do you come to restore me to life, or to receive my last sighs?" My companion was alarmed at this preface; but I, who had a hundred times heard Voltaire say he was dying, gave Gaulard a sign of encouragement. And, indeed, a moment afterward, the dying man, making us sit down by his bed-side, "My dear friend," said he, "how happy I am to see you! particularly at the moment when I have a man with me whom you will be charmed to hear. It is l'Ecluse, the surgeon-dentist of the late king of Poland, now the lord of an estate near Montargis, and who has been pleased to come to repair the irreparable teeth of madame Denis. He is a charming man: but don't you know him?"— "The only l'Ecluse that I know," answered I, "is an actor of the old opera-house." "'Tis he, my friend, 'tis he himself. If you know him, you have heard the song of the *Grinder*, that he plays and sings so well." And there was Voltaire instantly imitating l'Ecluse, and with his bare arms and sepulchral voice, playing the *Grinder*, and singing the song:

Oh! where can I put her?
My sweet little girl!
Oh! where can I put her?
They'll steal her and———

We were bursting with laughter, and he quite serious: "I imitate him very ill," said he, "'tis l'Ecluse that you must hear, and his song of the *Spinner!* and that of the *Postilion!* and the quarrel of the *Apple-women with Vadé!* 'tis truth itself. Oh! you will be delighted. Go and speak to madame Denis. I, ill as I am, will get up to dine with you. We'll eat some wild-fowl, and we'll listen to l'Ecluse. The pleasure of seeing you has suspended my ills, and I feel myself quite revived."

Madame Denis received us with that cordiality which made the charm of her character. She introduced l'Ecluse to us; and at dinner Voltaire engaged him, by the most flattering praises, to afford us the pleasure of hearing him. He displayed all his talents, and we appeared charmed with them. It was very requisite; for Voltaire would not have pardoned us a feeble applause.

He retired to his closet for a few hours; and in the evening, at supper, kings and their mistresses being the subject of our conversation, Voltaire, in comparing the spirit and gallantry of the old and new courts, displayed to us that rich memory which nothing interesting ever escaped. From madame de la Valliere to madame de Pompadour, the anecdotic history of the two reigns, and in the interval that of the regency, passed in review with a rapidity and a brilliancy of beauty and colouring that dazzled us. Yet he reproached himself with having stolen from l'Ecluse moments which, he said, he would have occupied more agreeably for us. He begged him to indemnify us by a few scenes of the *Apple-women*, and he laughed at them like a child.

He had sought glory by all the roads that are open to genius, and had deserved it by immense labours and brilliant successes. The arm of ridicule was the instrument of his vengeance, and he wielded it most fearfully and cruelly. But the greatest of blessings, repose, was unknown to him. It is true that envy at last appeared tired of the pursuit, and began to spare him on the brink of the grave. On his return to Paris, after a long exile, he enjoyed his renown, and the enthusiasm of a whole people, grateful for the pleasures that he had afforded them. The weak and last effort that he made to amuse them, *Irène*, was applauded as *Zaïre* had been; and this representation, at which he was crowned, was for him the most delightful triumph. But at what moment did this tardy consolation reach him, the recompence of so much

watching! The next day I saw him in his bed. "Well," said I, "are you at last satiated with glory?" "Ah! my good friend," he replied, "you talk to me of glory, and I am dying in frightful torture!"

Such was the end of one of the most illustrious of all literary men, and one of the most engaging of all social companions. He was alive to injury, but so he was to friendship. That with which he honoured my youth, was unvaried till his death; and a last proof that he showed me of it was the reception, full of grace and kindness, which he gave my wife, when I presented her to him. His house was perpetually filled with the crowd that pressed to see him, and we were witnesses of the fatigue he gave himself to reply suitably to each. That continual attention exhausted his strength; and for his true friends it was a painful spectacle. But we were of his suppers, and there we enjoyed the last glimmerings of that brilliant intellect which was soon to be wholly extinguished.

For the Literary Magazine.

PROCESSION OF THE HOST, AT ROME.

By Kotzebue.

A STRIKING spectacle in the streets is, when the host is carried by priests to dying persons. We should, if possible, see this in an open place; for in the narrow streets it produces much less effect, I suppose. I live in the Largo del Castello, a very large square, which is covered from morning till night with buyers, sellers, animals, carriages, popular exhibitions, and spectators. Close by me is a puppet-show, at the entrance of which the owner stands and entertains the people with his droll remarks. Some steps farther is a fish-market, and directly opposite to me the main-guard house. I do not exaggerate when I say that upwards of two thousand persons, besides the cattle, are usually assembled in this place. Suddenly the procession I have just mentioned appears: colours flying before, announce it to the eye; and the perpetual tingling of little bells, to the ear. It is surrounded by finely dressed priests, and often also by a military guard of honour; and clouds of frankincense ascend into the air before them. All the pious, whose road leads them this way, consider it a duty to follow the train, which, like a snow-ball, thus enlarges in its progress. The showman is directly silent; even the fish-women are perfectly still; not a sound escapes: all hats fly off, and thousands fall on their knees, beat their breasts, and cross themselves. The guards shoulder their arms, and a solemn tune is played as long as the procession is in sight.

In the night the spectacle is still grander. At every balcony, and let it be remembered that there is no window without a balcony, a light suddenly appears, and the darkness is converted, as it were by magic, into broad day; for every story is illuminated; and below in the street a number of rockets are lighted, which, with a whizzing and loud report, salute the solemn procession. As I pursue it into the next street, the sight varies in its singularity. At one moment all is perfect darkness; and the next, as the procession enters, the whole street, on both sides, assumes a brilliant aspect: and thus the light appears to fly from house to house, and from balcony to balcony, in the most rapid succession, till, in the same order, it by degrees vanishes again, and every thing returns to its former darkness.

I have frequently put the question to myself, whence comes it that this spectacle should fill me, who am a heretic, with a sort of awe, since I esteem it the greatest of all absurdities to believe that God can be carried in a box in the streets? I know not how to answer this otherwise than by the observation, that most

things affect our weak minds, which occupy and influence such a vast multitude of people at the same time. Who, for example, feels much pleasure in seeing a single soldier exercise only for five minutes? But put twenty thousand soldiers in a row, and it amuses us for hours.

For the Literary Magazine.

POMPEII.

By the Same.

A GREAT and rich town, that, after lying eighteen centuries in a deep grave, is again shone on by the sun, and stands amidst other cities, as much a stranger as any one of its former inhabitants would be among his posterity of the present day;—such a town has not its equal in the world. The feelings which seized me at its gate may be very faintly expressed by words, but admit, indeed, of no adequate representation. My foot now steps on the same pavement as was trodden on eighteen hundred years ago: the tracks of the wheels are still visible which then rolled over it. An elevated path runs by the side of the houses, for foot-passengers; and that they might, in rainy weather, pass commodiously over to the opposite side, large flat stones, three of which take up the width of the road, were laid at a distance from each other. As the carriages, in order to avoid these stones, were obliged to use the intermediate spaces, the tracks of the wheels are there most visible. The whole pavement is in good condition: it consists merely of considerable pieces of lava, which, however, are not cut, as at present, into squares, and may have been on that account the more durable.

What must have been the feelings of the Pompeians, when the roaring of the mountain and the quaking of the earth waked them from their first sleep! They attempted also to escape the wrath of the Gods; and, seizing the most valuable things they could lay their hands upon, in the darkness and confusion, to seek their safety in flight. In this street, and before the house that is marked with the friendly salutation on its threshold, seven skeletons were found: the first carried a lamp, and the rest had still between the bones of their fingers something that they wished to save. On a sudden they were overtaken by the storm that descended from heaven, and sunk into the grave thus made for them. Before the above-mentioned country house was still a male skeleton standing with a dish in his hand; and as on his finger he wore one of those rings that were allowed to be worn only by Roman knights, he is supposed to have been the master of the house, who had just opened the back garden gate with the intent of flying, when the shower overwhelmed him. Several skeletons were found in the very posture in which they had breathed their last, without being forced by the agonies of death to drop the things which they had in their hands.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE FORCE OF NOVELTY.

ONE primary source of pleasure to the human mind, both in its acts of perception and conception, is novelty. This is felt most evidently by children; and often so exquisitely, that the pleasures of association, however cultivated in after life, never equals them. But, as we grow up, the mind becomes callous to mere novelty; or rather, from experience, scarcely any thing seems new. Stronger stimulants must be applied, to excite its jaded sensibility, and supply, drop by drop, that delight which flowed in a constant stream on the cheerfulness of youth.

There is a refined degree of novelty, which acts in a lively manner on the mind, and often, by sympathy, on the nerves; for which we may

venture to coin the name of *unexpectedness*. This character must naturally consist in sudden change, whether in the course of our sensations, or of our ideas.

There is another primary source of pleasure to the mind; which is *repose*. It is chiefly by the alternate operations of the love of ease and of activity that the complicated machine of man is wrought up to what it is. "Les hommes ont un instinct secret," says the wild and melancholy Pascal, "qui les porte a chercher le divertissement et l'occupation au dehors, qui vient du ressentiment de leur misere continuelle. Et ils ont un autre instinct, qui reste de la grandeur de leur premiere nature, qui leur fait connoitre, que le bonheur n'est en effet que dans le repos." It is to the pleasure of repose that we refer some part of that which arises from uniformity, symmetry, and fitness, though much undoubtedly depends upon association, where the mind anticipates the cause of its perceptions, and lets them pass without effort or laborious attention. And this is perhaps the secret link, which connects the sentiment of beauty with mathematical theorems, or mechanical contrivances. How differently the mind is affected by what has the character of unexpectedness, and what, on the contrary, keeps the imagination in repose, has often been illustrated with respect to visible nature, and the art of painting. One must be deaf, or averse to the "concord of sweet sounds," who is not aware of the use which is made, in music, of the two principles, unexpectedness and repose, and of the difference in the states of feeling which they produce. Let any man compare the character of a lively spirited movement, full of change and transition, which strike any ear in the general effect, though only a microscopic one, to use as bad a term as picturesque, can distinguish them in detail, with that of such music as is described in the following lines; lines which, had they, and those among which they stand, been found in Lucretius, would have been classed with the loftiest efforts of his genius.

Ac veluti melicæ voces, quando auribu' sese
Insinuant, animæque resignant mollia claustra,
Composuere metus omneis, faciuntque dolorum
Obliviscier, ac dulci languescere leto.

What answers to picturesqueness in poetry and eloquence is the quality called *animation;* which often gives a charm to incorrect writing, that more faultless productions cannot reach; and which, though of a subtle and undefinable nature, will often be found to resolve itself into unexpectedness.

For the Literary Magazine.

USE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE use of the fine arts seems to be this: when men are altogether barbarous and ignorant, it is of much importance to prevail with them to exert their faculties with regard even to the most trifling objects. A marvellous tale told them in a song produces this effect. All the efforts of the fine arts are adapted to the passions. It is necessary they should be so to excite the attention of barbarians. They have only an indirect tendency, therefore, to render mankind rational. They foster and soothe the passions of love, ambition, and vanity; but they also teach men to admire skill and ability, and to take delight in something else than war, gaming, gluttony, and idleness, which are the vices of all savages. As succeeding artists improve upon each other, their countrymen become more discerning and skilful, till at last a great proportion of mankind learn to take delight in the exertion of thought, and in the pursuits of literature and of knowledge. When this object is accomplished,

the fine arts have done their duty; and an important duty it is, seeing they are the means of alluring the human race to the pursuit of intellectual improvement. In themselves, however, and without regard to this object, they are of little real value; for a man is not a more excellent being when his ears are tickled by music, than when he hears it not; and we derive no greater improvement from an important truth, when it is conveyed to us in rhyme, than when it is conveyed in prose. To be a good judge of painting or of music, a man must no doubt possess a certain degree of intellect; but this degree is so moderate, and is capable of being acquired in so many other ways in a literary age, that the production of it, by means of these arts, affords no adequate reward for their laborious cultivation.

In Scotland, for two hundred years past, they have had almost none of these arts. They have no splendid musical establishments. They have banished music from their religion; and it is little valued either by the enterprising or the speculative part of the nation. They have had a few good painters, but little attention has been paid to their works. They have few collections of paintings; and their most intelligent men have no knowledge of the beauties of the art, and give it none of their attention. Their poets have also been few; because poetry is held in little estimation, and the cultivation of the art is accounted a waste of time that produces no respectability.

Yet the Scots are so far from being a barbarous people, that their country has been one of the most fertile nurseries of intelligent and accomplished men. Not only are those who remain at home of a sober and well-informed character, but crowds of well educated and active young men are daily issuing forth to all quarters of the globe; and by their literature and their assiduity, obtaining possession of important stations in every country. It is evident, therefore, that in modern times at least, as high a degree of civilization and of intellectual improvement as has yet appeared in the world, may exist where the fine arts are almost entirely neglected.

For the Literary Magazine.

CHARACTER OF LUTHER.

By Roscoe.

IN order to form a proper estimate of the conduct and character of Luther, it is necessary to consider him in two points of view. First, as an opponent to the haughty claims and gross abuses of the Roman see; and, secondly, as the founder of a new church, over which he may be said to have presided till his death, in 1546, a period of nearly thirty years. In the former capacity we find him endeavouring to substitute the authority of reason and of scripture for that of councils and of popes, and contending for the utmost latitude in the perusal and construction of the sacred writings, which, as he expressed it, could not be chained, but were open to the interpretation of every individual. For this great and daring attempt he was peculiarly qualified. A consciousness of his own integrity, and the natural intrepidity of his mind, enabled him not only to brave the most violent attacks of his adversaries, but to treat them with a degree of derision and contempt, which seemed to prove the superiority of his cause. Fully sensible of the importance and dignity of his undertaking, he looked with equal eyes on all worldly honours and distinctions; and emperors, and pontiffs, and kings, were regarded by him as men and as equals, who might merit his respect or incur his resentment, merely as they were inclined to promote or obstruct his views. Nor was he more firm against the stern voice of authority, than against the blandishments of flattery, and the softening influence of real or pretended friend-

ship. The various attempts which were made to induce him to relax in his opposition, seem in general to have confirmed, rather than shaken his resolution; and if at any time he showed a conciliatory disposition, it was only a symptom that his opposition would soon be carried to a greater length. The warmth of his temperament, seldom, however, prevented the exercise of his judgment; and the various measures to which he resorted for securing popularity to his cause, were the result of a thorough knowledge of the great principles of human nature, and of the peculiar state of the times in which he lived. The injustice and absurdity of resorting to violence, instead of convincing the understanding by argument, were shown by him in the strongest light. Before the imperial diet he asserted his own private opinion, founded, as he maintained, on reason and scripture, against all the authorities of the Roman church; and the important point which he incessantly laboured to establish, was the right of private judgment in matters of faith. To the defence of this proposition, he was at all times ready to devote his learning, his talents, his repose, his character, and his life; and the great and imperishable merit of this reformer, consists in his having demonstrated it by such arguments, as neither the efforts of his adversaries, nor his own subsequent conduct, have been able either to refute or invalidate.

As the founder of a new church, the character of Luther appears in a very different light. After having effected a separation from the see of Rome, there yet remained the still more difficult task of establishing such a system of religious faith and worship, as, without admitting the exploded doctrines of the papal church, would prevent that licentiousness which, it was supposed, would be the consequence of removing all ecclesiastical restraints. In this task, Luther engaged with a resolution equal to that with which he had braved the authority of the Romish church; but with this remarkable difference, that, in one case, he effected his purpose by strenuously insisting on the right of private judgment in matters of faith, while in the other, he succeeded by broaching new doctrines, to which he expected that all those who espoused his cause should implicitly submit.

The opinions of Luther on certain points were fixed and unalterable. The most important of these were the doctrine of the real presence in the eucharist, and the justification of mankind by faith alone. Whoever assented not to these propositions was not of his church; and though he was ready, on all occasions, to employ arguments from scripture in defence of his tenets, yet, when these proved insufficient, he seldom hesitated to resort to more violent measures. This was fully exemplified in his conduct towards his friend Carlostadt, who not being able to distinguish between the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation and that of the real presence of Christ in the sacrament, believed, with Zuinglius, that the bread and the wine were only the symbols, and not the actual substance, of the body and blood of Christ. Luther, however, maintained his opinion with the utmost obstinacy; the dispute gave birth to several violent publications, till Luther, who was now supported by the secular power, obtained the banishment of Carlostadt, who was at length reduced to the necessity of earning his bread by his daily labour. The unaccommodating adherence of Luther to this opinion, raised also an insuperable bar to the union of the Helvetic and German reformers; and to such an uncharitable length did he carry his resentment against those who denied the real presence, that he refused to admit the Swiss, and the German cities and states, which had embraced the tenets of Zuinglius and Bucer, into the confederacy for the defence of the protestant church; choosing rather to risk the total destruction of his cause, than

to avail himself of the assistance of those who did not concur with him in every particular.

For the Literary Magazine.

MORAL AND PHYSICAL SUBLIMITY COMPARED.

THERE are certain passages in the works of poets and orators, which produce in the mind a feeling of elevation, and a sort of swelling and energetic transport, very distinct in its nature from the pleasure which tender, elegant, or beautiful passages impart.

If we examine the media in nature or art, which give rise to these feelings, they will appear to fall under two heads; the moral, and the physical, sublime. Taking the moral sentiments of mankind as we find them, without dispute about their foundation, it is safe to say, that we do in fact admire all remarkable instances of magnanimity and disinterestedness, and by sympathy assume the character, and consequently the feelings, of those who display them. These feelings are what we call elevated, and therefore sublime.

Again, power is what we all grasp at; and sympathy, with the exertion of superior power, of which knowledge is a mode, gives us a sense of self-gratulation and energy. The moral sublime, then, consists in the display of energies exerted by intelligent beings; and our sense of the sublime in sympathy with these energies. A striking instance of the unmixed moral sublime is in the famous lines of Lucan:

Ille Deo plenus, tacitâ quem mente gerebat,
Effudit dignas adytis è pectore voces:
Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes? an liber in armis
Occubuisse velim potius, quam regna videre?
An noceat vis nulla bono? fortunaque perdat
Oppositâ virtute minas? laudandaque velle.
Sit satis, et nunquam successu crescat honestum?
Scimus, et hæc nobis non altius inseret Hammon.

Similar sentiments of grandeur and elevation are excited by the physical sublime; that is, by the great objects of nature; mountains, cataracts, tempests, the ocean, the celestial luminaries, the expanse of boundless space; and by the description of these in poetry. Under the physical sublime, too, may be ranked such works of human art and labour, as emulate the scale of nature; as the wall of China, or the pyramids of Egypt. Mr. Burke and some other writers have almost confined their induction to this species of the sublime. Yet the peculiar feelings of sublimity are by no means so strongly excited by any inanimate objects, as by direct sympathy with the moral energies of mind.

The spirit of the cape, in Camoens, who, encircled with storms, rears his menacing front against the bold adventurer, whose prow was turned towards those untravelled seas, passes for sublime with those, at least, who are not aware for how small a bounty a dæmon may be had, ready armed and accoutred, by any recruiting subaltern of the muses; but far more truly sublime was that intrepid energy of soul, which led Vasco di Gama beyond the bounds of former discovery, to assert the dominion of man over the winds and the waves.

The majesty of nature sinks to nothing in comparison with the exercise of heroism and virtue. When did the magnificent scenery of the Alps, with its rocks piled on rocks, its resounding cataracts, its gulfs and precipices, present such elevating images to the mind, as when Aloys Reding, on the plain of Morgarton, with firm, but despairing valour, led a few militia of Schwitz against the disciplined battalions of

the French, and, by an unexpected victory, renewed, after the lapse of five centuries, the trophies, which had been gained on that very spot, in defence of the liberties of Switzerland?

The finest passages in poetry are those, wherein the moral and physical sublime are united. Grand natural objects seem, if we may so say, the best vehicle of energetic moral sympathies. The Hebrew scriptures are confessedly the great repositories of the poetical sublime; and they commonly produce their effect, by investing divine power with the most magnificent images. Their obscurity, likewise, is a very efficient cause of the sublime, by expanding to the utmost our conception of power. To this may be ascribed the sublimity of prophetic poetry; as in the whole book of Nahum, or the speeches of Cassandra, in the Agamemnon. After the Hebrew poets come Homer, Æschylus, Shakespeare, and Milton.—There is hardly any more striking instance of the united moral and physical sublime, than the concluding lines of the Prometheus. The highest sort of eloquence rejects poetical imagery, and aims almost exclusively at the moral sublime. The public orations of Demosthenes are full of this: and those in whom the higher class of moral feelings, fortitude, perseverance, public spirit, and disinterestedness, are extinct or lukewarm, may read Demosthenes for ever, without discovering why he has been admired. For the subordinate merits of his orations, a felicitous and appropriate choice of words, and a management of sounds, almost as artificial as that of music, are lost upon us at present.

In the mere physical sublime, the notion of mental energies is not so directly suggested. Yet it will be found to be the foundation of our sentiments of sublimity, in this, as much as in the other branch. "Besides those things," says Mr. Burke, "which directly suggest the idea of danger, and those which produce a similar effect from a mechanical cause, I know of nothing sublime, which is not some modification of power." But power without mind is not only unphilosophical, but inconceivable.

The sublime of natural objects, after the first effect of *unexpectedness* is over, leaves a kind of disappointment, a vacuity and want of satisfaction on the mind. It is not till our imaginations have infused life, and therefore power, into the still mass of nature, that we feel real emotions of sublimity. This we do, sometimes by impersonating the inanimate objects themselves; sometimes by associating real or fancied beings with the scenes which we behold. This is that, which distinguishes the delight of a rich and refined imagination, amidst the grandest scenery of Wales or Scotland, from the rude stare of a London cockney. The one sees mere rocks and wildernesses, and sighs in secret for Whitechapel: the other acknowledges in every mountain a tutelary genius of the land, and peoples every glen with the heroes of former times; defends the passage of Killicranky with Dundee; or rushes with Caractacus from the heights of Snowdon.

For the Literary Magazine.

FRENCH TRAVELLERS.

SO great is the solicitude of the French to obtain that species of information which tends to promote their success in war, that it manifests itself on every occasion. They instruct their agents and commissioners to make surveys of those countries into which they are admitted; that, whenever they assume a hostile attitude, they may know the most vulnerable part of the country which they meditate to invade. Their topography is directed to military plans and operations, and is not confined to the discriminating aspect and features of a district. "War is indeed their business,"

and every thing seems to be made subservient to this destructive pursuit. While the picturesque and idle traveller is absorbed in the admiration of the beauties and sublimities of nature, the Frenchman contemplates them with the eye of an engineer; and he regards torrents and lakes, mountains, rocks, and gorges, only as the materials of fortification. Men who travel for the sake of taking or admiring landscapes, of indulging patriotic speculations on the seats of the mountain-nymph, Liberty, of surveying pastoral manners and employments, have always considered Switzerland and Tyrol as their favourite haunts. What will such travellers, and readers like such travellers, say to the following picture of the last mentioned province given by a famous French traveller?

"By its situation and its natural obstacles this province might be considered as the *salient bastion* of the Austrian monarchy, of which the Italian *Adige* and the *Inn* of the plain are the *curtains*; the *Inn* of the mountains, the *fosse*; the Voralberg, the *glacis*; and *Lindau*, the *advanced work*."

C.

For the Literary Magazine.

CONNOISSEURSHIP, AND ITS PLEASURES.

IT is certain that the same impression is made by a picture on the retina of an ignorant person and of a connoisseur; and yet, from an acquired habit of attending separately to the objects of perception, the latter will observe, and, in a popular sense, may be said to see, what wholly escapes the notice of the other. Imitation is one of the most universal sources of pleasure, derived from association; and the pleasures which the ignorant derive from mere imitation are more keen than those which the learned receive from the noblest productions of art.

These feelings of nature, however, are of short duration: for when the novelty of the first impression is over, and the interest of curiosity and surprise has subsided, mere imitation of common objects becomes trifling and insipid; and men look for, in imitative art, something of character and expression, which may awaken sympathy, excite new ideas, or expand and elevate those already formed. To produce this, requires a knowledge of mind, as well as of body; and of the interior, as well as exterior construction of the human frame, or of whatever else be the object of imitation; whence art become engrafted upon science: and as all the exertions of human skill and ingenuity are indefinitely progressive, and never stop at that point which they originally aimed at, this art of science, or science of art, has been extended, particularly in painting and music, to the production of excellences, which are neither of imitation nor expression, but which peculiarly belong to technical skill, and can only be relished or perceived by those who have acquired a certain degree of knowledge in those arts. Such are, in general, the compositions of bravura, as they are called, in music; and such, in painting, the works of the great Venetian painters, whose style of imitation is extremely inaccurate; whose expression is never either dignified or forcible; and whose colouring is too much below that of nature to please the mere organs of sense; but whose productions have nevertheless always held the highest rank in the art; and, as far as the mere art and science of painting are concerned, are unquestionably among its most perfect productions. The taste for them, however, is, as sir J. Reynolds has observed, entirely acquired, and acquired by the association of ideas: for, as great skill and power, and a masterly facility of execution, in any liberal art, raise our admiration, and consequently excite pleasing and exalted ideas, we, by a natural and imperceptible process of the mind, associate these

ideas with those excited by the productions of these arts, and thus transfer the merit of the workman to the work.

One distinction might be made with respect to our admiration of technical skill. Our sympathy with natural or acquired command of the bodily powers is very different from that which we feel with intellectual ability, and indeed can hardly be reckoned within the province of taste. Hence mere powers of voice in bravura singing, and mere feats of strength and activity in stage-dancing, neither afford such pleasure, nor excite such admiration in men of taste, as the display of mental energies, regulating as well as co-operating with those of the body. If to surmount that difficulty of execution, which is simply physical, be a title to the admiration of the lover of art, let us remember that no dancing is so difficult as that which is performed upon a rope, and the ventriloquist and the conjurer may expect to sit down on the same bench with Haydn and Titian.

For the Literary Magazine.

VOLCANIC FISH.

THE volcanoes in the kingdom of Quito, says Humboldt, present, from time to time, a different spectacle, less alarming, indeed, though not less curious to the naturalist. The grand explosions are periodical, but not very frequent. The Cotopaxi, the Tunguragua, and the Sangay do not experience one of these eruptions in the course of twenty or thirty years; but, in the intervals, they discharge enormous quantities of argillaceous mud, and, which is more surprising, immense quantities of *fish*. These volcanic inundations did not take place in the year which I passed on the Andes of Quito: but ejection of fish is so common, and so generally known to the inhabitants of the country, that there remains not the least doubt of the fact; and as these regions contain many well-informed persons, I have been able to obtain exact drawings of these fish. *M. de Larrea*, who is versed in the study of chemistry, and who has formed a cabinet of the minerals of his country, has been very useful to me in these researches. In the archives of several little towns in the vicinity of Cotopaxi, I have found some notes respecting the fish thrown out by the volcanoes. On the estates of the marquis *de Selvaligree*, the Cotopaxi emitted so great a quantity of them, that their putrefaction diffused a fœtid odour all around. The almost extinct volcano of Imbaburu, in the year 1691, vomited some millions of them on the fields which surround the city of Ibarra; and the putrid fevers, which commenced at this period, were attributed to the miasmata, which exhaled from these fish, lying in heaps on the surface of the ground, and exposed to the action of the sun. In more recent times, the Imbaburu has ejected fish; and when, on June 19, 1698, the volcano of Cargneirazo subsided, thousands of these animals, entangled in argillaceous mud, issued from the top, which was shaken down.

The Cotopaxi and Tunguragua sometimes throw out fish at the crater which is at the top of these mountains, and sometimes at the lateral openings, but constantly at a height of 5200 yards (nearly three miles) above the level of the sea. Some Indians have assured me that the fish which issued from the volcanoes were sometimes alive when they came down the sides of the mountain: but this fact is not sufficiently confirmed: it is however certain that, among the thousands of dead fish which in the course of a few hours are seen descending from Cotopaxi with large quantities of cold and soft water, very few of them are so much disfigured as to induce the belief that they have been exposed to the action of a strong heat. This fact becomes more striking when we consider the soft flesh

of these animals, and the thick smoke which this volcano emits at the same time. I took great pains to ascertain the species of these animals. All the inhabitants agree that they are the same with those that are found in the streams which run at the foot of these volcanoes, and which they call *frennadillas;* which is also the only kind of fish to be found at a height of 8,400 feet in the waters of the kingdom of Quito.

For the Literary Magazine.

REMARKS ON THE DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN OPERA AND TRAGEDY.

THE Greek tragedy was a religious act, directed and regulated by the priests. It was a representation of the most striking parts of their mythology, and exhibited to view awful and marvellous instances of the vengeance of heaven against heinous crimes. It described the errors into which men were led by the passions when unsubdued. In exciting terror or tenderness, the poet was solely desirous to inspire the people with a love of virtue, and a horror of vice. Therefore, in order to give us just notions of the Greek tragedy, we must compare the ancient dramas not with those of Otway and Racine, but rather with the religious representations intitled *the Plays of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

The principal object of the Greek tragedy was religious instruction. The poets and priests of Greece deemed it not sufficient to present an exhibition in which vice was punished, and virtue rewarded; they saw it was farther necessary, for the sake of the multitude, to intermix with the course of events maxims and moral sentences; without which the crowd, opening its eyes and ears, but not its understanding, would not have derived from them the advantages proposed.

I have seen, in a catholic country, a representation of the passion of our Saviour exhibited in a church at the great altar; at the conclusion of each mystery, a person delivered discourses suitable to the subject which had been displayed; and sometimes he would interrupt the representation in order to introduce remarks applicable to what was taking place. Such was very nearly the province of the chorus in the ancient tragedy; which was to tragedy what the *air* is to the Italian operas; it was the substance of that which had been exhibited, accompanied with such reflections as they wished to be made by the audience.

The chorus considerably obstructed the illusion: but this illusion, though desirable, is an inferior consideration when the principal view is instruction. Consider the fables of Æsop; what is so improbable as the speeches of beasts? So much the better for the fable; it shines and strikes the more.

In order to assist the chorus, which was the most important object of the Greek tragedy, it was accompanied by more intense and animated music, and in consequence made use of the lyric metre. The iambic verse, which proceeded very nearly like prose, perfectly suited the recitative: but for this reason its effect was inconsiderable; whereas the short and lively measure of the lyric verse, and its division into strophes and antistrophes gave it more action and warmth, and rendered it more easily retained.

It follows from these observations on the chorus of the Greeks, that the genuine airs of the Italian operas, or rather the airs of Metastasio, are the true chorus, with this difference, that, in the modern drama, the actor himself, who at the end of the scene makes the epilogue, determines the sentiment fit for his situation, and explains the morality which it teaches; whereas in the ancient pieces the same part is filled by a separate personage.

Euripides and Metastasio have both written the recitative in verses approaching to prose, and the chorus and the airs in sonorous and lyrical verses: both have divided the air into first and second parts, strophes, and antistrophes; both have disengaged the recitative from moral maxims, in order to introduce them in the chorus or the airs; and both have produced the same effect. They have, in truth, each relaxed the interest felt, by weakening the illusion: but they have carried farther the moral sentiments, and more deeply impressed the mind of the hearer with them. Not ten men in Italy can recite a single stanza of the recitative of the exquisite modern Roman dramatist, while scarcely one is unable to chant three or four hundred of his airs. The same was the case with Euripides; all antiquity bears witness to the fact.

The French and English tragedies are of a sort totally different; forming a mean between the dialogue and the chorus. The versification of these is neither sufficiently prosaic, nor sufficiently poetic; it can neither be sung nor spoken. The Italian recitative, as the Greek iambics formerly did, resists music properly so called: but the airs, like the ancient chorus, can only be sung, for such is the nature of lyric verse. In our formal tragedies, the moral reflections are neither reserved for the end of the scene, nor sung by the chorus: but they are mixed with the dialogue, which is thus deprived of animation and precision.

I presume not to determine which of these two styles is to be preferred; whether that of Euripides and Metastasio, or that of Corneille and Racine, of Otway or Rowe. Each has its defects and advantages. The latter possess more interest, while the Greek and the Italian are more instructive. The illusion also is better preserved in the former; it is true that the versification makes the dialogue seem unnatural, but, as this pervades the whole drama, the defect is less felt. The Greek and Italian recitatives are nature itself: but the divisions into which they are broken, by the chorus and the airs, materially impair the probability. The action is sometimes very animated, and sometimes very languid. In fine, the Greek and Italian tragedies have recourse to music instead of excluding it, while the French and English performances solely rely on their own proper strength and effect.

For the Literary Magazine.

ROYAL CONVERSATION.

COUNT BESENVAL, who spent a long life at court, makes the following just observations on the errors and vices which are generally the lot of kings. These remarks are apposite in proportion to the despotism of the government; but they are true, though in different degrees, of all men placed in authority.

Society charms at first, and it is grateful to kings to be allowed to be familiar, while the royal favour crowns the wishes of the courtier: but there is no intimacy which is attended with more inconveniences, nor which is subject to more vicissitudes. An unfounded disadvantageous rumour may hurt a man in society, but there his judges are more considerate, as being subject to similar inconveniences, and as being in the habit of estimating the credit due to such reports; kings, on the contrary, so much separated from the rest of the world, cannot enter into this calculation; and they resign themselves absolutely to the public voice, to that of their mistresses, confessors, or their society, if they have any.

Sovereigns are men, and as such more disposed to yield to unfavourable than to good impressions. Often with them a word is sufficient to impair the reputation of a person, to put a stop to his good fortune, and even to ruin him. Let it, then, be judged under what conti-

nual constraint an honest and honourable man must be placed, who enjoys the familiarity of kings, unless he constantly restricts himself to the inglorious part of applauding, excusing, or of being silent.

With kings there is no subject of conversation. We certainly are not to speak of politics to them, nor of the news of the day; neither can administration be made the topic. Many events, which happen in society, cannot be related to them; and not a word must be said to them on religion, of which they are the guardians.

Former wars, ancient history, facts which are even but little remote, sciences, belles lettres might furnish conversation, but where are the courtiers who are conversant with these points? The kings also are not numerous, to whom this strain would be intelligible. The subjects, then, for this high converse must be supplied by common-place affairs, the theatres, and the chase. Let us not persuade ourselves that we can interest kings by flattering their taste, since they rarely have any. They find so much facility in gratifying it, that it passes before they have even fully enjoyed it. In order to taste pleasures, we must combat contrarieties, surmount difficulties, and feel privations. The love of war or the chase can alone place kings in this situation; and we always see the one or the other of these form their ruling passion; the love of war has possession of those of an elevated disposition, while the chase is the pursuit when the mind is of the ordinary standard.

Since the regard for kings cannot be otherwise than selfish, suspicion becomes the basis of their character; and this feeling renders intimate connections impossible. Accustomed to homage, they believe that all is due *to* them, and that nothing is due *from* them. The courtier who is most injured by them must redouble his attentions, lest his imperious master should suspect that he resents the treatment, charge him with insolence, drive him from his presence, and thus cut him off from the hopes which his whole life has been employed to realize. Let not kings be censured; it is the very nature of their station, the cupidity and baseness of all who surround them that we ought to condemn. It is the first duty of a sovereign to maintain good order; he watches over it every moment restrains those who would disturb it, and sometimes sacrifices his own inclinations for its preservation. This sort of occupation is not favourable to grand thoughts, but it insures tranquillity, without which there is no enjoyment.

The circumstance, which has ever appeared to me the most irksome in the society of kings, is that of having no will but theirs, of sacrificing one's pleasures and affairs to the lightest of their caprices, and with a submission and a readiness which exclude from the compliance every idea of merit. When it is also considered that the restraint of the most profound respect continually affects all that is said and done, even in the freest moments, it will be admitted that the jealousy and enmity which are ever the appendages of royal favour are dearly purchased. It is a mistake to suppose that this familiarity with the monarch enables a man to solicit favours: for he must on no account presume to do this, or he runs the utmost risk of being for ever undone.

It is a great question whether it is best that kings should cultivate society, or should shut themselves up in their palaces, and never appear but when surrounded with splendour and form. If, on the one hand, society meliorates the character of kings, presents them with a view of those ties which unite men, and of the reciprocal duties which that union requires, the difference between the education of the sovereign and that of private individuals gives the latter the advantage in this intercourse; and this commerce also acquaints the subjects with the imperfections and defects

of the monarch; thus inducing an unfavourable opinion, the greatest misfortune perhaps that can befal a state. When kings, then, lay aside their grandeur, should they conceal themselves from the view of their subjects, and they should be regarded by them as those mysterious personages to whom they only owe homage? Let a wiser head than mine decide this question, with respect to courtiers. I subscribe to the opinion implied in the saying of Henry IV, *Happy the country gentleman who lives on his estate, and who does not know me!*

For the Literary Magazine.

WHY DID GREECE EXCEL IN THE ARTS?

AMONG all the wonders recorded in the history of human improvement, none is more striking, or has more perplexed the ingenuity of the learned, than the vast superiority once attained by the Greeks in the imitative arts. Many of their productions, which have happily withstood the destructive efforts of time and barbarism, are still unrivalled; and for all the real elegance and taste which Europe now possesses, we are indebted to the ideas which they have communicated. Rome, before her acquaintance with Greece, displayed nothing in painting, statuary, and architecture, which merited any praise; and we need not go far back to be convinced that the productions of the chisel in modern times were rude and mis-shapen, till artists began to study the science and to copy the models of the Greeks. It is certainly interesting to inquire into the causes which contributed to raise the petty states of ancient Greece to a degree of excellence in the arts, which has rarely been equalled and never surpassed; which was matter of admiration to the Romans in the most splendid æra of their republic; and which modern Europeans, after the lapse of many centuries, are contemplating with almost despairing astonishment.

Were the ancient Greeks a peculiar *species* of men, or was the climate of their country singularly propitious to the exertions of genius? Neither. Since Zeuxis, Apelles, Lysippus, Phydias, and Praxiteles flourished, more than twenty centuries have elapsed: but it is remarkable that, after the disappearance of the circumstances under which they lived, the subsequent ages became ages of barrenness; and Greece has long been as barbarous as any of those nations on whom, in the days of her splendour, she conferred this degrading epithet.

We are indebted, probably, to the mild climate of Attica for the preservation of the works of the ancient Greeks, which in a more variable and corrosive atmosphere must long ago have inevitably perished: but it cannot be supposed that the people owed their inventive genius, and the correctness and sublimity of their taste, to the purity and elasticity of the air. The climate of Greece remains the same, but the glory of the Greeks is departed.

The brilliant æra of their polite arts was also that of their literature. The poets and orators of Greece associated with her painters, sculptors, and statuaries. While her philosophers and legislators regulated the commonwealth, and her heroes bled in its defence, she was immortalized by the verses of her poets and by the tools of her artists. It is reasonable, therefore, to imagine that this common exuberance of genius must have originated in a common source.

Neither forms of government nor of religion could alone produce the wonderful effect; and even a general view of their combined operation will scarcely impress the mind with a conviction of the truth. We must have lived in the age of Grecian glory; we must have witnessed the enthusiasm excited by Homer, and those poets whom his muse may be said to have inspired; we must

have caught the ardour and emulation produced by popular governments and institutions; we must have been present at the Olympic and Isthmian games; and we must have been spectators of the pomp and splendour of their religion, which was aided by all the fascination of an elegant mythology; in order to feel a portion of that *momentum* by which genius of every kind was powerfully impelled to the sublimest exertions, and by which the arts were advanced to the greatest perfection.

Most of the ancient poets were born in the smiling isles of the Grecian Archipelago, which fable has embellished with its most seducing delusions, or in the vicinity of Attica; but no moral influence can be inferred from the beautiful, sublime, or picturesque circumstances of a country, on its inhabitants; for, on that principle, all countries which present the sublime and the beautiful in strong contrast, and especially islands, which, in addition to rural and romantic scenery, enjoy the prospect of Neptune's "salt wave," ought to abound in celebrated poets and artists.

The democracy of the Greeks will serve but partially to account for their superiority in the arts. The public games celebrated in Greece, and their anthropomorphic religion, probably contributed more than any other circumstance to the perfect exhibition of the human form, and to the study of ideal beauty. Their mythology represented men raised to the honours of divinity; and their artists employed the utmost stretch of their genius, in giving to those images which were worshipped in their temples a form and an appearance surpassing all human realities. Of the painter and the statuary it was required to embody the fictions of the poet, and to give grandeur and solemnity to the ceremonies of the priest. Not only the temple, the altar, and the tripod, but even the god himself, was created by the skill of the artist. We may judge, then, how highly his powers must have been estimated, and to what a pitch all his abilities must have been exerted, to bestow on a religion of *spectacle* the most striking effect. In endeavouring to exhibit gods of the most attractive forms, he was obliged attentively to study the human figure, and to combine together beauties which never perhaps were united in any one individual. Artists therefore laboured to surpass one another in this admirable department of their art. Employed in the creation of divinities, and in the representation of their actions, their works seemed to be the result of inspiration; perfection was their aim; and they never ceased till perfection was accomplished.

After they had excelled in the formation of gods, it was easy to execute the statues of men, and to flatter the great by giving to their figures the resemblance of particular deities. Thus, in the idolatrous systems of ancient Greece, with which all the human passions were intimately combined; in her political customs and institutions; and in the events of her history, which brought into vivid action the most noble powers of the mind; we may perhaps discover those circumstances which peculiarly fostered the arts.

Other countries have, indeed, abounded in sacred mythologies; and Egypt in particular, the cradle of Grecian science, though professing a religion which equally addressed itself to the senses, and endeavouring to create an effect on the people by visible representations, never produced artists like those of Greece. The mythology of Egypt, however, was not so propitious to true genius as that of Attica; Egypt could not have a Homer; her religion delighted more in stupendous and emblematic, than in beautiful and chaste forms; and moreover the nature of her government was not calculated, like that of the Greeks, to bring into action all the intellectual energies of her people. During the period of Grecian glory, all that was great in man, all that contri-

buted to exalt his powers, and to kindle every spark of genius, was cherished by the rarest and most happy concurrence of events.—Greece was a little universe; and a single city there presented, within the period of ten years, more interesting scenes and greater characters than all Asia, in the course of ten centuries.

Italy, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, assumed, in some degree, a rivalship with Greece; and may not her eminence in sculpture and painting be, in some degree, ascribed to similar forms of religion? The catholic faith, by allowing divine honours to be paid to the images, in marble and on canvas, of the christian saints and martyrs, afforded exactly the same kind of stimulus to the genius of artists, already described to exist in the spirit of the Greek mythology.

Y.

For the Literary Magazine.

SKETCH OF THE FRENCH PARLIAMENTS.

THE feodal powers of the lords, and the prerogatives of the governors of provinces and of cities, troubled the order of society, prevented civil subordination, and obstructed the course of justice. When cardinal *de Richelieu* broke down whatever confined the power of the crown, why he did suffer the pretensions of the parliament to continue? Did he consider that court as a depositary of the acts of government; and the act of registering as necessary to give them validity? Did he wish to leave the nation the shadow of a barrier, whose future efficacy against the will of the monarch he did not foresee? We can hardly pretend to guess what the consideration was, which determined a mind so arbitrary as that of the cardinal, to suffer any check on absolute power to remain in the constitution.

Formerly, the monarchs in person administered justice: but at a very early period they empowered the principal lords to supply their place. These chiefs, of whom the greater number could not read and write, were ignorant of the forms which regulated civil and criminal proceedings; and it was to inform them of these rules, that they were attended by *legists*; who had no deliberative voice, were seated on inferior benches, and never spoke but when required. The wants of the treasury occasioned the sale of their places, and they were appointed assessors to the lords; who, making a poor figure by the side of their assistants, fatigued by the length and intricacy of the proceedings, and called away by war and other avocations, soon ceased to attend, and the whole proceedings were left to the men of the robe. The parliament was a body of such a nature that it might easily assume consistency. As the dispenser of justice, it engaged attention and deference from all, and it was also the depositary of the archives of the nation. In times of civil war, the parliament, according to the part which it took, was either the support or the subverter of the throne. In a minority, it adjudged the regency. Being the only fixed and legal body in the kingdom, it became the resort of the oppressed and the ambitious. It assumed the protection of the people, and undertook to make representations to the throne in its favour. Mere administrators of justice at first, all the political functions of the members were after-thoughts and usurpations.

The parliament never protected the people against burdensome imposts. In such cases, it was gained over by money, or by the hope of favour and recompence. It only showed itself inflexible and undaunted when its own rights were in question, when it was endeavouring to extend them, or attempting to interfere in the civil administration.

In dispensing justice, it countenanced and cherished vexatious and

ensnaring forms, and tolerated the exactions of the advocates and solicitors; even the members themselves claimed exorbitant fees, and opened their ears to interest and corruption. Equity could not insure the success of a suit, nor the acquittal of a person criminally charged. The judges allowed themselves to be solicited; and required compliments from suitors who had lost their causes. If, then, patronage and favour found their way into the courts, how much was a quarrel with any of the members of the robe to be dreaded? It was a grievous misfortune to have property lying conveniently for any of them. How many unhappy persons in the provinces have been robbed of their estates, by iniquitous decrees, when they happened to be contiguous to the domains of a *member of parliament?* So indecently did they conduct themselves, that no constable or bailiff could be induced on any terms to serve process on the members; they were consequently never arrested by their creditors; nor were their goods ever taken in execution, though men in distressed circumstances were as common among them as in any other class.

When the parliament continued disobedient to repeated orders to register the royal edicts, the king held his *lit de justice;* that is, he went to the parliament, with the princes of the blood, the peers, and other notables, and there, in his presence, caused the decrees and registrations which he did not approve to be erased. The royal sitting being finished, the parliament protested against the violence, and there the matter ended, if the public interest only was concerned: but if that of the parliament, it had recourse to strong measures. The different tribunals then united, the members of the several courts assembled in the hall of the principal, and were solely occupied with their grievances; in violation of their oaths, they refused to administer justice to individuals. There was no remedy for this monstrous evil, except exile, which was ever regarded as severe and harsh, and which increased the public inconvenience of a cessation of justice.

The members long contended that they were not removeable from office, and this claim seems to have arisen necessarily from the sale of the appointments. To have encouraged persons to quit other pursuits, and to lay out their fortune in the purchase of a respectable office, and afterward to claim a power of divesting them of their stations, would have been extreme oppression. One effect of this a needy court would particularly dread, that of reducing the value of the places, and thus of drying up one source of revenue.

For the Literary Magazine.

FRENCH ANECDOTES.

General Pfiffer.

ABOUT the beginning of the last century, a war of religion raged some time in Switzerland. Many of the catholic leaders embarked very unwillingly in the contest; and of this number was the commandant *Pfiffer.* Not desirous of vanquishing the protestants, he took a bad position, and even permitted himself to be *turned.* His son, who was not in the secret, perceived the fault which his father had committed, and apprized him of it: but seeing that he took no steps to remedy it, and full of a patriotic enthusiasm, worthy of the first Romans, he cried out from rank to rank: *What! will no person kill the general? As for me, I cannot; I am his son.*

Royal Maxims.

The father of the late king of Portugal, being asked by his mistress, during one of his visits to her, to grant her a certain favour, became all at once silent; *and can you,* said

she, *refuse me?* *No*, replied he, *I promise you, to-morrow I will speak of it to the king.*

The same monarch held one day an argument with the marquis *de Pontèlmar*, on the power of kings; the latter maintained that it had limits, but his sovereign would admit of none, and said to his courtier, with great warmth, *if I ordered you to throw yourself into the sea, you ought, without hesitation, to jump into it head foremost.* The marquis immediately turned short, and went towards the door. The king, surprized, asked him where he was going. *To learn to swim, sire.* The king laughed heartily, and the conversation ended.

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Louis XV and Madame du Barry.

The indecent conduct of Louis XV, in living with madame *de Chateauroux*, in the face of his whole army; the indignity with which, in the apprehension of death, he had dismissed her; and the weakness which he showed in recalling her on his recovery; occasioned very free observations to be then made for the first time. Madame *de Pompadour*, a city matron, publicly carried off from her husband in order to exercise sovereign authority, caused the mask to be wholly thrown away, and opened a channel for licentiousness. Conversation, verses, songs, libels, every mode was adopted to give this affair the colouring which belonged to it, and in order to vilify the monarch, who soon fell into contempt; the certain forerunner of state disturbances. This conduct excited in the ladies of the court implacable resentment, and they ceased not to deafen the ear with their complaints and protestations: but their indignation and exclamations knew no bounds, when, two years after the death of madame *de Pompadour*, they beheld the illegitimate offspring of a monk and a cook-maid (taken from a brothel by a sharper of the name of *du Barry*, who supported her under the name of *de Lange*, or of mademoiselle *Vaubernier*, and who was ready to sell her to any one who would give a good price for her), become the sole dispenser of the king's favour. It was at the feet of this mistress that Louis XV placed his sceptre, and thus consummated the opprobrium and contempt with which he was covered. Under this new sovereign, the court changed its aspect. All who made professions of honour, and who respected decency, were overwhelmed by the denunciations, the licentiousness, the intrigues, and the corruption of this woman, whom they called *comtesse du Barry*; who drew to court a crowd of people without morals, spies, and intriguers of all kinds, who took possession of Versailles. The corrupt part of the courtiers placed themselves at the head of this wretched assemblage.

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As the duke *de Choiseul* and some others were one day riding with the king, Louis XV, the latter asked the minister to guess the sum which he had paid for the carriage in which they were then seated; he replied that it was worth five or six thousand livres, (one thousand or twelve hundred dollars), but that his majesty, paying a royal price, might have perhaps been charged eight thousand (sixteen hundred dollars). "You are very much out in your calculation," answered the king; "it cost me, as you see it, thirty thousand livres" (six thousand dollars). The minister proposed seriously to the king, a few days afterward, to remedy these abuses in the household, offering to undertake the task himself, if Louis would assist him. "My dear friend," said the king, "these robberies in my house are enormous, but it is impossible to put a stop to them; too many people, too many *powerful* people are interested in them, for us to flatter ourselves with the hope of abolishing them. All the ministers whom I have had have formed the project of remedying this evil: but they have abandoned it in despair. Cardinal *Fleu-*

ry was very powerful, since he was master of France, but he died without having carried into effect any one of his ideas on this subject. So believe me, compose yourself, and disregard a mischief which does not admit of cure."

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Pope Benedict XIV was fond of observing that there must be a Providence, since France flourished under Louis XV; and certainly, while that prince was doing every thing that was calculated to weaken authority, and to undermine the state, the throne remained unshaken during his time, amid all the symptoms of approaching ruin. He relied on the hold which ancient institutions maintained on the minds of the people, and on their habits of obedience. It is evident also that he possessed more political prudence, however much debilitated his mind might be by his dissolute conduct, than fell to the share of his unfortunate successor. Louis XVI, the most timid of men, little favoured by nature, and wholly without experience or information, yielding to the best intentions, took a course the opposite of that which his grandfather had followed, and proposed to rest his power on the goodwill of his subjects. Their affections he resolved to secure by acts corresponding with his dispositions, which were laudable and benevolent; and relying on these, the well-meaning monarch ventured into a track which would have been hazardous to a sovereign of the greatest wisdom and firmness, but for which no man was ever less qualified than Louis XVI. The history of every proceeding, that called for judgment and decision, shows how limited was his understanding, how destitute he was of discernment, and how utterly void of firmness was his nature. The re-establishment of the parliaments without conditions, and the blind confidence placed in the frivolous, mischievous, and pitiful dotard, *Maurepas*, at the very commencement of his reign, displayed in open day his glaring deficiencies.

Maria Antoinette.

Though the queen, Maria Antoinette, was not strictly a beauty, nor a fine woman, nor a correct figure, yet her lively countenance, her striking carriage, and the elegance of her person, gave her a superiority over many who were more indebted to nature. Her character was gentle and prepossessing. She felt strongly for the unfortunate, and she took delight in succouring and protecting them. A strong propensity to pleasure, and a great portion of coquetry and levity, though but little of natural gaiety, occasioned her to appear with less advantage in society than might have been expected from her solid good qualities, and her personal charms. She had no fixed principles. Her familiarity lessened respect, while the stateliness she was obliged to assume on particular occasions, was inconsistent with the character which she affected, that of an amiable woman. She had no education. She never opened a book, except occasionally a novel; nor did she even seek the information which might be collected in society; the moment an affair became serious, she was seized with weariness, and the discussion was cut short. Her conversation wandered and flew from object to object. The tale of the day, and court scandal, were her amusement. She never could be persuaded to apply to any thing like business, but filled up her time with trifles. She had a complete ascendancy over the king, and latterly swayed him in most of his determinations.

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Duchess de Polignac.

The duchess *de Polignac* possessed the entire favour and confidence of the queen, and was regarded for many years as the principal mover in all the measures of the court. She is, as is well known, most unfavourably depicted in all the revolutionary publications.

She had the most charming countenance that ever was bestowed on mortal; and it was impossible to say which feature was best. Her shape and figure did not entirely correspond with the perfection of her face: but she deservedly passed for the finest woman of her time, and the one who pleased most universally. Her character was more perfect than her person; that which formed its basis was a calmness never disturbed in any situation or event, not even by personal evils the most calculated to disturb. This quality enabled her justly to estimate things, and to be as much above prejudice as she was free from enthusiasm. She was most remote from presumption; and she would often frankly say, "What you say is above my capacity." Her carriage, her actions, her conversation, even the tones of her voice, were gentleness itself. She was of a tender, sympathizing nature; and she never refused that succour to distress which it was in her power to bestow. Fond of domestic happiness, she looked to the loss of her influence rather as desirable than otherwise; and she valued her power and her fortune more on account of her friends than herself. Her great fault arose from that tranquil nature which she possessed, and which occasioned her to be negligent in a thousand matters to which she ought to have vigilantly attended, considering the situation in which she stood, and the confidence reposed in her by the queen.

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Engineers of the Revolution.

The abbe *Sieyes*, previously to the horrors which incensed all the world against the demagogues of France, was complimented by his partisans with the title of the *engineer of the revolution*. What the credit may be which this title, if just, would insure him, we shall leave to be estimated by others; only observing that his functions, and those of his coadjutors, were of a very humble and ordinary nature; since they only assisted a mouldering edifice to crumble, and helped to pull down that which was about to fall of its own accord. *The engineers of the revolution* were personages of a superior order to the abbe *Sieyes* and his fraternity; it was by the inmates, the guardians, and the defenders of the fortress, that it was undermined and battered; it was by the last two monarchs and their advisers, and their ill fortune, that the mighty downfall was effected that has caused agitations, which may last as long as those occasioned by the *reformation*.

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Count de Maurepas.

Count de Maurepas was consummate in court intrigues, hackneyed in business, but careless about every thing except his own credit, and the sort of men who were to be admitted into the ministry; in which situation, he would have only creatures who were to depend entirely on him, and whom he could annihilate with a breath. Every transaction he made a theme of pleasantry, and every individual an object of sarcasm. No man approached him whom he did not lash in this way, and on whom he did not exercise his powers of ridicule. It was into the hands of this minister, that the unfortunate Louis XVI was thrown, on his accession, wholly without experience, and after having received the worst possible education under the duke *de Vauguyon*. This crafty old courtier only studied how to govern the monarch, without giving him a single idea on the subject of the government of his people.

There are few men whose memory will more excite detestation than this selfish, unfaithful, treacherous minister; who, to serve his own purposes, contrived to keep his unsuspecting, confiding master in that ignorance which cost him at once his crown and his life. On the subject of the baseness of this unworthy statesman, one opinion only

has prevailed; with regard to him, the writers of all factions are agreed.

For the Literary Magazine.

PREMIUMS OFFERED BY THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Magellanic annual premium is offered by this society to the author of the best discovery, or most useful invention, relating to navigation, astronomy, or natural philosophy, mere natural history only excepted, under the following conditions:

1. The candidate shall send his discovery, invention, or improvement to the president, or one of the vice-presidents of the society*, free of postage or other charges; and shall distinguish his performance by some motto, device, or other signature, at his pleasure. Together with such communication, he shall also send a sealed letter, containing the same motto, device or signature, with the real name, and place of residence of the author.

2. Persons of any nation, sect, or denomination whatever, may be candidates.

3. No discovery, &c. shall be entitled to this premium, which has been already published, or for which the author has been publicly rewarded elsewhere.

4. The candidate shall communicate his discovery, &c. either in English, French, German, or Latin.

5. All such communications shall be publicly read, or exhibited to the society, at some stated meeting, not less than one month previous to adjudication; and shall at all times be open to the inspection of such members as desire it. But no member shall carry home with him the communication, description, or model, except the officer to whom it is intrusted; nor shall such officer part with the same out of his custody, but by special order of the society.

6. The society, having previously referred the several communications to the twelve counsellors and other officers of the society, and having received their report thereon, shall, at a stated meeting in December, annually, after the present year (of the time and place, and particular occasion of which meeting, public notice shall be previously given), proceed to the final adjudication of the said premium: and, after due consideration, a vote shall be taken on the question, Whether any of the communications then under inspection be worthy of the proposed premium? If this question be determined in the negative, the whole business shall be deferred till another year: but if in the affirmative, the society shall proceed to determine by ballot, the discovery, &c. most useful and worthy; and that which has a majority in its favour shall be successful: and then the sealed letter accompanying the crowned performance shall be opened, and the name of the author announced.

7. No member who is a candidate for the premium, or who hath not previously declared to the society, that he has weighed, according to the best of his judgment, the comparative merits of the several claimants, shall sit in judgment, or give his vote in awarding the said premium.

8. A full account of the crowned subject shall be published by the society, as soon as may be after the adjudication, either in a separate publication, or in the next succeeding volume of their tranactions, or in both.

9. The unsuccessful performances shall remain under consideration, and their authors be considered as candidates for the premium, for five years next succeeding the time of their presentment; except such as their authors may, in the mean

* Thomas Jefferson is president of the society, and Robert Patterson, Caspar Wistar, and B. S. Barton, vice-presidents.——Philadelphia.

time, think fit to withdraw. And the society shall, annually, publish an abstract of the titles, object, or subject matter of the communications so under consideration; except such as the society shall think not worthy of public notice.

10. The letters containing the names of authors whose performances shall be rejected, or which shall be found unsuccessful after a trial of five years, shall be burnt before the society, without breaking the seals.

11. In case there should be a failure of any communication worthy of the proposed premium, there will then be two premiums to be awarded in the next year. But no accumulation of premiums shall entitle an author to more than one premium, for any one discovery, invention, or improvement.

12. The premium shall consist of an oval plate of solid standard gold, value ten guineas; on one side shall be neatly engraved a short Latin motto, suited to the occasion, together with the words, The premium of John Hyacinth de Magellan, of London, established in the year 1786. And on the other side of the plate shall be engraved these words: Awarded by the A. P. S.——for the discovery of——, A. D.——

And the seal of the society shall be annexed to the medal by a ribbon passing through a small hole at the lower edge thereof.

They likewise offer a second or extra premium, consisting of a gold medal, of the value of not less than twenty, nor more than forty-five dollars; or the same sum in money, at the option of the candidate, accompanied with a suitable diploma on parchment, with the seal of the society, to the author of any useful invention or improvement on any subject within the general view of the Magellanic donation, as before described, and which shall be deemed most worthy thereof; or to the author of such communication as may lead to such inventions and improvements, and which may be deemed worthy of the premium, under the before-mentioned conditions.

The society also point out a few subjects, to which they wish to direct the attention of candidates for the premium; informing them, at the same time, that communications on other subjects, which come within the general or particular views of the donor, will not be excluded from the competition. All communications for the extra premium must be made in the manner prescribed in the conditions for the original premium.

The objects towards which the society direct the attention of candidates are,

1. The best experimental essay on native American permanent dyes or pigments, accompanied by specimens.

2. The best means of navigating our rapid rivers against the stream.

3. The best essay on the general natural history of the ranges of American mountains in the country east of the river Mississippi.

4. The best essay on the natural history and chemical qualities of the hot and warm springs of the United States, or of any one of them.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE GLEANER.

NO. II.

BECAUSE the whimsical Lavater wrote three or four quartos, and invented a great number of distinctions, in relation to physiognomy, most people are apt to imagine that this is a new science. I do not mean that nobody before him ever imagined a certain correspondence between the character and outward form of a man, but that no one before him ever built up a regular and complex system on the subject. I shall not attempt to inquire how far this is true, but shall content myself with quoting some sentiments, written near a century before the Swiss physiognomist was thought of, which

seems to comprise all that any reasonable mind can hope to discover on this subject, notwithstanding the confident and parading declamations of Lavater and his followers.

There are several arts, of which all men are in some measure masters, without having been at the pains of learning them. Every one that speaks or reasons is a grammarian and logician, though he may be wholly unacquainted with the rules of grammar or logic, as they are delivered in books and systems. In the same manner, every one is in some degree a master of that art which is generally distinguished by the name of physiognomy; and naturally forms to himself the character or fortune of a stranger, from the features and lineaments of his face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, than we are immediately struck with the image of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured man; and upon our first going into a company of strangers, our benevolence or aversion, awe or contempt, rises naturally towards several particular persons, before we hear them speak a single word, or so much as know who they are.

Every *passion* gives a particular cast to the countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some feature or other. I have seen an eye curse for half an hour together, and an eye-brow call a man a scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for lovers to complain, resent, languish, despair, and die in dumb show. For my own part, I am so apt to frame a notion of every man's humour or circumstances by his looks, that I have sometimes employed myself in a crowded street in drawing the characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a man with a sour rivelled face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife; and when I meet with an open ingenuous countenance, think on the happiness of his friends, his family, and relations.

I cannot recollect the author of a famous saying to a stranger who stood silent in his company, *Speak that I may see thee.* But, with submission, I think we may be better known by our looks than by our words, and that a man's speech is much more easily disguised than his countenance. In this case, however, I think the *air* of the whole face is much more expressive than the *lines* of it: the truth of it is, the air is generally nothing else but the inward disposition of the mind made visible.

Those who have established physiognomy into an art, and laid down rules of judging men's tempers by their faces, have regarded the features much more than the air. *Martial* has a pretty epigram on this subject:

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læsus:
Rem magnam præstas, Zoile, si bonus es.

I have seen a very ingenious author on this subject, who founds his speculations on the supposition, that as a man hath in the mould of his face a remote likeness to that of an ox, a sheep, a lion, a hog, or any other creature; he hath the same resemblance in the frame of his mind, and is subject to those passions which are predominant in the creature that appears in his countenance. Accordingly he gives the prints of several faces that are of a different mould, and by a little overcharging the likeness, discovers the figures of these several kinds of brutal faces in human features. I remember, in the life of the famous prince of *Conde*, the writer observes, the face of that prince was like the face of an eagle, and that the prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this case, therefore, we may be sure that he had in his mind some general implicit notion of this art of physiognomy which I have just now mentioned; and that when his courtiers told him his face was made like an eagle's, he understood them in the same manner as if they had told him there was something in his

looks which showed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal descent. Whether the different motions of the animal spirits, in different passions, may have any effect on the mould of the face when the lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the same kind of souls require the same kind of habitations, I shall leave to the consideration of the curious. In the mean time, I think nothing can be more glorious than for a man to give the lie to his face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured man, in spite of all those marks and signatures which Nature seems to have set upon him for the contrary. This very often happens among those who, instead of being exasperated by their own looks, or envying the looks of others, apply themselves entirely to the cultivating of their minds, and getting those beauties which are more lasting and more ornamental. I have seen many an amiable piece of deformity; and have observed a certain cheerfulness in as bad a system of features as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an insolent beauty. There is a double praise due to virtue when it is lodged in a body that seems to have been prepared for the reception of vice; in many such cases, the soul and the body do not seem to be fellows.

Socrates was an extraordinary instance of this nature. There chanced to be a great physiognomist in his time at Athens, who had made strange discoveries of men's tempers and inclinations by their outward appearances. Socrates's disciples, that they might put this artist to the trial, carried him to their master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know he was then in company with him. After a short examination of his face, the physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunken old fellow that he had ever met with in his whole life. Upon which the disciples all burst out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the falsehood and vanity of his art. But Socrates told them, that the principles of his art might be very true, notwithstanding his present mistake; for that he himself was naturally inclined, to those particular vices which the physiognomist had discovered in his countenance, but that he had conquered the strong dispositions he was born with by the dictates of philosophy.

We are indeed told by an ancient author, that Socrates very much resembled Silenus in his face; which we find to have been very rightly observed from the statues and busts of both that are still extant, as well as on several antique seals and precious stones, which are frequently met with in the cabinets of the curious. But, however observations of this nature may sometimes hold, a wise man should be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a man's outward appearance. It is an irreparable injustice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the looks and features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive hatred against a person of worth, or fancy a man to be proud or ill-natured by his aspect, whom we think we cannot esteem too much when we are acquainted with his real character!

For the Literary Magazine.

FRENCH EMPIRE.

IF in military matters the French discover conduct and heroism which did not heretofore belong to them, we do not find that they are divested of the levity and frivolity by which they have been in all ages characterized. On the contrary, never do they seem to have found more facility in flying from one extreme to another. How short a time has passed since republican representations threw them into the wildest raptures, and all were the disciples of the goddess of reason, zealots for the sovereignty of the

people, and advocates for the rights of man! yet now this mania is as much out of fashion as the *Fronde* or the league. Nothing suits their present taste but imperial and royal pomp; all insist on the necessity of religion, all applaud the unity of the supreme authority, all plead for hereditary succession; and no sooner is an *emperor* made, than the history of the *empire* is advertised; though it has existed only a few months, its annals are announced! Are a people of this fickle cast destined to command the world? are they to be the models of mankind?

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. X.

MY correspondent Antonio's letter has remained so long unanswered, that to notice it now may be unnecessary. The cause from which it originated has probably ceased to exist: for grief naturally exhausts itself by its own violent exertions, or overpowers the object of its attack, and ends by destroying the plant on which it subsists. Yet it is the duty of the Reflector to perform the duties he owes to civility; and though the performance of them has long been deferred, yet it is perhaps better, that that, which should be done, is done late, than not at all.

It is, perhaps, not unworthy of enquiry, why we indulge grief so much as we do: while we must be sensible we are nourishing a perfidious enemy in our bosom, who, under the fascinating exterior of tenderness and affection, robs us of so many enjoyments. Grief is certainly not an emotion, or (if it please my readers better) a passion, agreeable in the abstract, either in its nature, or its effects. It deadens or stupifies the mental faculties, it contracts the range of our ideas, it makes all our reflections centre in one point, and makes us almost unfit to exercise the most distinguishing qualities which we possess, as rational beings, over the rest of the creation. Behold the man of grief: see how he moves along; his step is slow, his arms are folded on his breast, or carelessly hanging at his sides: mark the paleness of his cheek; his eyes are fixed as though he was intently gazing on some interesting object, yet he sees nothing; his sight penetrates space, but fixes at last (if I may venture the expression) on vacancy; his dress is negligent and disordered, while an air of abstraction sits on every feature. To him almost all things are alike; whether the gentle gales of spring fan his bosom, and bear upon their silken pinions the odours of Arabia, or the sultry heats of summer oppress him with their fervour; whether autumn presents to the eye the full harvest, and the loaded bough, or winter covers the ruins of nature with the fleeces of heaven: his breast is insensible to the change. The change of seasons or of circumstances make but a slight impression on a pre-occupied and mourning heart. Approach him; ask him some question not connected with the cause of his grief; his answer will be short and from the point; he will convince you, by his manner, that his mind is fixed on some particular object, to the almost total exclusion of every other; and, notwithstanding that on the proper understanding of the business on which he is questioned may rest much of his temporal prosperity, yet he will continually revert to that object which seems to claim, on the principle of previous possession, a right to all his attention.

The mourner loves to converse on one subject only; and this is the one which occupies his whole soul. On this he could continually dwell; and though repetition might weary all others, it would still afford him pleasure: that is, all the pleasure which grief can know, the pleasure of weeping. Let not the reader say this is a paradox: grief loves to weep, for in weeping, as I

have just said, it finds its greatest enjoyment. This is the true cause why those who regret the recent loss of some beloved friend hear with so much impatience the frequent repetition of those ill-timed and common-place consolatory phrases, so often used on these occasions. It is in vain to say, "weep not; it is the will of Heaven; tears cannot recal your friend to life," &c., &c. The mourner knows all this; perhaps he has endeavoured to console another in the same manner. Let him who would offer comfort and consolation, not appear to attempt, nay, let him rather seem to want it himself; let him dwell on the virtues and amiable qualities of the deceased, and weep with him who mourns his loss. Thus will he sooth the grief, which it is not in the power of mere consolatory speeches immediately to cure.

Nor is the effect of grief on the health of the body less pernicious than it is on the health of the mind: it saps the very foundations of life, and is not unfrequently the mourner's passport to the grave. Still it is indulged with a fondness unaccountable, perhaps, in any other way, than by remembering that it is natural; philosophy is frequently unable to tell us any more: after all its enquiries, its investigations, it finds itself on the same ground where it commenced them, and where ignorance itself would have concluded its researches.

When we lose a beloved friend by the stroke of death, how we love to call to remembrance every feature which distinguished him; to embody the departed form in our imagination; to place him in those situations in which we have beeen accustomed to see him; while living to make him speak, to act, to give his opinion on this or that subject; to enumerate his virtues and his talents; and, at last, to weep over the loss of all the pleasing enjoyments which, with him, we once participated. Is not this a proof that we love to grieve? If we did not, we would endeavour to forget whatever might awaken any recollection of the object of our grief; should think ourselves obliged to him who would show us that we ought to forget it; that it was unworthy; and its loss not to be regretted, but desired. But who, that has felt the influence of grief, would bear, for a moment, to hear the object of its regret vilified? who would ever hear his actual failings enumerated with any degree of patience? No one. Yet grief is unreasonable; to weep over the remains of a departed friend cannot "back to its mansion call the fleeting breath." We know it; we feel it; yet we lament, and lament because lamenting is vain: we feel how foolish, how absurd is our conduct; we know we ought to bear the inevitable afflictions of life with fortitude and without repining; yet we glory in our own imbecility; and who would not? who would not be a man? The philosopher who thinks he is, then feels and acknowledges he is nothing more; he glories in feeling like one; although, perhaps, he may be ashamed to own how weak is reason and philosophy, when opposed to the meltings of nature and the calls of tender regret.

Nature has placed this distressing, though not altogether ungratifying emotion, in the breast of man for a very useful purpose. Grief is to love, as night is to day; it is always the successor of love, when its object has been removed from us by the hand of death. Perhaps this may be one reason why we shudder at the thought of depriving a fellow-creature of life (that is, one who is dear to our affections), because we dread the attacks of the grief that will follow his loss. This may be extending the action of grief too far; but let any one form an imaginary scene; let him suppose himself placed in it, as one of the principal actors, and one of his *friends* as another. His friend must be supposed to possess something which he himself desires to possess; he knows no other way of acquiring it but by the death of his friend. Here he must suppose himself insensible

to remorse and the dread of present or future punishment, the hatred of mankind, or the dread of shame, and alive only to the impressions of interest and convenience, love and grief. He may be supposed to reason thus: "I love my friend, it is true, but I love that he possesses much better; if I take his life, I may possess every thing I want, and he will not be sensible of its loss: but though I now love him, as I feel I do, less than I do his fortune, am I certain this will always be the case? Perhaps when I see him extended at my feet, pity will interpose, and produce an essential change in my feelings; I may then regret that I have done it, because grief will interrupt my enjoyment of that which formed the principal motive to the act I have committed; and though the love I now bear him seems less than that I bear his fortune, it may still be sufficient to produce grief enough to embitter all my enjoyments, and make me more unhappy in the possession, than I now am in the want of that, which I so earnestly desire."

Here love may be said to be the agent in preventing him from acquiring the object of his wishes, by the only mean that offers; but if it is love, why will it not prevent him from committing an evil deed, alone, without his being obliged to recur to the known effects of grief after the commission of the act? Grief, however, can have no existence without love; it is born of love, or perhaps is formed of love mingled with regret; certain it is, that grief is never unmixed with love, but love does not always govern our actions, even when its object is *self*. We all love ourselves, we are sensible of the blessings of health, of peace, of contentment, and freedom from care; yet we frequently incur the certain loss of one or all these blessings; and it is only when we have lost them that we are sensible of the power of the grief the loss excites; thus it appears that the dread of grief may sometimes do, what love itself cannot perform. We would be willing to be deprived of that love we feel, if we did not dread the grief which must inevitably occupy its place; or, if you will, that painful vacuity which succeeds its loss.

Nor do I argue thus because I think that love has not, at last, the sole agency in producing the effects of grief; but that the fire of love may burn so feebly in our bosoms, that we do not feel its warmth, and know we can only become acquainted with its intensity by its extinction, or a change in the manner of its operation.

VALVERDI.

May 10th, 1806.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

BRICKS.

PHILADELPHIA is noted for its manufactory of bricks. The annual erection of brick buildings in this city is immense, and both the builder and inhabitant of a house are materially interested in the quality and goodness of the material of which these buildings are formed. The following remarks may prove eminently serviceable.

The excellency of bricks consists chiefly in the first and last operation; for bricks made of good earth, and well tempered, become solid and ponderous, and therefore will take up a longer time in drying and burning than our common bricks seem to require. It is also to be observed, that the well drying of bricks before they are burned prevents cracking and crumbling in their burning; for, when the bricks are too wet, the parts are prevented from adhering together. The best way of ordering the fire is, to make it gentle at first, and increase it by degrees, as the bricks grow harder.

If those several operations were properly and duly attended to, we should not see such immense waste, and so great a profusion of unburnt

and half burnt bricks, called place bricks, as we constantly find on the outsides of our modern clamps. For want of due precaution the fire never reaches them in an equable degree, and therefore they ought to be totally disregarded and laid aside; but modern ingenuity, and the tricks of the builders, have found out a mode of using them, less objectionable, to be sure, than if they were consigned to the outside walls, though properly they are not fit to be used any where. It is necessary that the public should be informed that these place bricks are now made use of in the inside walls of houses of every denomination, from the hut to the palace; and that they are soft, subject to very quick decay, and, wherever wet can at all get to them, they moulder away with great rapidity. Nor is this the only objection to them: they are subject to be acted upon by every change of the weather, so that the walls become damp, and the plastering discoloured, causing the bond timbers and plates to rot; and, for want of equal solidity with the external bricks, the walls crack, the timbers swag, because the bearing on them cannot be then any where equally poised.

The dampness which so often affects the inside walls is attempted to be palliated or removed by the introduction of what is called battening, whereby an opening or cavity is left between the brick-work or plaistering; but whoever has attentively observed the result of this invention, which in very many instances has fallen to my lot to notice, will see that the damp arising from these bricks engenders mould, and is visible on the frame of the wood used in the battening; this mould is no doubt the secondary cause of the dry rot, since the origin must be in the bricks themselves.

That this is the case may be deduced from this fact, that wherever a quantity of those bricks is heaped up together, for any length of time, they will, upon separation, be found to have their bases covered with a fine white net-work, especially those which are nearest the bottom. Hard burnt sound bricks never have this net-work grow upon them, let them lie as long as they may in any situation. This net-work, then, is the plantulæ of mould. The origin and increase of mould is nearly in proportion to the heat of the atmosphere; its appearance and vegetation are never more sudden than during the summer, and the reason seems to be, that the heat of the weather necessarily draws out the redundant moisture from the bricks, for want of a due circulation of air. This moisture attaches itself to the outside of the bricks, and there remains, the heat not being sufficient to dry it up, but enough perhaps to produce a degree of warmth; it enters into a slow but certain process of fermentation; and, passing through a state of acidity to putrefaction, is of itself sufficient to engender mould. Sometimes it is very long before mould is produced on particular substances, either from the absence of the seed, or the substance not being well adapted for its vegetation; while, in others, the seed has been known to vegetate in three hours. The mould, from being first white, turns yellowish, and at last blackens. As it approaches a state of maturity, a kind of black dust falls from it, which is the seed of the plantulæ; a quantity of this dust constitutes the powder, which blackens the hand when touched. As this dust and seed is so fine and infinite, it spreads with a rapidity equal to the state and condition of the substances which may be fit to receive it, and hence may attack a whole building, and become the means of endangering and eventually destroying the most superb edifice.

Another fact will confirm this reasoning. In pulling down the most ancient houses, not an atom of dry rot has been visible, but merely a decay in the timbers, occasioned by age, because the bricks inside and out were alike hard and sound: but where modern ones have been erected on the old sites, a very few years have been sufficient to prove

that symptoms of dry rot have manifested themselves in the basement, from the great degree of humidity which prevails there.

If such bricks, therefore, are not timely removed, all the art of man cannot prevent the effects of the dry rot; it is the same with certain sorts of stone, which are always damp, be the weather what it may, and there the dry rot makes the greater havock.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE COINS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

A VERY ingenious and laborious work on the history of the British coinage has lately been published by the earl of Liverpool. The following abstract of his doctrines, and remarks which these doctrines have suggested, may prove not uninstructive to some of our readers, who deem as highly of this subject as it merits.

The use of metals, as a medium of exchange, was no improvement on the rude kinds of barter by which commerce was previously conducted, unless the practice of assaying, as well as of weighing or measuring the masses of those metals, was at the same time introduced. Each transaction of buying and selling required a difficult and expensive experiment upon the fineness of the commodity in which the price was paid; and thus an improvement, scarcely less necessary than the former, was to manufacture a number of pieces of a known fineness, which might pass in exchange by weight, the quality having been previously determined once for all. It is probable that this step in the division of employments was, like all the rest, first made by individuals; persons of approved respectability and known skill betook themselves to refining the precious metals, and affixed to the bars into which they fashioned them a certain mark, denoting the quality of the mass. In time, however, the governors of the community found sufficient inducements to take this branch of industry exclusively into their own hands. They were always the chief consumers and principal creditors in the country: they had, therefore, more concern in the accuracy of the standard than any other individuals. Besides, where there were mines, they generally found means to appropriate them; and where there were none, they saw that various benefits, similar to the gains of the mines, might be derived from a controul over the preparation of the currency. The difficulty of preventing great imposture on the public, so long as a matter of this nicety was left to private individuals afforded a plausible pretence for introducing the monopoly, and, in the early stages of commerce at least, was even a good reason for it. By these steps, the history of which is in all countries entirely lost, the sovereign of every civilized state has become the sole assayer of the metals used in commercial exchanges. The other branches of the coinage have, in almost all cases, been introduced by him, at a subsequent period. The profit of dividing the metals into pieces of a known weight was not at first very obvious. The power of regulating their fineness was much more beneficial, and its abuses harder to be checked. But the advantages of fixing the quantity of metal in pieces of a certain denomination, or of fixing the denomination of certain pieces, were soon found to be considerable, at least where the rulers had come under obligations to any of their subjects, and wished to relieve themselves without an act of open and violent injustice. Hence, in all civilized countries, the exclusive management of the coinage in every branch, and, in general, the regulation of all things relating to the medium of exchange, has become a favourite prerogative of the sovereign. The following are some particulars of the history of this prerogative in England.

In ancient times, the right of coinage was sometimes usurped by the more powerful barons; but Henry II finally suppressed this abuse; and, since, no subject has interfered with the coinage, except so far as the crown has, at different periods, delegated the right of coining to certain great corporations, who were always bound to exercise it according to the rules prescribed in the grant, and were never permitted to vary either the alloy, the denomination, or the device. This practice of devolving the coinage on subjects, has, however, been entirely relinquished since the reign of Edward VI. Various statutes have recognized the rights of the crown, both to fix the value of the coins as issued from the mint, and to alter that value after they have become current. In particular, the 19th Hen. VII, c. 5, enacts, that all gold and silver coins shall pass for the sum they were coined for; and the 5th and 6th Edward VI, c. 19, prohibits the exchanging of any coined gold and silver for more than the king's proclamation has or shall have declared to be its value. Nor is it necessary, in general, that the sovereign should publish his notices with respect to the rate of the currency which he issues. Whatever coins come from his mint, with his stamp or other authenticating marks, are held, in ordinary cases, to be of the value affixed to them in the indentures which he enters into with the officers of the mint. A royal proclamation is only necessary when base coins, or money below the standard of sterling, are to be made current; when coins already in circulation are to be raised or lowered in nominal value, or decried altogether; and, lastly, when foreign coins are to be rendered legal currency at a certain rate. But, though the prerogative regarding coinage is thus ample, and apparently well fixed by the theory of the constitution, it ought to be exercised with the most scrupulous caution; and, notwithstanding recent instances of its exertion without consulting parliament, particularly in 1717, when guineas were lowered from 21s. 6d. to 21s. by proclamation, the crown should, in all important operations affecting the coin, proceed according to the advice of the great national council.

It seems, however, absurd to state the alteration of the nominal value of coins, already current, as a branch of prerogative. The crown may certainly ordain that certain coins shall, for the future, pass by different names, and that obligations incurred subsequent to the ordinance shall be interpreted according to the new significations annexed to those names. But if it give a new valuation to the currency absolutely, it exercises a retrospective influence, and puts a new interpretation upon conditions previously made. It ordains that A shall owe B five, when he borrowed ten; or commands the parties *to have done* one thing when they did another; which is truly a contradiction in terms. We might as well assert, that the government has the prerogative of making two and two equal to six. When, therefore, a government absolves contracting parties from their obligations, by what is called changing the denomination of the currency, it commits an act of violent injustice—is not exerting a power; and, instead of saying that it alters the nominal value of money, we should say that it forcibly breaks certain contracts existing among individuals. Were the government to enact that a guinea should be reckoned equal to two pounds sterling, our courts of justice would not be bound in law to absolve a debtor who owed two pounds, and paid a guinea: they would be obliged to take the sense of the contracting parties for the rule of payment, in the same manner as they would be bound to recur to the original meaning of the words, if custom should have altered it since the contract was made.

The old standard of fineness for silver coin is 11 oz. 2 dwts. with 18 dwts. of alloy, and this has been uniformly the proportion, most proba-

bly from the conquest, with the exception of a short period, from 34th Henry VIII to 2d Elizabeth; the old standard for gold was 23 carats 3¼ grains, with ½ a grain of alloy; and this proportion continued till 18th Henry VIII, when the new standard was introduced of crown gold, or 22 carats 2 grains, which has been the only proportion used in our gold coinage since the 15th Charles II.

Silver coins were, for two centuries after the conquest, the only money of British manufacture. Henry III, near the end of his reign, coined a few gold pieces, which were so little circulated, that, till an accident brought the fact to light in the year 1732, Edward III had always been supposed the first king who made gold money. At the conquest, the pound sterling was equal to a tower pound* of silver of the old standard, and it continued of this weight till the 28th of Edward I. It was divided into twenty shillings, and each shilling into twelve pennies, weighing twenty-four grains each. Nothing, therefore, could have been more simple or convenient in every respect than this system of coinage, which subsisted unaltered for two centuries, and till several years after a second metal had been introduced into circulation. The successive and rapid changes which were, from this period, made in the currency, may be reduced to three heads; the debasement of the silver coins by diminishing their weight, their denomination being retained; the debasement of the gold coins, both by diminishing the weight of new issues, and by raising the denomination of those in circulation; lastly, the violent changes made on both silver and gold coins, chiefly by alterations in the standard of the metals, from the 34th Henry VIII to the 6th Edward VI, or rather to the 2d of Elizabeth, and which may be regarded as a sort of convulsion in the monetary system

Edward I first debased the pound sterling, by coining it into twenty shillings and three pence. Edward III, by three several reductions, brought it to twenty five shillings in tale; Henry IV reduced it to thirty; Edward IV to thirty-seven and sixpence; Henry VIII to 42s. 2 1-4d. in the 18th year of his reign. Besides some intermediate changes, Elizabeth, by two reductions, brought the tower pound to 58s. 1 1-2d. or the pound troy to 62 shillings, at which it still remains. Other operations of the same kind have since been thought of at different periods; James I was induced to give up the scheme of a new reduction chiefly by the sage counsels of lord Bacon. The speech of sir Robert Cotton to the same purpose, in the reign of Charles I, and its salutary effects, are well known; and Mr. Locke had the honour of crushing the last attempt of this nature which has been made with any prospect of success, by his celebrated treatise on the value of money.

The debasements of the gold coin consist in a diminution of its weight, and an increase of its denomination; but principally in the latter, made with a view of adjusting it to the value of the silver currency during its successive changes, both real and nominal. The adjustment was made in the former way, at the two last debasements of silver in Edward III's reign, and at the debasement of Henry IV. In the subsequent debasements it has been made by the latter method; but when the nominal value of the current gold was raised, the sovereign generally found it expedient to issue new gold coins of the former nominal value. Thus, when Edward IV debased his silver, he raised the gold noble from 6s. 8d. to 8s. 4d.; but he soon after coined *angels* at 6s. 8d. the old value of the noble, and *angelets* equal to the former half nobles; and when Henry VIII first raised the angel from 6s. 8d. to 7s. 6d., he coined

* The tower or rochelle pound, used in the mint till 18th Henry VIII, was 3-4 of an ounce less than the pound troy. Since that year the pound troy has been use•

george-nobles of 6s. 8d. When the last reduction of the silver took place in Elizabeth's reign, she fixed the rate of gold to silver in coins of the old standard, at 10 56-59 to 1, and in those of the new or crown gold, at 10 61-68 to 1. Since that period, the changes in the gold coin have only been calculated to keep pace with the gradual alterations in the relative real values of the two precious metals. It is remarkable that no such alteration seems to have called for a re-adjustment of the coinage till the beginning of James I's reign, though America had been discovered above a century, and even the richest of the silver mines, those of Potosi, upwards of fifty years; nay Elizabeth, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, valued the gold at a lower rate, in proportion to the silver, than Edward III had done: yet the average silver price of wheat, during the last half of the sixteenth century, was nearly five times its silver price during the first half. We should expect to find the whole gold coin exported, therefore, during this period, in consequence of the mint prices of the two metals being so much nearer each other than their market prices. But though no great exportation of gold seems to have followed, soon after James's accession it was found necessary to raise the mint price of gold; and, by three several operations, that prince brought the proportion between gold and silver to 13 20-59 to 1, in coins of the old standard, and 13 11-34 to 1, in those of the new. After the restoration it was raised still further; and the whole rise, during sixty years from the union of the crowns, was 32 5-6 *per cent.*

But notwithstanding the great depreciation of silver, from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century, the silver price of gold seems to have increased with unaccountable slowness. The first reduction in the weight of the gold coin which James I made, was sufficient to create an unprecedented abundance of that currency for several years; yet it amounted to no more than 10 *per cent.* of rise in the mint price of that metal. This was indeed after some years insufficient; and he afterwards augmented the mint price 10 *per cent.* further, by raising the nominal value. This measure occasioned a rise that was much too great; the silver coin began to disappear, and continued diminishing rapidly for many years, to the great discomfiture of the government, as we find by various proclamations against the manufacture of plate and the exportation of bullion, *in respect of the excesse of forraigne commodities, which is a thing in itselfe intolerable.* Yet the price of silver was all that time continuing to fall, and did not, in fact, reach its lowest point before 1640 or 1650. It was not till this last period, that the depreciation of silver was able to counteract the effects of the too great rise in the mint price of gold, effected by the two operations of James, and by another reduction which he very injudiciously made when silver was most quickly disappearing. After this, the market silver price of gold continued to rise, so that Charles II once more reduced the weight of the gold coin; the guinea was issued at 20 shillings value, but it became current at a higher rate, and was allowed to vary with the relative market prices of the two metals. The silver coin, during the rest of the century, suffered extremely from clipping; and at last this evil rose to such a height, that the guinea passed for 30 shillings; all commodities became dear in proportion; and silver bullion was exported to buy gold.

The recoinage was now undertaken at a great expence; and during the interval, the people became more accustomed to gold than to silver coins, which were besides disliked in general on account of their late degradation. Guineas were at the same time prohibited from passing for more than 22 shillings; they soon fell to 21s. 6d.; but this was still higher than the market price of gold bullion, and the new silver

coins were accordingly exported: so that in 1717, when government referred the matter to sir Isaac Newton, he was of opinion that, in a short time, payments in silver would not be made without a premium. In pursuance of this great man's advice, the nominal value of the guinea was reduced to 21s., and it was fixed at this rate as legal tender. Still it was somewhat too high; he had been perfectly aware that the diminution might be too small, and had only recommended it as the first step, and for the sake of experiment. But since that time no further change has taken place; the mint silver price of gold has been always kept higher than its market silver price, by about 1 19-31 *per cent.*; the good silver coin has of consequence been all melted down or exported; what remains of it is excessively imperfect; scarce any silver bullion has been brought to the mint; and gold has become the chief currency.

It is obvious here to remark the constant inefficacy of all the measures taken by the government, in order to create any sudden or violent change in the state of the circulating medium, and the care with which it was always found necessary to consult the public prejudices. When Henry III first issued gold coins, the people refused to give them currency. A precept was directed to the mayor and sheriffs of London, to enforce their circulation. Soon after, the citizens made representations against the money, and a proclamation appeared, declaring that nobody was obliged to take the pieces, and that the holders should receive the full value from the treasury, deducting the charges of coinage.

The first gold coins of Edward III were thought to be overvalued, and therefore refused. A proclamation was issued, ordering them to be taken only with the consent of the receiver; and another was soon after published to call them in. A new coinage took place, in which the gold was undervalued; but still the people, unaccustomed to gold coins, refused them; and they were ordered only to pass in large payments. The prejudice, however, wore away; and they were then ordered to be taken in all payments.

The effects of the debasement of the silver coin by clipping, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, evinced the same thing. It seems that coins of that sort came then into bad repute; and this prejudice, assisted by the scarcity of silver during the recoinage, as well as by the increasing wealth of the country, ultimately changed the circulating medium from silver to gold. For the government, after the recoinage, only fixed the *maximum* of 22s. as the price of the guinea, originally estimated at 20s, and it fell to 21s. 6d., which was still so much higher than the market silver price of gold, that the new and good silver soon disappeared; and thus the groundless prejudice against silver coins kept up the mint price of gold, without any law to alter the natural level.

The violent changes which took place in the monetary system, between the 34th Henry VIII and the 6th Edward VI, consisted in alterations of the standard. By three several debasements, Henry VIII reduced the standard of silver from 11 oz. 2 dwt. and 18 grs. alloy, to 4 oz. and 8 oz. alloy; and Edward VI brought it down to 3 oz. and 9 oz. alloy; so that the pound of old standard silver was now coined into 13l. 6s. 4 3-4d. Nor was any regard paid in these changes to the relative values of gold and silver. The proportion in 36th Henry VIII was 6 9-11 to 1; in 3d Edward VI it was 5 5-33 to 1; and in 5th Edward VI it was only 2 1-3 to 1: so that enormous profits, sometimes above 350 per cent., were made by melting and exporting the gold coin; and accordingly it all speedily disappeared.

All commerce was nearly at a stand. The farmers were unwilling to bring provisions to market; and when they offered them to sale, they did not know what price to set upon them. Merchants and tradesmen

also greatly increased the price of every article which they had to sell. The government tried every method to keep up the value of the debased coins then in circulation; and proclamations were issued for that purpose, which were not obeyed. To enforce obedience, parliament passed a law, for inflicting penalties on those who should exchange any coined gold or coined silver at a greater value than the same was, or should be, declared by his majesty's proclamation to be current for, within his dominions. Other proclamations were issued, for obliging persons, under severe penalties, to bring their corn and provisions to market, and for setting prices on all the necessary articles of consumption. The parliament passed laws for regulating the manner of buying and selling all sorts of beasts and cattle, as well as butter and cheese; and for limiting the prices at which all sorts of wine should be sold. There was an act also subjecting fuel to an assize, which, in order to exclude from this trade such as were disposed to monopolize, forbade any person to buy fuel, except such as burn it, or retail the same. The law against regraters, forestallers, and engrossers, which has some time since been repealed, was passed on that occasion, and owed its origin to the obstructions to which every species of internal traffic was at that time exposed. The farmers were disposed to export to foreign countries many of the necessaries of life, rather than bring them to the country markets to be sold for the base coin; and on this account the exportation of these articles was prohibited.

For these complicated evils, a reform of the coin was the only remedy; and it was undertaken at the end of Edward's reign, on very judicious principles, and to the fullest extent. He left this salutary change nearly completed; and Elizabeth, by putting the last hand to so great a work, obtained, as often happens in such cases, the glory of the whole enterprize. If, however, she finished the reform of her brother, she departed from some of its wisest principles; and, after restoring the standard of fineness, she reduced the weight of the currency by several operations, and was only deterred from still greater changes, by the councils of Burleigh. The issue of base coin in Ireland, during Tyrone's rebellion, is scarcely to be paralleled in the history of public frauds, and leaves us in doubt whether most to admire its violence, its impolicy, or its signal failure. If we except the extravagant imitation by James II, it stands unmatched in the annals of the coinage*.

Not content with levying a sum sufficient to defray the expences of the coinage, or, as it was anciently termed, a *brassage*, all governments have wished to increase this income, and, under the name of seignorage, to render it an ordinary branch of revenue. From raising a small regulated sum in this way, they have proceeded to extort large and sudden supplies, by fraudulently adulterating the coin, or openly and compulsorily raising its nominal value. But the false theories which frequently assisted its operations, give rise to much controversy in the eighteenth century. Mr. Locke's two masterly treatises on money, were called forth by the prevalence of such gross errors among statesmen of a higher order. So late as 1740, the same doctrines were broached, and gave rise to the second part of Mr. Harris's able work upon coins. That part is wholly occupied with an examination of the evils resulting from alterations in the established standard of money. But, notwithstanding the long pre-

* The inefficacy of the plan was remarkable. The Irish were ready for every species of submission after the defeat of the insurrection; but the base coin was universally rejected, and would not pass, even at its real value. James II, after the revolution in England, forced a copper and pewter coinage on the Irish, at the rate of above 660 times its intrinsic value.

valence of such opinions, and the various unjustifiable measures they have dictated, no nation has erred so little in these matters as the English. The present pound sterling is somewhat more than one third its original value; the florin, the money of account in most parts of Germany, has suffered less than that of any other foreign state; yet it is now six times less than it originally was. Scotland, before the union, had debased its pound to a thirty-sixth part; the French livre has been reduced to a seventy-fourth of its original value; the Spanish maravedi to less than the thousandth; and the Portuguese *re* has suffered still more. The superiority of England, in this respect, can only be ascribed to her early commercial prosperity, and her ancient liberty.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

THE following is the latest news of this kind from London:

The British Gallery in Pall Mall, London, was open to the inspection of the public on the 17th of February. The regulations appear to be judicious; the conduct of the subscribers has been liberal and impartial, and the artists in general seem to have exerted whatever power they possessed to render their productions worthy of the public attention. So far, it is well calculated to answer the purposes for which it is instituted—the promotion of the fine arts in Great Britain.

That the arts want protection and encouragement in England is a serious truth; but associations of artists, for the purpose of forwarding a joint interest, have usually terminated in disgraceful dissentions. Whatever may have been the cause, even the Royal Academy has *not quite* fulfilled the very sanguine hopes that were formed of it at its commencement, when sir Joshua Reynolds, in his first lecture, on the 2d of January, 1769, detailed the admirable effects which might be expected from an academy, in which the polite arts might be regularly cultivated, being at last opened by royal munificence. The principal advantage of an academy, says he, is that, besides furnishing able men to direct the student, it will be a repository for the great examples of the art. These are the materials on which Genius is to work, and without which the strongest intellect may be fruitlessly or deviously employed.

This remark was made in the year 1769, by a man who, besides his professional merit, composed the best rules for directing the studies and regulating the taste of young artists, in a language that classed him among the most elegant of English writers. His fifteenth, and last, discourse he read on the 10th of December, 1790, and died about twelve or fourteen months afterwards.

Had his expectations been realized, it might be supposed that many men, able to direct the student, would have become candidates for the vacant chair. Mr. West succeeded without opposition; and however distinguished his talents as a painter, his warmest admirers did not expect him to compose such lectures as sir Joshua Reynolds. He filled the station very respectably, till 1806, when, for causes that he hints at in his letter, and which are not much in favour of the temper, candour, or unanimity, of the royal academicians, he resigned.

Here was another opportunity for some great painter that the advantages of a royal academy must in the course of near forty years have matured, to have offered himself as a candidate. No such appeared, and Mr. Wyatt, *an architect*, was made president. If, therefore, we may estimate the progressive advancement of the art of *painting* in the Royal Academy by the abilities of their president, the ladder seems to be a

downward one, whose steps were sir Joshua Reynolds, the first; Mr. West, the second; and Mr. Wyatt, the third.

In the British Gallery are exhibited 257 articles; some of which have previously been seen at the Royal Academy. There are many new pictures of very great merit; and it is, on the whole, a most respectable collection, and highly honourable to the artists who have furnished it.

By Mr. West, late president of the Royal Academy, there are 15, and some of them in his best manner. Sir William Beechey, 3; Thomas Daniell, 3; H. Fuseli, 3; R. Freebairn, 7; G. Garrerd, 2; T. Lawrence, 2; J. Opie, 6; W. Owen, 3; R. Smirk, 24, from the Arabian Nights; T. Stothard, 1; J. Northcote, 3; A. Callcot, 1; J. Turner, 2; I. Copley, 4; R. Westall, 10; James Ward, 4; Paul Sandby, 4; by the late J. Hamilton Mortimer, though last mentioned, yet in many respects first in professional abilities, there are 4.

Through all the scenes his rapid stroke bestow'd,
Rosa's wild grace, and daring spirit glow'd;
In him—ah! lost, ere half his powers were shown,
Britain perhaps an Angelo had known.

The landscape of one of these pictures, *The Death of Orpheus*, was painted by Mr. Thomas Jones, who was a pupil of Mr. Wilson's, and for some years studied in Italy. The figures, by Mortimer, admirably assimilate with the landscape, and are drawn with great correctness and spirit.

The Meeting of Vortigern and Rowena was part of a series of pictures which he intended to have painted from the English history, if death had not deprived the world of his abilities. It is elegantly conceived, and most exquisitely finished.

The Battle of Agincourt was intended for the same series, and has been engraved. The general objection to pictures of battles has been that they are all alike. To this censure the Battle of Agincourt is not liable. The figures, particularly that of David Gam, are characteristic; the monarch is indeed the English Alexander.

In *Sir Artegall, the Knight of Justice, and Talus, his Yron Man*, from Spenser, this admirable artist displayed great and peculiar powers. The whole is conceived with propriety, and painted with great force and brilliancy. The extremities are not only correct, but characteristic. The figure of sir Artegall was originally a striking resemblance of himself; as this was not intentional, to take away this idea of an individual portrait, he made same alterations in the face. This one picture would completely refute an invidious character of the artist recently introduced in the supplement to the last edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters.

Thirteen were sold the first week the exhibition opened. The rooms are elegantly fitted up, but the walls are covered with a paper of the brightest and most vivid scarlet, which fatigues and distresses the eye. It has also a bad effect on many of the pictures, as it overpowers the brightest reds, and will, we are apprehensive, have this bad consequence: if the artists raise the tone of their colouring to bear up against the glare of the walls, they can only look well in that place. In any sober coloured room they will appear to be overcharged and extravagant.

The Boydells have published the supplementary number to their splendid edition of Shakespeare; and it contains *two admirable full length portraits of their majesties, from the pictures painted by sir Wm. Beechey, and in his majesty's collection.* The king is engraved by Thomas Ryder, and Thomas Ryder, jun., and the queen by Benjamin Smith.

Of the prints to this magnificent and national work, fame has often spoken; suffice it to say, that these are worthy of the preceding numbers. One from Westall is a very

pleasing single figure of Imogen, in boy's clothes, as she is entering the cave; the very interesting moment is thus beautifully described by the poet of nature. Imogen. "No answer; then I'll enter. Best draw my sword, and if my enemy but fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't." Enters the cave.

Gilray, who has been denominated the Hogarth of his day, continues to seize upon the passing occurrences, and contrives to place them in a very ludicrous point of view. He has recently engraved what he entitles *Tiddy Doll, the great French gingerbread-baker, drawing out a fresh batch of kings.* The notified Tiddy Doll was delineated in the set of London cries, introduced into one of Hogarth's prints, and by persons still living is sometimes mentioned as having delighted them in their boyish days by his tremendous feather, and bawling boast that his most delectable cakes "melted in the mouth like butter, and ran down the throat like a wheel-barrow," seemed to have attained as much celebrity as his situation and abilities entitled him to. Little was it to be expected that he should, in the year 1806, become the prototype of the still more notified *Napoleon Bonaparte!* Such however is the case, and that blazing meteor of his hour, is here most happily introduced drawing a fresh batch of his double-gilt mock-monarchs out of his family oven.

Mr. Carr, who has already favoured the world with his Stranger in France, and his Travels round the Baltic, has lately made the tour of Ireland, and is now preparing an account of that almost unknown country, which he intends to publish under the title of *The Stranger in Ireland.* It will be embellished with a variety of engravings by Medland, from drawings by Mr. Carr.

Miss Owenson, a native and resident of the north of Ireland, and authoress of the novel of the Novice of St. Dominic, is engaged on another work relative to the domestic state of the yeomanry and peasantry of Ireland, a subject which she intends to illustrate in a pastoral tale, to be called *The Wild Irish Girl.*

Mr. Hayley, with that active philanthropy which marks every action of his life, has addressed the following circular letter to the persons who have honoured the intention of raising a public monument to Cowper by entering their names on the list of subscribers:

"Gratitude and integrity seem to require from me, at this time, an address to the favourers of a plan, which I proposed to the public, as a tribute due to a departed object of national esteem and affection. To publish a Milton in three quarto volumes (including all the manuscripts of Cowper relating to Milton,) at the price of six guineas, was a proposal, that, with extensive encouragement, might have gratified the wishes of Cowper's ardent admirers, and, in rendering a signal and just honour to him, might also have honoured the taste of an enlightened and a liberal nation.

"Though the signature of several most respectable names seemed to afford an honourable sanction to my first idea of a public monument for my literary friend, yet I am now disposed to relinquish that idea; and I zealously solicit, not only those who have befriended it, but the public at large, to co-operate with me in a new, and different, mark of regard to the memory of the poet, on a plan, which I hasten to explain, and to recommend to their favour.

"Since the publication of my first proposal, a favourite godson and namesake of Cowper has had the misfortune to become an orphan at an early age. It has occurred to me, that I may improve the tribute of general respect to the memory of the poet, by converting his manuscripts, relating to Milton, not into marble, but into a little fund, to assist the education and future establishment of this interesting orphan. I am confident that no tribute of respect to Cowper's memory could be more truly acceptable to

his pure and beneficent mind than what I now propose; and I feel a pleasure in believing, that I may gratify many of his admirers by affording them an opportunity of purchasing the posthumous poetry of my friend, and of indulging, at the same time, their feelings of tenderness and benevolence towards an orphan particularly endeared to the departed poet.

"It is therefore my present intention to print, not a Milton in three volumes, but the Latin and Italian poems of Milton translated by Cowper (with all that remains of his projected Dissertations on Paradise Lost) in one handsome quarto, at the price of two guineas.

"I cherish a sanguine hope, that the liberality of the public, and a general wish to testify affectionate respect to Cowper's memory, in a manner, that will appear, I trust, peculiarly suited to the tenderness and the beneficence of his character, may render such a subscription as I have now proposed, in some degree adequate to the desirable object in view.

"To those, who have honoured me with their names for higher sums on my former plan, it is my duty to say, that the persons who have paid their money to the respective booksellers mentioned in the first proposal, are at liberty to resume the whole, or what portion of it they think proper.

"If, on the contrary, they generously devote the whole sum (subscribed towards a monument for Cowper) to the orphan god-child of the poet, I think it right to assure them, that, whatever may be raised by the present application to their liberality, will be vested in two trustees, Samuel Smith, and John Sargent, Esqrs., members of parliament, for the benefit of the orphan, whom I have mentioned.

Feb. 4, 1806. W. HAYLEY.

Felpham, near Chichester.

An important work of Travels in India, through the countries of Mysore, Cannara, and Malabar is announced by Dr. Buchanan, of the Bengal medical establishment. It is to appear under the patronage of the court of directors, and will form three quartos.

Walter Scott, author of the poem of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, is preparing an edition of the long neglected works of John Dryden.

A variety of lives of lord Nelson have been announced, from the price of sixpence to one hundred guineas. The three most considerable are, that by Messrs. Arthur and Clarke, and that under the patronage of the new earl, and another from the house of Mr. Bowyer, of Pall Mall.

Mr. R. Wright, of Wisbeach, author of several theological tracts, is about to publish an apology for Dr. Michael Servetus; including an account of his life, persecution, writings, and opinions, with a view of promoting the true spirit of christianity.

Mr. Vanmildert is printing his sermons at Boyle's lecture, which will appear in a few weeks.

Dr. Henderson is preparing for the press a translation, with notes, of M. Cabanis's works, entitled, "Coup d'œil sur les Revolutions et sur la Reforme de la Medecine."

Mr. Mounsey, of Baliol college, Oxford, is editing The Proverbs of Ali, with a Latin translation, and notes by Cornelius Van Wæner. This work is printing at the Clarendon press, in one volume, quarto.

Mr. J. H. Prince, an enterprizing London bookseller, announces an account of his life, pedestrian excursions, and singular opinions.

Florian-Jolly has examined, with considerable attention, what are called fairy-rings in meadows and other grass lands, and he thinks they may be accounted for from the dung of horses, fed on hay of a peculiar quality.

Mr. George Smart, who lately received from the Society of Arts, &c. the gold medal for his invention of an apparatus for sweeping chimneys without the aid of boys, has lately given to the public a description of an improved lathe, by means

of which tent-poles, and things of a similar kind, after they are sawn into an octagonal figure, are with great dispatch turned into smooth and straight cylinders. He says, that by this machine a pole of yellow deal, five feet and a half long, and two inches in diameter, can be turned from an octagonal prism to a perfect cylinder in half a minute, and an ash-pole, of the same size, in one minute. Two men to turn the wheel, and one to work the tools, will turn six hundred deal-poles in twelve hours.

A summary of Mr. Brande's experiments on guaiacum was read to the Royal Society of London, at one of its meetings in January; from which it appears, that in 100 grains of that substance there were 22½ of water and oil; of empyreumatic oil, about 30; carbon, 30; lime, 9; carbonated hydrogen gas, about 8. On the same, and on a subsequent evening, was read a letter from F. A. Knight, Esq. to the president, on the descent of the roots, and the elongation of the germs of plants. In this the author has endeavoured to determine whether the descent of the roots of plants was the effect of an inherent principle, or the consequence of mechanical gravitation; and he determines that gravitation is the sole cause of the descent of roots, and ascent of germs; and that both diverge in all directions, when under the influence of equal pressure.

Mr. Hatchett has laid before the Royal Society a third communication on artificial tanning. He finds that all gums, resins, and balsams yield this substance on being treated with nitric acid. They all yield at one operation a certain quantity of this matter; but if the process be continued too long, the product is destroyed.

A spear-head, found at Gringley Carrs Common, Notingham, has been exhibited before the Society of Antiquaries. It is said to be of Roman origin, and to have been made of Corinthian brass. Mr. Lysons, on the same evening, furnished some facts respecting the origin and history of sugar. From these it appears that the ancients had nothing but honey; and that, till about the year 620 of the present æra, sugar-cane was wholly unknown. The discovery is ascribed to a Venetian, who called it honey-cane. It is only about two hundred years since refined sugar was introduced into Europe from China, by the Portuguese and English. Dr. Garthshore has exhibited before this learned body a letter from Mary de Medicis, queen of France, to her daughter Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I. According to the custom of those times, it was sealed with two seals, united by a narrow tape or ribbon.

Mr. Nicholson has invented a secret lock of more than six thousand combinations. It possesses the following requisites: 1. That certain parts of the lock are variable in position through a great number of combinations, only one of which will allow the lock to be opened or shut. 2. This last combination is variable at the pleasure of the possessor. 3. It is not possible, after the lock is closed, and the combination disturbed, for any one, not even the maker himself, to discover by any examination what may be the proper situation of the parts required to open it. 4. Trials of this nature will not injure the work. 5. It requires no key; and, 6. It is as easily opened in the dark as in the light. This lock consists of four wheels, and by adding a fifth, the combinations would be increased to nearly sixty thousand.

Mr. Harrup has made some experiments which seem to prove that the smut in wheat exists in the seeds, and is greatly remedied by being steeped in lime previously to its being sowed.

From experiments made by Vauquelin on gum Arabic and gum Adracanth, it should seem that they contain 1. A calcareous salt, most frequently, acetate of lime; 2. Sometimes a malate of lime; 3. Phosphate of lime; and, 4. Iron,

which is probably united also with phosphoric acid.

The Galvanic Society at Paris have attempted, but without success, to follow M. Pacchiani in the decomposition of the muriatic acid. After a series of accurate experiments, they declared it as their opinion, that the professor was deceived as to the nature of the acid which it was announced that he obtained, and that it was probably produced by some animal or vegetable substance employed in the apparatus: they add also that they do not think it possible to effect any thing by the action of the Galvanic pile, but a decomposition of the water used in the experiment.

Curaudeau has given two methods for purifying oil: the first is, "To one hundred parts of rape-oil one part of sulphuric acid is to be added, diluted with six times its weight of water; the mixture should be strongly agitated, and as soon as this is completely finished, it is left till the oil becomes clear, and when it is perfectly clear the purification is effected." The action of the sulphuric acid in this process consists in depriving the oil of all its humidity, though it is itself mixed with water, and in separating from it a substance, the presence of which diminishes the energy of the combustion of the oil, covers the wick with charcoal, and produces much smoke; on the abstraction of these principles, which are foreign to the oil, depends its quality of giving a good light. The second method is, "To one hundred parts of rape-seed oil ten parts of water are to be put, to which has been added one part of wheaten flour; the mixture is to be well agitated, and then to be heated until all the water has been evaporated, or till the oil has ceased to have any union with the substances which it held in suspension." M. Curaudeau was led to this experiment from what is observable in the sauce called *melted butter*, which, when too much boiled, is separated into the thick part that occupies the bottom of the vessel, while the other part is clear and floats above. The lower substance is the caseous part of the butter united with the flour that has been added, and which the action of the fire has separated from the oil. The upper substance is the butter deprived of all foreign matter, and is, in fact, purified butter.

The following results have been given from experiments made on the torpedo by Humboldt and Gay Lussac: 1. Though the strength of the torpedo is far inferior to that of the gymnotus, it is equally capable of causing painful sensations. 2. The gymnotus gives the most violent shocks, without any exterior movement of the eyes, the head, or the fins; but the torpedo suffered a convulsive movement of the pectoral fins each time it gave a shock. 3. The powers of these fish cannot be excited at pleasure; they must be irritated before they will give a shock; of course the action depends on the will of the animal. 4. The shock is felt as well on touching with one finger a single surface of the electric organs, as on applying the two hands to the two surfaces at once. 5. When an insulated person touches the torpedo with a single finger, the contact must be immediate, as no shock will be felt if a conducting body, of metal for example, be interposed between the finger and the organ of the fish; but if both hands are used, one touching the fish, and the other the metal, a severe shock will be felt. 6. The most sensible electrometer manifests no electrical tension in the organs of the torpedo, in whatever way it is applied. The least injury on the brain of the torpedo destroys its electric powers.

The Norwegian Society of Sciences at Copenhagen, as the universal legatee of the late counsellor Hammer, inherits a valuable collection of books, manuscripts, subjects in natural history, and a sum of about 20,000 crowns. One-third of the interest of this capital is to be employed in augmenting the collection, and the other two-thirds are to be

expended in the encouragement of natural history in Norway.

The inhabitants of Alsti have raised a subscription for defraying the expence of a monument to the memory of Alfieri, surnamed the Italian Sophocles. Its execution is committed to Comolli, the sculptor, professor at the university of Turin, who is daily giving fresh proofs of his talents in an art which he cultivates with equal order and success.

The learned abbe Marini is engaged in the publication of a work on all the manuscripts written on papyrus. Of these there are a great number at Rome and Bologna, and he introduces all that are known to exist. Most of them have never been published, and, though the articles themselves are principally contracts, public documents, &c., and of the latter ages, this collection will nevertheless prove interesting to the study of antiquities, of history, of the knowledge of manners in general, of language, and of diplomacy in particular.

An institution for the deaf and dumb, which has been established within these few years, and deserves the particular attention of enlightened men, exists at Kiel, in Holstein. It is under the direction of M. Pfingsten, a man of the most simple character, who was originally a drummer to a regiment. All his attainments are consequently owing to his own exertions. He invented, without any aid, his system of instruction for the deaf and dumb, which differs essentially from those of M. de l'Epee and M. Sicard, of which he had never heard. The prince royal of Denmark, during his late visit at Kiel, paid a visit, with a numerous retinue, to the institution of M. Pfingsten. The German journals state that his pupils understand from the mere motion of the lips all that is said to them, and reply in writing or verbally. They add, that M. Pfingsten has likewise invented a telegraph, at which they may be employed with advantage to the state.

The collection of antiques belonging to the king of Prussia, is much more numerous and important than is generally imagined. The number of statues is at least one hundred and fifty. It contains more than three hundred busts, basreliefs, &c. and more than fifty small figures in bronze, which deserve particular notice. Among these monuments, many possess the highest merit, and would adorn the largest and most celebrated collections. As they are at present arranged, they are not seen to advantage, nor does the collection appear numerous. If they were placed in one capacious gallery, they would ensure the admiration even of those who have seen the grand museums of the southern regions of Europe. The lively interest which the king of Prussia takes in all establishments eminently useful to the sciences and the arts, encourages a hope that he will still enrich the capital of his dominions with an extensive general museum, capable of comprising the numerous treasures of art belonging to his house. Berlin, which already possesses so many means of instruction, so many institutions which contribute to the improvement of the arts and sciences, would be an infinite gainer by the foundation of such a museum.

The annual exhibition of works of art, at Zurich, took place last year in the month of May. The bust of Lavater, executed in white marble by M. Danneger of Stutgard, was admired by all the connoisseurs, and was considered by them as the master-piece of the whole exhibition. This bust, somewhat larger than life, represents Lavater in his ordinary dress and with a modern mantle, intended for the monument which the countrymen of Lavater are about to erect to his memory.

Dr. Struve, a skilful physician of Gorlitz, has invented a machine, the object of which is to apply galvanism to the purpose of distinguishing real from apparent death.

Mr. William Haas, of Basil, a skilful engraver of characters, pro-

poses to publish an edition of the Old Testament in the Hebrew language, with characters which he has recently engraved. From a specimen of this edition, it appears that he has completely succeeded in giving a distinct form to such letters as have some resemblance, and in giving to the general appearance a typographic harmony pleasing to the eye. For the text he will follow the justly-esteemed edition of Vander Hoogt, published at Amsterdam, in 1705. Mr. Haas has already printed in Hebrew, for the use of the Jewish worship, different works, the execution of which has procured him the commendations of those most conversant with the oriental languages.

The celebrated Dr. Gall was forbidden, at Dresden, to receive any females among the subscribers to his lectures. He still continues his peregrinations with a view to establish his new doctrines. From Dresden he proceeded to Torgau, where he visited, with his usual success, the hospital and the house of correction. From Torgau he repaired to Halle, and thence to Jena, where he had among his auditors the duchess Anna Amelia, of Saxe Weimar, who was accompanied by the venerable Wieland.

M. Klaproth, a short time before his death, discovered that the solution of the metallic oxydes in alkalies are as easily precipitated in their metallic state, by the other metals soluble in the same alkalies, as the acid solutions of these metals are by phosphorus. He has made a very ingenious application of this process to the analysis of tin ores. In the operation, tungstein is separated from tungstate of ammonia, by the addition of zinc, in the form of black flakes.

The institution for the deaf and dumb at Leipsick, is gradually becoming a most useful establishment. It contains upwards of twenty pupils, who have all learned to speak distinctly, and the most forward of whom comprehend what is said to them by the motion of the lips. They are instructed in religious knowledge, reading, writing, accounts, &c.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

TO NOVELTY.

FOR thee, in infancy, we sigh,
And hourly cast an anxious eye
  Beyond the prison-house of home;
Till, from domestic tyrants free,
O'er the wide world, in search of thee,
  Fair Novelty! we roam.

Full on thy track, by dawn of day,
The stripling starts, and scours away,
  While Hope her active wing supplies,
And softly whispers in the gale,
At every turning of the vale,
  "Enjoyment onward lies."

Nor far remote—athwart the trees,
The landscape opens by degrees,
  And yields sweet glimpses of delight;
Beyond the trees the views expand,
And all the scenes of fairy land
  Come swelling on the sight.

'Tis here, where wild profusion flows,
On ev'ry shrub there hangs a rose,
  And mellow fruit on ev'ry spray;
Here Pleasure holds her bounteous reign,
And here the wand'rer might remain,
  Could Pleasure bribe his stay.

But still the love of thee prevails;
He quits the port, and spreads his sails,
  Careless if Ocean frown or smile,
So Fate shall give him to explore
The vast expanse, th' untrodden shore,
  And undiscover'd isle.

Tir'd with the stillness of the deep,
While yet he chides the winds that sleep,
  The clouds collect, the lightnings play,

And the torn vessel drives, at last,
A wreck, abandon'd to the blast,
And found'ring on her way.

Again the vext horizon clears,
The hills emerge, the coast appears;
He and his mates their mirth renew;
They man their boats, their oars they hand,
And soon the hospitable strand
Receives the jolly crew.

What in th' interior parts befell,
In after times we hear them tell,
When they at last their limbs recline;
The tongue, well pleas'd, its office plies,
And, all the while, their brimful eyes
With dews of transport shine.

While thus, with pleasing warmth, they boast
Their gay excursions on the coast,
Where all seem'd brilliant, all divine,
The fond adventurers little know
It was thy pencil gave the glow,
The vivid charm was thine.

Ah me! beyond thy short-liv'd reign,
And does there nought of love remain?
Can nought the sluggish heart engage?
Shall ev'ry joy with thee decay,
And Heaven afford no parting ray
To gild the hours of age?

Heav'n still is kind. When thou art fled,
Comes gentle Habit in thy stead,
With silent pace; nor comes in vain;
For, growing with declining years,
The good man's comforts she endears,
And softens ev'ry pain.

Where she, sweet sober maid, abides,
Contentment at the board presides;
No vagrant wish her votary stings;
In his own grounds he loves to tread,
Nor envies, on his household bed,
The couch of eastern kings.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE RURAL COT.

A Wish.

FAIN would I sing, in lofty strains,
Of rural shades and rural plains;
For still my heart bounds at the sight
Of scenes so pregnant with delight.

But since no happy art is mine,
All vain pretensions I resign;
And simple, lowly numbers chuse,
As weakling bards are known to use,
Adapted to my humble theme,
For of no golden fruit I dream;
But from the world retir'd would be,
The world that has no charm for me.
Content and happy with my lot,
Did I but own a rural cot
On Del'ware's green enamel'd side,
Where I might watch the varying tide;
For, when it flow'd, 'twould seem to say,
Thy homage to thy Maker pay;
And, when it downward roll'd as fast,
So soon is man's frail warfare past.
My native scenes enclos'd among,
Where oft I've stray'd, and loiter'd long,
Charm'd with the music of the shade,
And of the green corn's rustling blade;
There would I raise my humble frame,
Nor e'er aspire to wealth or fame;
Rich, if the Power who plac'd me there
Bestow'd a little mite to spare.
A stranger to ambition still,
Sure precedent of future ill,
Pride should not near my cottage grow,
'Twas pride drove Lucifer below;
And what have we, poor worms of earth,
To give so weak a passion birth?
Nor does it ever entrance find,
But in a weak or paltry mind;
The lesson Wisdom doth impart
Is sweet humility of heart.
Nor yet should hated Envy dare
Expose her sallow features there;
Her breath would poison, canker all,
And turn my sweetest cup to gall.
Far other inmates would I chuse,
Such as would grace and not abuse;
Such as would act a friendly part,
"Improve the mind, and mend the heart."
My cot should stand on rising ground,
In view the rural landscape round;
For rural nature charms the sight,
Impresses on the mind delight;
Numa enraptur'd with her grew,
And bade the world for her adieu;
The soft enchantress of the grove,
Knows still to bind with cords of love;
With her I'd oft delighted stray,
And at her shrine my devoirs pay;
And humbly woo the tuneful nine,
To hail her goddess all divine.
Should haughty Splendour pass the spot,
And honour with a stare my cot,
The tinsel'd trappings of her train
Should on my heart inflict no pain;
Her empty airs, her vain parade,
Would make me more adore the shade.

But near my door should Merit pass,
I'd strew with flowers the verdant grass,
And bend the then submissive knee,
Proud if it deign'd to notice me;
No matter what the garb it wore,
Of rags, or velvet tissued o'er.
There would I live, there end my days,
And morn and eve my Maker praise;
So would he bless me through the day,
Nor let the wayward passions stray.
Of friends I would possess a few,
Yet friendship's found but seldom true,
And so the man's most wise, no doubt,
Who passes through the world without;
But still my cot would prove, I own,
Most gloomy if I dwelt alone;
So would I pray the kinder pow'rs,
To grant a charm for lonely hours:
A fair, of graceful form and mein,
Nor yet too young, nor in her wane;
I would not ask a beauteous face,
Enough the features wore a grace;
If sweet expression triumph'd there,
I should account her heav'nly fair;
And that she might my cottage bless,
A temper sweet she must possess.
To make her conquest more complete,
Abroad, at home, be always neat;
A slattern dress alone would prove
A very antidote to love.
The colour that her Hubert thought
Became her most, should still be bought,
And worn with dignity and ease,
Without a vain desire to please.
Of gen'rous undisguised heart,
Nor known to levity, nor art;
Nor should vile affectation be
Attach'd to the woman dear to me;
For where the nauseous weed is seen,
The parent soil is poor and mean.
To hide the faults of others prone,
Severe unto her own alone;
Some even she would share, no doubt,
As none below are found without.
But, most of all, she must possess
A charm which would my cottage bless,
A treasure I would value more
Than e'er a gem that monarch wore,
A firm and independent mind,
That in itself could solace find.
A mine of treasure then she'd be,
A blessing to herself and me:
Should such a fair fall to my lot,
I'd haste and raise my rural cot,

HUBERT.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 33. JUNE, 1806. VOL. V.

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THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

AMONG other arguments in favour of inequality in the intellectual faculties of the sexes, it may be remarked, that there are certain powers, which, to be more perfect, require that station in society occupied by women. Any deficiency in other qualities has been often compensated by the power of their personal charms.

In religion and politics, female influence has been infinitely greater than appears in historical records; and it is one great objection to the truth of history, that the female character rarely makes any figure in scenes which, by some other means, we often discover to have been planned and conducted by females. We are apt to be surprised to find, when we reflect on some of the greatest revolutions, that they took their origin from women; that a form of government or religion have been established by a female; and that, while an invasion takes place, a monarch is assassinated, or an inquisition erected, the motive-power of this vast machine is a little unperceived spring, touched and played upon by the dexterity of a woman.

That women may excel men in what is termed a knowledge of the world, and that there is a sexual distinction in this not contemptible science, any observer may discover in his private circle. Bruyere is a character more extraordinary among men than it would be among women; for I am persuaded that there are many female Bruyeres not accustomed to write down their observations, and pourtray the characters of their acquaintance. Women of no remarkable talents excel in the knowledge of their own circle; and we may account for this by reflecting on their stationary situation in society, where their opportunities for observation are more frequent and steady, and where their perception becomes more exact, by an attention, which, though frequently interrupted by its vivacity, is never entirely suspended. They

may not view distantly, or penetrate deeply. Their eye, perhaps, is a pleasing microscope, which detects the minutest stroke, if placed near, though incapable of tracing an object remotely. Many experience, and some acknowledge, what Rousseau relates of his Theresa. This woman, who he describes otherwise as heavy and dull, afforded him excellent advice in the most trying occasions. Often, says he, in Switzerland, in England, and in France, amidst my disasters, she saw what I did not see myself; she afforded me the best counsels to follow, and extricated me from dangers in which I blindly precipitated myself.

If, therefore, woman displays superior acuteness derived from the peculiarity of her situation, those authoresses who appear jealous of certain privileges claimed by the wandering and active sex cannot be deemed judicious advocates of their own; because if woman, from the natural feebleness of whose organs is derived her beauty and her power, were capable of exerting the same corporeal vigour as man, yet, by becoming his rival, she would only lose that feminine sweetness, that amiable debility, and that retiring modesty, which form her empire; she would lose her actual position in the social order which imparts her present superiority, by enabling her to detect and to manage the secret foibles of man.

To her stationary situation I attribute her acknowledged superiority in conversation, and in epistolary composition. To both, woman imparts a peculiar delicacy, and a charming ease, which *masters* of style can neither imitate nor rival. These excellences consist in a volubility of happy expression and a choice of sprightly ideas; in the bosom of society female genius is first nurtured; the human scene becomes her school; and hence she derives this facility of language, and this liveliness and selection of ideas.

A more obvious advantage in the female character is that susceptibility of feeling, or facility of imagination, which, without doubt, is peculiar to the irritable delicacy of their fibres. The heart is the great province of woman; if we would attract their regard we must learn to reach the heart; all their finer qualities are so many sensations of the heart; and it is the heart which imbues with its softness their every excellence.

Their favourite amusements are works of imagination and taste, not of memory and reason; their logic consists not of arguments, but of sentiments. Some ladies of true refinement can put as much fancy, and exert as rich an imagination, in the ornaments of a favourite dress, as the poet employs in his most florid descriptions.

In every surrounding object they express their love of the beautiful; their most useful instruments have a character of delicacy; women would effeminate even the roughness of steel and the solidity of wood; man is subjugated by these adventitious elegancies, and the fair love to see that beauty admired in inanimate objects which they know must be much more in themselves.

I am not surprised that in all nations, civilized or rude, whenever superstition prevailed, the female character has been regarded as an instrument of the Divinity. That peculiar animation which vivifies their perceptions has been considered as something supernatural, and we can easily conceive that the afflatus of prophecy must ever have displayed more powerful illusion in the expressive and picturesque countenance of a woman than in the more hard and labouring visage of a prophet. The Grecian Pythia, the Roman Sybil, and the Pythonissa of the Hebrews, must have communicated a more celestial inspiration with their copious tresses luxuriating on their palpitating bosom, their vivacious eyes, and their snowy arms, than even a passionate Isaiah, or a weeping Jeremiah.

But to history, and not to decla-

mation, I appeal. If we throw a philosophic glance on its instructive records, and have the discernment to read what often is not in history, we shall observe that the female character has ever had a singular influence on most of the great characters and great events of human life. One of the most favourite portions of the historic art, with historians, is an elaborate delineation of the characters of monarchs. We should comprehend these much better if we were acquainted with those of the queens. Many important resolutions of state councils have been first made behind the curtain. A queen has influence on the king her husband, and the king her son. And would it be difficult to show, that if the whole affairs of government depend on a minister, he would be impregnable against the attacks of a mistress? A person must be very ignorant of secret history, whose memory cannot place in ridiculous and humiliating attitudes, some of the most illustrious statesmen.

Cardinal Richelieu, to gain the affections of the duchess de Chevreuse at their private interviews, visited her in the most finical dress. Rejecting his scarlet robes and sacred pantoufles, his eminence wore a fashionable coat, an enormous plume, a long rapier, and tight pumps. The dutchess hated and ridiculed the cardinal, the minister, and the coxcomb; but at that moment through him she conducted innumerable intrigues within and without the kingdom.

Read Plutarch's Life of Cicero, and you observe that his wife Terentia was not less concerned than the orator and statesman in the most striking events of his public life. When Cicero was perplexed to know in what manner he should treat Catiline and his crew, Terentia incensed him against them, and invented an ingenious prodigy to fix the waverings of his mind, and cause him to act with an energy he otherwise had wanted. The origin of the enmity between Cicero and Clodius was owing to the jealousy of Terentia, who knew that his sister Clodia was desirous of marrying Cicero. She therefore instigated him to attack Clodius. By the confession of Cicero himself it appears, that Terentia was ever more ready to interfere in his public transactions than to communicate her domestic affairs to him.

Catherine of Medicis was the wife of one king and the mother of three, whom she alike conducted at pleasure.

It was owing to the intercessions of women, says Bolingbroke, that Louis XIV acknowledged the pretender as king of England, after the contrary resolution had passed in council.

A great vizier, the pillar of the Ottoman empire, solicited suddenly for his dismission, and thus spoke to his friend, who was surprised at his resignation of such power: By the God who created heaven and earth, the secret I now tell thee no one knows: for many years, Jemila Kandahari, the first lady of the bed-chamber to the sultana, has had the secret power of unloosing whatever I tied, and tyeing whatever I unloosed.

Saint Evremond and Chesterfield, who excelled in the practical knowledge of life, talk much about female influence at court. At what time have not women governed? I confess woman has as seldom been heard on the public scene as the prompter of a theatre; or as rarely been visible as the scene-shifters: like some other objects, she derives all her influence from concealment. In politics, woman is terrible, not in the rash imbecillity of the storm, but in the sudden explosion of the mine.

Ancient and contemporary history will ever abound with multifarious instances of this kind; the saying of Themistocles is noted: That child, said he, pointing to his son, governs all Greece: for he governs his mother; his mother governs me; I govern the Athenians; and the Athenians govern Greece.

It may be said that women rule

men because men *love* women; but I take leave to add, that women rule men frequently because men *fear* women. The excess of their sensibility is observable in all their great passions; and the ancients instruct us truly when they picture their furies, as well as their graces, in the forms of women. From the same enthusiasm is derived their excellent as well as their execrable qualities; their sensations admit of no cold mediocrity; they are at once more or less than human; they listen to the voice of adulation till they sink into idiotism, or they are animated by a fervour of glory till they are elevated into heroines.

When the love of glory warms the soul of a woman, she is, perhaps, actuated by a stronger impulse than that which directs *our* less delicate feelings. A being agitated by a tumultuous and inflamed imagination, experiencing sensations, perhaps, unknown to us, half conscious of her weakness, yet impelled by a daring pride; to what height is such a being not capable of soaring? Even her deficiencies become so many tender graces, and her very failings extort our applause. Women, like some men of the greatest genius, have been remarkable for their vanity, if we thus must term their love of glory. To what, but this passion for glory, can we attribute their partiality for men of genius? Their remarkable attachment to soldiers has brought severe accusations against the sex; some think it proceeds from their timid dispositions, which make them regard with fondness the protecting arm of a brave man; but a lady has censured it, because she supposes that as these triflers are remarkable for their frivolous accomplishments, and a deficiency in mental ability, they are therefore more on a level with women than any other class of men. The observation will oftener be true than false; yet we may sometimes attribute the female's passion for military men to her violent love of glory.

Women have also been frequently accused of a foolish loquacity about their own concerns; but an important interest engages their silence. No great enterprise will suffer because a sensible woman unites her aid, and stimulates by her vivacity the torpid prudence of men. We want not examples to prove that some of the greatest conspiracies have been confided to women, fostered by their care, and accomplished by their zeal. The conspiracy of Catiline was discovered by a female to Cicero, and Rome was saved. That against the wretched Caligula was well known to Quintilia, who, however, bore extreme torture rather than discover the secret cabal. Several great conspiracies have indeed failed because they were not confided to females; and there are many evidences to prove, that whenever they were employed, they conferred success on the enterprise. I am persuaded that a female may not only have the faculty of preserving a secret, but also the dexterity of inventing what is worthy of being kept secret at the cost of life.

Such has been the influence of the female character in politics; nor has it been less apparent in religion.

Women have been more closely connected with religion than perhaps they are aware of. A new religion is congenial to their disposition, and not merely for its novelty. There is a luxuriance of fancy and a progress to ideal perfection which every new religion displays; it is honourable to their finer sensibilities that they are ever the first to incline to what appears theoretically beautiful.

That the earliest founders of new sects have had recourse to these invisible, yet powerful wheels, in the machine of human nature, I mean women, is not to be controverted. Let the fair sex be converted, and the religion is established; a woman at least can win her husband, a mistress the prime minister, a queen the sovereign.

It is certain, that from the influ-

ence of the female character we derive nearly all the principal events of religious history. The first dominions of the pope, and consequently the origin of the papal power, are the gifts of a woman. Gregory VII had so lively an interest in the heart of the countess Mathilda, that she made a donation of all her states to the holy see. Instigated by the eloquence of St. Jerome, the illustrious Paula forsook Rome, retired to the sacred village of Bethlehem, and founded several monasteries. Pope Damasus, who had found the chief part of the inhabitants of Rome adverse to his interests, prevailed by intriguing with the women; and was so skilful in the arts of female flattery that he obtained the nick-name of *Matronarum Auriscalpius*, the ear-picker of the ladies. To Torquemada, who had taken possession of the mind of Isabella of Spain, the best Spanish estate he could have seized on, the world is indebted for the cruel inquisition. And, in a word, christianity in England is historically derived from a French princess, who, having married Ethelbert, first stipulated for the free exercise of her religion, and soon had such influence on her husband as to christianise his idolatrous Saxons.

And gospel light first beam'd from Bullen's eyes.

It is thus that the female character has ever had an invisible influence on two of the most important branches of human events, politics and religion. A superiority of talents, in one respect, has produced this effect. This talent consists in a great knowledge of man, a susceptibility of impression, and a peculiarity of situation. In the domestic circle, the female is incessantly occupied in disentangling or combining the passions she observes or she inflames. Her sedentary life and her quietness of mind are little interrupted by that variety of pursuits to which the busier sex are devoted. Her social circle is her empire; her commands are her caresses, and her threats are her tears. Incapable, perhaps, of patient designs, her plans are rapidly conceived, and often fail, if they require a tedious process of elaborate events. They are not deeply laid, but are adapted for temporary effect. Women attend to those minute particulars, often unperceived, and generally carelessly considered as unworthy of an elevated mind, but which often, adroitly managed, give a new and sudden turn to important affairs; and she appears to know much better than man that little passions can produce great effects. For surrounding objects her perceptions are vivid; but she cannot, with a prescient eye, distinctly trace objects at a remote period. Her intellectual arithmetic can calculate as far as days and months, but extends not to years. She excels man in obtaining a present purpose; her invention is prompt, her boldness happy, and her execution facile; manly perseverance proceeds with a cautious, firm, and gradual step. Let us consider a woman's advantages.

She can excite by legitimate eulogiums, and can correct by severe panegyrics; she makes man exult or blush; she can allure by a smile, she can enchant by a touch, she can subdue by her endearments! She overturns, or produces in an hour, the labour of years. She has ever something reserved for the last effort; something which has often degraded wisdom into folly, and elevated folly into wisdom, and which, while it can render activity torpid, imparts action to indolence.

The literary character of women, might *exceed* that of every man who does not make study his profession. Their employments are not unfriendly to *reading*: occupied at their delicate works, their avocations are ever more agreeably pursued while the circle listens to a reader; frequent readings of this nature would render their taste more lively, and their meditations less interrupted than among those persons whose studies are casual,

and whose employments are inimical to thoughtful habits.

For the Literary Magazine.

REFLECTIONS ON TASTE.

THOSE pleasures, which the exercise of a cultivated taste supplies to us, greatly exceed in intensity unpleasant sensations which correspond to them. In the bodily organs, pain, far less exquisite than what man is sometimes doomed to endure, would be ill purchased by the most refined voluptuousness; the rewards of ambition and industry are sought through toil and trouble, and commonly fail us when possessed; even in the walks of science, weariness and disappointment sometimes wait upon that labour, for which the high price of our health and time shall have been given. But while the delight which a susceptible mind enjoys in reading an excellent poem is very keen, the uneasiness of reading a bad one, besides being easily avoided, is very trifling; the lover of painting is charmed with a master-piece, and turns away with no real pain from an indifferent picture; the beautiful and magnificent objects of nature fill us with emotions of joy, but we find no distress in travelling among straight hedges and corn fields. Surely this is no small argument in favour of pursuing those pleasures, and of that education by which we are best prepared for their enjoyment: especially if we are careful to chastise those feelings to which they give birth, and guard against the ill effects of unlimited indulgence, by the more hardy discipline of serious and scientific pursuits.

Whether taste, in this sense, is a distinct faculty, or only a mode of judgment, has been a subject of much controversy. Pleasurable emotions are excited by certain objects or conceptions; and when we embody our feelings in words, we use terms of comparison, and refer to a standard, as in other propositions. Feeling and judgment therefore go together; but to which should the word *taste* be appropriated? The primary sense of the word, and of its equivalents in modern languages, seems to imply the former; as the word *criticism* manifestly refers to the latter meaning.

Taste may certainly be applied to the works of nature; but the fine arts are its peculiar province. These arts are poetry, eloquence, including all sorts of prose composition; music, painting, sculpture, architecture, gardening, including the art of improving grounds; the stage. These arts are distinguished from those which are merely mechanical, as well as from the speculative sciences, by their *end*, which is neither utility, in the common sense of the word, nor instruction, but to minister to the pleasures of the imagination, by means of words, or of sensible images, or of both combined. Their principles, though in one sense founded on nature, since their only object is to delight the imagination, are yet not derived from ordinary nature; but require a good deal of attention, and the formation of certain habits, before they can be relished or understood. This is true even in those which are strictly arts of imitation; in which, strange as it may seem, the utmost exactness of resemblance is not deemed the highest excellence, by those whose taste has been refined and sublimated by practice. It is more eminently true in poetry and eloquence; the higher styles of which lie so much out of the *track* of ordinary minds, as to be to such minds wholly unintelligible.

These arts, though nearly allied, are not built on the same principles. He, who is thoroughly acquainted, for example, with the theory of painting, will not be necessarily a good judge of poetry or architecture: since all of them have a great number of rules originally arbitrary, the accurate knowledge of which has become indispensable to the man of taste; and which, in many cases,

suggest pleasures to the imagination, not inferior to those which appear more directly natural. A man, however, who has applied that niceness of discrimination, delicacy of feeling, and habitual reference to an acknowledged standard, in which the exercise of taste consists, to any one of these arts, can hardly fail, by sufficient attention and experience, to become a judge of all the rest. This remark, though generally true, admits of some exceptions; as in music, for example, no one can be a judge who has not an ear organized after a peculiar manner.

The first enquiry on those occasions is, whether taste has any principles at all. Whether, when *Tom* thinks the poetry of Milton better than that of Blackmore, the banqueting House (London) a finer piece of architecture than the Horse-Guards, and the Transfiguration a more excellent picture than the sign of the Red Lion, and *Will* thinks directly contrary, there is any ground for saying, that one has more taste than the other. If this be determined in the negative; if we can go no farther than to say, that Tom thinks one thing, and Will another; it is quite a waste of time to discuss the matter; like an indeterminate problem in algebra it would give us only a heap of solutions, from which nothing could be learned.

The word *taste* is highly equivocal. It is used in at least three distinct acceptations. It sometimes means, that peculiar mode of sensation which resides in the tongue and palate; sometimes, the power of discrimination in the fine arts, or the feeling associated with it; sometimes, in a sense derived from the latter, it means liking or opinion in general.

For the Literary Magazine.

TASTE IN DRESS.

THERE is scarcely any subject, upon which men differ more, than concerning the objects of their pleasures and amusements; and this difference subsists, not only among individuals, but among ages and nations; almost every generation accusing that which immediately preceded it, of bad taste in building, furniture, and *dress;* and almost every nation having its own peculiar modes and ideas of excellence in these matters, to which it pertinaciously adheres, till one particular people has acquired such ascendancy in power and reputation, as to set what is called the *fashion;* when this *fashion* is universally and indiscriminately adopted on the blind principle of imitation, and without any consideration of differences in climates, constitution, or habits of life; and every one, who presumes to deviate from it, an *odd mortal, a humourist* void of all just feeling, taste, or elegance. This fashion continues in the full exercise of its tyranny for a few years or months; when another, perhaps still more whimsical and unmeaning, starts into being, and deposes it; all are then instantly astonished that they could ever have been pleased, even for a moment, with any thing so tasteless, barbarous, and absurd.

The revolutions in dress only, which have taken place within the last two centuries, afford ample illustrations of this remark; and it is not the least extraordinary circumstance in these revolutions, that they have been the most violent, sudden, and extravagant in the personal decorations of that part of the species, which, having most natural, has least need of artificial charms; which is always most decorated when least adorned; and which, as it addresses its attractions to the primordial sentiments and innate affections of man, would, it might reasonably be supposed, never have attempted to increase them by distortion and disguise. Yet art has been wearied, and nature ransacked; tortures have been endured, and health sacrificed; and all to enable this lovely part of the creation to appear in shapes as remote

as possible from that in which its native loveliness consists. Only a few years ago, a beauty, equipped for conquest, was a heterogeneous combination of incoherent forms, which nature could never have united in one animal, nor art blended in one composition: it consisted of a head, disguised so as to resemble that of no living creature, placed upon an inverted cone, the point of which rested upon the centre of the curve of a semi-elliptic base, more than three times the diameter of its own. Such has been the caprice of taste, that high-dressed heads, tight-laced stays, and wide hoops, have been thought really ornamental.

For the Literary Magazine.

SKETCH OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS IN SICILY, FROM 1790 TO 1803.

IN reflecting on what Sicily once was, we survey it with the melancholy and regret which so painfully affect us when contemplating the ruins of the ancient Palmyra. But let us forget the former splendour of this island, that we may consider it only in its present state.

The dawn of a glorious day appeared in Sicily, when Francesco de Aquino, prince of Caramanico, assumed the reins of government as viceroy. The Sicilian is not accustomed to consider the means adopted by the agents of the sovereign in the exercise of their functions; it is sufficient for him if they have the will to do good. Caramanico not only possessed this happy will, but likewise all the means of executing it with success.

A young advocate, named Cazelli, accompanied the prince in 1786 to Palermo, where he filled the station of secretary of state. Notwithstanding all the reproaches cast upon him for his conduct in that post, to him were, in a great measure, owing the revival of the arts and sciences in Sicily, and their progress during the administration of his patron. Prince Caramanico, after the example of his predecessor the marquis Caraciolo, made a point of conferring distinction on men of learning, and of paying public homage to science, by honouring with his favour those who cultivated it with the greatest success. His zeal was not confined to empty professions; several chairs were vacant at the university of Palermo; these he not only seized the first opportunity of filling, but he founded several new ones; among others, that of rural economy, so ably occupied by Paolo Palsamo, whom he sent on a tour through France and England. The university is likewise indebted to him for a botanical garden, which cost 50,000 ducats, and which he established on a spot where once the inquisition prepared its faggots. On his invitation, professor Eliseo repaired to Naples to begin a course of experimental philosophy. Lastly, after having in vain endeavoured to induce Lagrange, and afterwards Toaldo, to settle in Sicily, he was so fortunate as to make the most excellent choice in the person of Piazzi, the astronomer, who himself formed the plan of that splendid observatory of which he has given such a satisfactory description in his work entitled, *Giuseppi Piazzi della Specula astronomica dei regii studii di Palermo.* Palermo, 1792, 1794. I shall say nothing of the anatomical theatre, nor of many other interesting establishments scarcely sketched out by this zealous protector of every thing great and useful, and which, in a short time, would certainly have attained to a high degree of perfection, had not death snatched him away in the midst of his laudable exertions.

The diffusion of knowledge among the lower classes of the people was likewise an object of his attention. Seconded by the worthy Giovani Agostino de Cosmi in the establishment of national schools, he enjoyed, before he died, the pleasure of knowing that his labours had not been in

vain. The loss of prince Caramanico must ever be an object of regret to Sicily. With him expired the spirit by which he was animated; and, after his death, the magnificent fabric, scarcely begun, crumbled into ruins. The horrors which at this period convulsed all Europe hastened still more the fatal catastrophe.

Why is the class of men of science so small in Sicily, and why is the interest which the nation in general feels for them so weak?

This question may be asked at Naples as well as at Palermo: the evil in both places proceeds from the same source, from the defectiveness of the penal code, and the wretched organization of the judicial establishment, which, opening a vast field for chicane, beget a multitude of lawyers, who, abusing the noblest functions of the state, are intent only on acquiring fortunes, and gradually undermine the public strength. The Sicilian is born with a spirit of chicane; in his eyes a lawyer is a man of the highest importance: accordingly, in Palermo alone, their number, including the train of solicitors, notaries, clerks, scribes, &c. amounts to no less than four thousand. As their profession is almost the only road to honour and fortune, there prevails a universal eagerness to enter into it, and the multitude is greater, because, as the government does not give the preference to the nobility in the distribution of employments, every lawyer indulges the hope of one day obtaining the most important stations. A lawyer, indeed, is, from his profession, a man of letters in every country but Sicily. There, from an *esprit de corps*, he imbibes a certain contempt of literature; and if he chance to be an admirer of the muses, his intercourse with them is a profound secret: were it known, it would hurt his character as a man of business; the public opinion would be against him.

Whatever may be the causes, either general or particular, which oppose the progress of knowledge in Sicily, we must admit that from 1790 to 1803 that island has afforded a very abundant literary harvest. Among these products there are undoubtedly some which good taste must reject; but a flower discovered on a parched soil, or amid the rigours of winter, though pale and weakly, still gives us one pleasurable sensation, that of surprise; and we are naturally inclined to speak of it with some degree of interest.

In a country where the censorship is extremely severe, there cannot be expected to appear many works on theology. Except a translation of Lyttleton's Evidences of the Truth of Christianity, a Life of Jesus Christ compiled from the four Evangelists, and one or two other works of the same kind, all the rest are mere polemical works, more than a century behind hand. For example, *Discorso contra gli Ebrei e gl'increduli sulla verita della resurrezione di Gesu Cristo—L'Empieta della dottrina Ariana, conculcata e convinta nel glorioso martirio di S. Ermenegildo Re d'Andalusia.* This last is a tragedy in five acts. But a still more remarkable work, written by a monk, named Gaetano Verga, is entitled, *La gran dignita del santissimo Rosario.* This monstrous production, notwithstanding the pious blasphemies with which it swarms, had escaped the severity of the censorship: it was the public papers that first pronounced an anathema against the author. We shall endeavour to convey some idea of its subject.

The devil appears before the tribunal of the Saviour, and complains bitterly that the blessed virgin, by the institution of the rosary, daily deprives him of many worthy souls, who would otherwise fall into his clutches. Jesus Christ immediately dispatches the angel Gabriel to summon his mother to appear, because, as he says, he is determined to comply strictly with all legal formalities. The parties speak in their

own behalf, but the monk, through the strangest blunder, makes his devil plead with such warmth and ability, that the Judge may justly be suspected of partiality in giving a verdict in favour of his mother. The author knows no merit superior to that of the rosary; its virtue is universal. The angel Gabriel concludes with putting all the good actions of men into one scale, and a rosary into the other: it outweighs them all.

We might at least expect Sicily to abound in good works on jurisprudence. This, however, is not the case. They are, for the most part, mere compilations: in that philosophical spirit which forms their utility they are absolutely deficient. Nothing on this subject deserves to be mentioned, unless it be the Introduction to the Jurisprudence of Sicily, by Dr. Rosarios Gregorio, a lawyer equally distinguished for extensive information and sound philosophy.

The establishment of the first anatomical theatre in Sicily, by Caramanico, proves how little progress has been made in that country in the medical art: it has, however, begun to be more carefully cultivated. Chemistry, in particular, has become a favourite study, and the works of Fourcroy are held in high estimation. Some of the most distinguished literati have devoted their attention to the natural history of the country; and the family of Gioeni, at Catanea, possesses a cabinet interesting both for its extent, and for the regularity and taste in its arrangement. Others, more or less important, exist in every town of Sicily; but it is necessary to seek the company of the proprietors, because they are not accustomed, like those of other countries, to publish their observations. Every one is acquainted with the catastrophe that befel the manuscript of the canon Recupero, the invaluable result of observations made for a long series of years on Etna; but this loss is in part repaired by the labours of Francesco Ferrara, professor at the university of Catanea, who has given us, in his *Storia generalle dell' Etna*, an ample description of that mountain, the history of its explosions, and a catalogue of its productions. This work, from the importance and number of its geological observations, may be considered as the most valuable extant on the natural history of volcanoes. The work of Dr. Vincenzo Rijolo, on the mineral waters of Sicily, likewise merits approbation.

The mathematics present a more abundant harvest; without noticing several elementary works of merit, the writings of the celebrated Piazzi alone will form an æra in the literary history of Sicily. All Europe is acquainted with them; but the detached pieces which he has successively inserted in the Philosophical Transactions, and other periodical publications printed at Milan and Modena, are not so well known. They consist of *Corrispondenza Italiana; Lettere sull' astronomia;* and his last work is entitled *Stellarum inerrantium positiones.* Another performance by him, *Su i movimenti delle Fisse*, will speedily appear. Natural philosophy has likewise been cultivated with success since the time of Caramanico. This is proved by *P. Eliseo Physicæ experimentalis Elementa; J. Z. Cantarella Physicæ experimentalis Cursus*, and *Introduzione alla Fisica*, by the celebrated abbate Seina, which has just made its appearance.

The Sicilians are very far from having made any progress in matters of mere erudition. They have recently published, it is true, a new edition of ancient classic authors for the use of the university of Palermo; but it is only a reprint, and frequently a faulty one, of the text. We meet with various translations which are not above mediocrity. The *Anacreon* of Valguarnera is no more a translation from the original than the *Theocritus* of the count Gaetani. It is to be regretted that

the marquis de Natali, who, in his translation of Homer, has so skilfully introduced all those beauties which embellish that of Cesarotti, and avoided his defects, should have stopped short at the fourth book of the Iliad.

The imposture of Vella has not been wholly useless to Sicily; for it has excited a taste for the study of the Arabic. Morso, professor of the oriental languages at Palermo, has published an edition of Lokmann's Fables, to which he has annexed an Arabic Grammar and Dictionary. The abbate Pasqualino has established a claim to the gratitude of the republic of letters by his *Vocabulario Siciliano etimologico Italiano e Latino.* The dictionaries of Escobar and of Bordo have rendered this work necessary; and if it does not possess all the exactness that could be wished, yet if we reflect on the multiplicity of different dialects, and that each town of Sicily has one which is peculiar to itself, we shall be obliged to admit that Pasqualino has gloriously acquitted himself of the laborious task which he undertook. His vocabulary is not only valuable for Sicily, but philology in general must assign to it considerable importance: for, considering the relations and approximations of these different dialects to the ancient languages, it were to be wished that some scholar, who would not, like Pasqualino, suffer himself to be too often led away into idle researches on the etymology of words, would take the trouble to prune and to improve it.

Sicily has not yet produced any works of importance on coins, except the performance of prince Torremuzza. He was the first that inspired his countrymen with a taste for researches of this kind. Every town, indeed, has its medalist, who, notwithstanding the great exportation, never fails to acquire a fortune; but with the Sicilian this science is, as yet, nothing more than the passion of hoarding. Among the private collections, that of the baron d'Astuto at Noto, and that of the family of Biscari at Catanea are most worthy of notice. The public is still expecting the work promised by Calcagni, of Naples, on the numismatography of his native country. The writings of the chevalier Saverio Landolina principally relate to the researches undertaken by him in the vicinity of Syracuse, and will appear without delay. Of all the Sicilian literati, Landolina is perhaps the only one who has properly seized the spirit of antiquity: this he has proved by his commentaries on Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, and several other ancient authors.

The toil and care with which the Italians collect the history of their country forms a national characteristic: and though we rarely find among their recent historians traces of that philosophic spirit which guided Machiavel and Guicciardini, yet we are obliged to allow them, in this respect, a distinguished rank among the nations of Europe. Their researches are too replete with minute details, and while they furnish rich materials for the future historian of Italy, they will render his task extremely laborious, by this very superabundance.

Some idea of these stores may be formed from the catalogue published by the marquis de Villabianca: *Catalogo di tutti i parti litterati editi ed inediti intorno alla Storia Sicula Palermitana*, 1794. The celebrated historiographer Paolo di Blasi is reproached, perhaps with justice, for having written rather a history of the viceroys of Sicily than of the nation, in his *Storia cronologica de vice-rè, luogotenenti e presidenti del regno di Sicilia*; but it is not less true that he has successively treated the most difficult period of the annals of his country. Rosario Gregorio enjoys a well-earned reputation. His *Bibliotheca scriptorum, qui res in Sicilia gestas sub Aragonum imperio rotulere*, causes his *History of the Government of Sicily*, which will speedily appear,

to be expected with impatience. Another valuable work, by the same author, *Rerum Arabicarum quæ ad historiam Siculam spectant ampla Collectio, Arabice et Latine*, 1790, raised up against him in Vella an opponent, who, however, obtained but a very transient success. Every one likewise mentions with commendation, *Paolo d'Avolio Saggio sovra lo stato presente della poesia in Sicilia, per servire alla Storia della litteratura nationale del Secolo XVIII*, though in many places he is not perfectly free from the reproach of partiality.

Statistics, at present so fashionable in the rest of Europe, is almost entirely neglected in this island. Emmanuel Sergio is engaged in a work on the commerce of Sicily, but his plan is too extensive, so that there is reason to apprehend he will never be able to accomplish it.

Though the Sicilians have not addicted themselves so much to the abstruse branches of metaphysics, they are not less philosophical than their neighbours on the continent of Italy. The literature of France and England is better known in Sicily than in all southern Italy. A single glance at the booksellers' shops in the street of Cassero, at Palermo, is sufficient to convince you that foreign literature possesses great advantage over that of the country. The works of the most esteeemed philosophers are there read in the original; but only one work of Bonnet's has yet been translated, *Contemplazione della Natura con nuove note ed osservazioni dell Abb. Fr. Ferrara*, and nothing of Locke's but his logic.

It is remarkable that the journals and other periodical works which have hitherto appeared in Sicily, and many of which are justly regretted, have had but a very transient existence. Such are the *Effemeridi enciclopediche; Saggio de la Storia Sicula; Giornale ecclesiastico di Sicilia; Notizie litterarie; Nuova racolta degli autori Siciliani*, &c., &c. You every where discover with pleasure traces of an intimate acquaintance with foreign literature; a commendation which cannot be conferred on the rest of Italy. The best German works are translated into the dialect of the country.

Every Sicilian, who pretends to any education, is a poet; pastoral poetry is their favourite branch. But most of these sons of Parnassus fortunately possess the good sense not to be desirous of shining except in the circles which they frequent. They write in the idiom peculiar to their district, and hence it frequently happens that what is thought charming at Palermo is not understood at Syracuse. Meli is their model; this poet enjoys the highest reputation, and the new edition of his works is expected with incredible impatience. All its contents are already known by heart. This is of no consequence; he is the fashionable author; the whole nation, nay, even his rivals, have decreed him the crown.

Count Cæsar Gaetani, author of a poem entitled *Piscagioni*, might, perhaps, have aspired to a reputation equally splendid. The tunny fishery is an amusement of which all the inhabitants of the coasts of Sicily are passionately fond. This fishery is a kind of national festival, which continues several days successively; but Gaetani has employed the Tuscan dialect, which is not generally known in Sicily. Besides, his verses have not the native simplicity of Melis. Zanotti, Poli, Bondi, have likewise printed collections of poems. Procapio has translated Gessner's "Death of Abel," but none of those works produced any great sensation.

Dramatic poetry is neglected to a surprising degree. The dramatic art itself finds but a small number of partizans. The theatres are commonly empty, and those who go to them for pastime are frequently unable to tell, on leaving them, what piece has been performed.

The reason of this indifference, unparalleled among civilized nations, is, that the Sicilians have not

yet, properly speaking, either a national theatre or national plays. The pieces are Venetian, in the Venetian dialect; consequently both the language and the national character, so very different from those of Venice, oppose the progress of this art in Sicily. It may be even generally asserted that the taste for the fine arts is not yet taken root among the natives of that island. Though they possess a Pietro Noveli, an Antonio Gaggino; though their churches abound in valuable pictures of more than one kind, the Sicilian is not an artist; they have not yet produced either painter or statuary whose name is worthy of being handed down to posterity. Those among them who are gifted by nature with any particular talent are obliged to flee their country to obtain the reward due to merit, unless they chuse rather to profane their art, and to vegetate all their lives. Velasquez, the painter of Palermo, affords a striking demonstration of this melancholy truth: having resolved not to quit his island, his talents and his fortune have not risen above mediocrity. Mariano Rossi was more wise or more fortunate. He obtained at an early age considerable reputation by various performances at the Villa Borghese. He returned to his native land only for a time, for the purpose of painting the dome of the cathedral of Palermo. This is the greatest of his works. Though his figures are often defective in proportion, though his colouring, which is too yellow, fatigues the eye, still the composition and the whole denote a man of genius. Among the statuaries we may mention Marabitti, but he scarcely deserves the name.

One of the most beautiful monuments of modern architecture, the church of St. Laurence the martyr, at Trapani, has recently been finished. Don Diego de Luca, an ecclesiastic, was the architect who superintended its erection. Italy has not, perhaps, a monument of its kind in a style more simple and more majestic. Y.

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF THE ENVIRONS OF NAPLES.

From a recent Traveller.

THE city of Naples has less claim to distinction on account of its intrinsic beauties, than for the vast and magnificent scenery by which it is surrounded. The following fragment conveys a just idea of the prospect enjoyed from the summit of Mount St. Elmo, which commands that ancient metropolis. The variety and happy contrast of the objects presented in this narrative, together with the notices which accompany it, will, it is hoped, revive agreeable recollections in those who have beheld that favoured country, and will not be uninteresting to such as are only acquainted with it from short descriptions.

We left the street of Toledo, to proceed to the square of St. Anna del Palazzo. The little street which conducts to it exhibits a monument of the taste of these people for music. It is a house which a celebrated singer erected with the produce of his economy. This artist, desirous of perpetuating the remembrance of his talent, and of publishing the cause of his good fortune, had this inscription, at the same time modest and ostentatious, engraved on a marble tablet: "*Amphion Thebas, ego domum.*" This motto, so simple, so graceful, and so cheering to artists, must undoubtedly have diffused the celebrity of the singer even among the very lowest classes of the people. But alas! how liable to error are the calculations of self-love! Not a creature in the whole street could tell the name of this modern Amphion. Thus, thought I, will our posterity perhaps find on

a marble monument the eulogy of a conqueror, the list of the towns he destroyed, and of the nations he reduced to slavery; but the name of the hero shall no longer exist; and the antiquaries of that age will torture themselves to discover whether it is Peter or James to whom their admiration is due. Palingenius observed with great justice,

Quid populos magnasque urbes ditione tenere
Marmoreosque habitare lares, vultuque superbo
Omnes despicere, atque parem se credere divis:
Si mors cuncta rapit, si tanquam pulvis et umbra,
Deficimus miseri, si tam cito fastus et omnis
Gloria nostra perit, nullum reditura per ævum?

I have introduced, I acknowledge, far too much philosophy on the inscription of a singer, but I could not resist the temptation. Let us pursue our route. We left Naples on its mountainous side, by streets which have a rapid declivity, and arrived at a road denominated the Petrare. If this name is intended to denote a rugged road, full of rocks, and painful to the pedestrian, never was expression more applicable. We passed on our right the way that leads to the Carthusian convent, and on our left that which conducts to the village of Attignano. We continued to ascend towards Fort St. Elmo, and at length arrived at the house of signior C*** M***, where we were to dine. This house, though not very conspicuous, is most favourably situated for serving in some measure as an observatory, and commands a view the most magnificent and extensive. It is itself of considerable elevation, and is placed on the summit of the mountain, on the declivity of which the city of Naples is situated. Its roof, like all those in this country, is flat, surrounded with a ballustrade, and the horizon is open on every side, excepting a single point, where the lofty mountain of the Camaldulenses, intercepting the view, sets off the objects to the right and left of that dusky mass.

After dinner our Amphytrion took us to the terrace and said: "Cast your eyes over this immense circle, and when you have recovered from your surprise, we will endeavour to separate the numerous objects which present themselves, to consider them individually.

"To give you the measure of the surface which is displayed around you, first observe, toward the northwest, that blueish mountain, whose foot is washed by the sea, and whose summit pierces the skies: it is the mountain of Circe. It is more than thirty leagues distant from us; and the other elevation, which is nearer, is the promontory of Gaeta. That ball which seems to rise above the sea, is an enormous circular tower, called by the people the Castle of Orlando, but which is in fact the mausoleum of Minutius Plancus, as is attested by the inscription that still exists. If you turn from this point of the horizon toward the east, among the numerous summits of the Appenines, you will distinguish two more elevated than the rest, at as great a distance from us as Monte Circello: they form the partition between the eastern and western portion of this division of Italy; and were we capable of transporting ourselves to their summits, we should behold at once the Adriatic sea and the gulph of Genoa. Toward the south other elevated points exhibit the same vapour-like hue, and consequently are equally distant. And, lastly, to the west the view is bounded only by the circular line where the azure of the sea is blended with that of the heavens. The circle, of which we occupy nearly the centre, has therefore a radius of thirty leagues, and you may thence form some idea of its superficies. But, quitting objects which are too remote, let us confine ourselves to a theatre all the parts of which we may with ease distinguish.

"Behold, beneath your feet, the city of Naples, descending in the

form of an amphitheatre, and covering the brow of the mountain: one half of this metropolis is situated on the declivity of the hill; the other extends to the sea, and bends towards the gulph, a portion of which it embraces. This gulph is ten leagues in length, and its breadth, gradually increasing towards the sea, is three, four, five, or six leagues. Notwithstanding its extent, every object in it may be distinctly perceived, which is owing to the extraordinary purity of the air we breathe. That obtuse point, which projects into the sea at the bottom of the city, is the Castle of Ovo, so denominated from its form. If, leaving this castle, your eye follows the shore that stretches away toward the west, you come to the Villa Reale, a promenade, situated between the hills and the beach, and the road running parallel to it leads to the grotto of Pausilyppo. This Greek name is probably composed of the two words *pauo* and *lupe*; the former signifying *I put an end to, I relieve*, and the second, *pain, sorrow, fatigue*. Indeed this hill, so celebrated for its fertility, its gardens, its country-seats, was well calculated to afford recreation from the labours, cares, and bustle of the city.

"That dark road, a thousand paces in length and twelve feet broad, had formerly one equal elevation; but having been used for more than thirty centuries, the soil, which is nothing more than hardened pozzuolana, a species of turf, is so worn away, that the road has sunk considerably, and travellers now see over their heads the marks made in ancient times by the chariot-wheels in the walls of the grotto. Strabo informs us, that, in his time, two carriages might conveniently pass there. During the reign of Nero, there was neither hole nor window for the admission of light, and the air entering only at the two extremities, this long gloomy cavern was always full of a yellow dust, dry, and almost impalpable. Seneca, who calls it the Neapolitan Crypt, says, that in passing through it he experienced the fate of the wrestlers, and that it is a long prison, where nothing is to be seen but darkness. This expression of Seneca proves that Milton's "darkness visible" is not of such modern invention. The two windows which now exist in it were made by order of Alphonso I, who likewise caused the road and the vault of the grotto to be repaired; but as the light which enters it comes from the summit of the mountain, and has long passages to traverse, only a weak and dubious glimmer pervades the cavern. Once a year, however, it is illuminated in a brilliant manner, that is, at the autumnal equinox. The sun, setting at this season exactly opposite the outlet of the grotto, which is extremely straight, throws his rays to the other extremity. At this moment the spectator may discern all the sinuosities of the vault, the traces of the ancient chariots, some of which are fifteen feet above the present soil, and a multitude of names, which different travellers have inscribed on its walls; but this solar illumination lasts no more than five minutes, and re-appears only with the revolution of the year.

"Before we quit this grotto, I ought to mention the supposed tomb of Virgil. This is the small monument above the entrance of the cavern, and which, at a distance, resembles a dormar-window more than a tomb. This little vault, narrow, and of no great depth, is absolutely empty; and it is, besides, well known that Virgil was interred near Sebet, that is, at the other extremity of Naples. The common people, however, insist that the remains of that great man are at Pausilyppo, and from time to time carry into the vault branches of laurel, which being frequently renewed, induce a belief of the immortality of that tree. The lowest class of the people have a great veneration for Virgil: you will undoubtedly imagine that it must be on account of his poetic genius. By no means: they respect

his memory because he was a great magician, who by one stroke of his wand created the cavern of Pausilyppo.

"If you now pass over the hill that separates the gulph of Naples from that of Puzzuoli, your eye will hover over the Campi Phlegræi, the environs of Solfatara, denominated by the Romans *Forum Vulcani*. The protuberance of the mountain conceals the lake of Agnano and its picturesque banks; but you perceive the cape on which is situated Puzzuoli, and a portion of that town. It was formerly called Puteolum; and at a period still more remote the Greeks gave it the appellation of Dicearchie. A temple, an amphitheatre, and a monument erected to Tiberius by fourteen towns of Asia which he rebuilt, are nearly the whole that remains of its ancient splendour. Those enormous piles, once joined together by arches, are the ruins of the mole which formed its harbour. Here it was that Caligula ordered a bridge to be constructed across the sea, and passed over it to Baiæ with all the equipage of war and all the pride of a ridiculous victory.

"From this point follow the coast, which curves off in a semicircle to Mount Misenum. In the hollow which is nearest to us was the academy of Cicero; farther off the villa of Hortensius; farther still that of Servilius Vatia; and lastly that belonging to Piso, which Nero afterwards occupied. That elevated castle on which you see a flag flying is the castle of Baiæ. There it was that the execrable Anicetus, in obedience to the orders of a monster, endeavoured to drown Agrippina. Behind the cape are to be seen the remains of Bauli, where that princess, having escaped the dangers of the sea, was dispatched by the clubs and swords of the satellites of a parricide. The modest tomb which exists at the foot of the hill, and turns obliquely towards the sea, is said to be that of this empress, who was still more unfortunate than she was criminal.

"Now let us turn back to this last picture, of which you have surveyed only the portion that borders the sea. Nature has conspired with time to change the face of this once gaily smiling country. All those little hills of a dusky-white, thrown into a group behind the town of Puzzuoli, are the relics of the volcano which we denominate Solfatara. Its cone is destroyed. All the combustible matter it contained has been consumed by internal fire; nothing is left but the circumference of its base, formed by a chain of rocks, so calcined as to resemble heaps of lime; but the fire of the abyss is still active as ever; and if there are now no eruptions, the reason is, because there is no fuel to feed the flame.

"This volcano, after remaining stifled, as it were, for ages, burst forth, fatally for Puzzuoli, which it almost entirely destroyed. The Temple of the Nymphs, the magnificent ruins of which are seen near the shore, exhibits an extraordinary spectacle. After it had been burned by an eruption of Solfatara, it was covered for four centuries by the sea, which another volcanic shock again obliged to retire. Its beautiful marble columns, some of which are still standing, pieces of entablature of exquisite workmanship, have been in many places consumed by the fire; and when they were afterwards overwhelmed by the billows, the madrepores and shell-fish adhered to them; so that the precious fragments of this admirable monument bear the two-fold impression of both the elements that conspired to destroy the fabric.

"Between the bottom of that gulph and the castle of Baiæ, but farther inland, you see a lofty mountain, denominated by the Latins *Mons Gaurus*, and which the Italians call Il Monte Barbaro. This place is celebrated for the battles fought there between the Romans and the Samnites: but between that mountain and the sea you observe another of a conical form, whose summit appears to have been lopped

off. That we call Monte Nuovo; and the name indicates that its formation is of recent date. This volcanic cone, in fact, issued on the 29th of September, 1538, from the earth, vomiting forth a deluge of fire and ashes: it ingulphed the village of Tripergola, situated on that spot: it dried up the Lucrine lake, formerly famous for its excellent oysters: it obliged the sea to retire, and caused the relics of the Julian port, celebrated by Virgil, to disappear.

"This Monte Nuovo prevents the view of the lake of Avernus, which is behind it. On the banks of this lake are the ruins of a temple, supposed to have been erected in honour of Apollo; and on the opposite side is the entrance of a grotto, very absurdly imagined to be that of the Sibyl of Cumæ. Virgil distinctly describes two grottoes: that of the Sibyl, which he places at Cumæ, and that of hell, on the banks of Avernus. We actually find at Cumæ a large cavern, which serves as an entrance to a grotto similar to that of Pausilyppo, but much longer. It is to this that the following verses must be applied:

Excisum Euboicæ latus ingens rupis in antrum
Quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum
Unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllæ.

"These hundred mouths and hundred subterranean caves still exist in the multitude of galleries constructed under ground, and many of which are in such preservation, that you may proceed along them to a considerable distance: but the grotto of the lake of Avernus is very different. Of the latter the same poet says,

Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris.

"There you still find the lake, formerly putrid and brackish, but now pure and limpid. You likewise see the wood that covers it, and the vast mouth of the cavern, at the bottom of which a spiral passage descends into the bowels of the earth.

"In the direction of Monte Nuovo cast your eyes on the plain that extends to the sea: the little eminence which appears at the extremity bears the ruins of the town of Cumæ, which was a rich and powerful place before the building of Rome. A gate of a beautiful construction is still standing: you may also see the pavement of several streets, and a great number of arches covered with bushes, which afford a retreat to the birds of night and to reptiles. Farther on is an amphitheatre almost entirely in ruins, and the sub-basement of a temple formed of enormous blocks, that remind the spectator of this expression of Virgil:

——Posuitque immania templa.

"Let us now survey the castle of Baiæ, and follow the curvature of the coast terminated by the promontory of Misenum. Another gulph of a circular form indents the land, and extends to the marshes of the Acheron. It was there that Pliny commanded the fleets of Rome; it was there that he set out to observe the first eruption of Vesuvius, and sacrificed his life to his curiosity. We are at last approaching that mountain of greater celebrity than magnitude, Mount Misenum, where the pious Æneas performed the obsequies of the most able trumpeter in his army.

"Near that spot Lucullus, who was called Xerxes Togatus, possessed those magnificent gardens, that splendid palace, which were looked upon as a prodigy in an age when every object was gigantic and prodigious.

"Beyond the cape which terminates that gallery of ruins, two islands have the appearance of being joined to the continent: they are the

ancient Pythecusæ, now Procida and Ischia. The former, level and uniform, scarcely rises above the surface of the sea: you cannot perceive it. The second is that high mountain, whose peaked summit is lost in the clouds, and resembles a colossal pyramid destined for the boundary between the dominions of Ceres and of Neptune.

"Here the sea checks our course, and terminates half of the circle which we have to traverse. To examine the other half, let us return to the point whence we set out, and finish from left to right the examination which we have so far made in a contrary direction.

"That mass which conceals from us a portion of the north-west, is the mountain of the Camaldulenses, where pious recluses make vows of poverty in the midst of abundance, and vows of continence in the bosom of voluptuousness.

"To the north the sight is lost in those extensive and smiling plains which have justly deserved the appellation of Happy. The eye, fatigued by the numerous asperities of the mountains, here reposes on the uniformity of the champaign. That road before us leads to Capua; that on the right to Caserta; and that still farther to the right to Benevento. All along these roads, and in the intervals between them, the vine married to the elm, and nourished by a vigorous sap, overtops the trees by which it is supported, and its amber branches are suspended in festoons beneath arches of verdure. The active fecundity of the earth is not however confined to this two-fold produce, and the grain of Ceres, which in every other region requires the immediate aspect of the sun, here grows and ripens under the shade of the vines and the elms. Nay, even when the harvest is over, the avaricious husbandman demands new benefits: he commits to this thrice fertile earth the seeds of vegetables, of pulse, and other useful plants, of which he has still time to obtain a crop before the short and slight frosts that take place in this favoured climate.

"Look at that hill of a circular form which commands the plain, and breaks its uniformity; that is what we call Capo di Monte. The edifice to which it serves as a base is a royal habitation of elegant structure, which, rising above a mass of bushy trees, resembles a magic palace, held suspended by the hands of fairies over a tuft of verdure enameled with flowers.

"Let us now turn our eyes towards the east. The first object that strikes us is Vesuvius. Like Parnassus, it exhibits to us a double peak; that to the left is Somma, and the other to the right is the volcano. The former is covered with verdure towards the north, but to the south it borrows the sable aspect of its tremendous neighbour, towards which it turns its concave sides, consumed and worn away by frequent conflagrations. A vast mountain of a circular form serves as a common base of Somma and of Vesuvius: this base, which is twenty-four Italian miles in circuit, is covered with wood, with gardens, and elegant buildings. Around its foot runs a continued gallery of towns and villages: St. John, Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, Torre del l'Annunziata, and many others. Below, the sea presents a new spectacle: numberless ships and barks plough its waves in every direction. At the bottom of the mountain reign luxury, opulence, industry, activity: at its top, lava, pumice-stones, ashes, scoria, are piled one upon another, and every thing exhibits the image of destruction. Lastly, above the sea, appear towns, the volcano with its flames, and the chain of the Appenines, rearing aloft its everlasting snows, crowns the picture with the indentations of its silvery summits. Sometimes when the east wind blows on this coast, the column of smoke emitted by Vesuvius, inclining over the gulph, crosses it in the form of an arch, and again descends towards the region of Solfa-

tara, as if to indicate the communication which subsists between these two forges of Vulcan.

"It is not only the richness of this picture, but likewise its composition, that is worthy of notice. To the east, a volcano possessing all its force, commanding a fertile plain, and commanded itself by mountains on which reign eternal frosts; to the west, a volcano nearly extinguished, surrounded with ruins, lakes, and cultivated hills; to the south, the liquid expanse from whose bosom rise delightful islands; to the north, a plain covered with corn, flowers, and fruits. Could the most active imagination of the most accomplished painter have combined more beauties, more contrasts, more objects, graceful, gloomy, smiling, imposing, terrific, and admirable?

"But let us follow the coast which trends away to the south-east: there formerly flourished four celebrated towns, that were ingulphed in one day by the eruption to which Pliny fell a victim. What a tremendous spectacle history presents us in one short sentence! *Pompeia, Retina, Herculaneum, et Stabia, populo sedente in theatro, defecere.* How terribly laconic is the concluding word *defecere!*

"The town which you perceive in the angle formed by the base of Vesuvius, and the coast that bears away to the south-west, is Castell' a Mare, a haven and royal mansion, encompassed with a delightful country. Behind it rises an enormous mountain: its summit is crowned by a square block, which seems to have been cut by the hand of man; or rather it appears to be a colossal altar, erected by time, and consecrated to the superior deities. The rest of that coast exhibits a smiling appearance, which forms a contrast with the sombre aspect of Vesuvius. The towns which you perceive on the declivity of the hills are Vico, Sorrento, and Massa. They are surrounded by numerous villages, and in these places, once dear to the nymphs and the muses, Pan, Ceres, Bacchus, and Pomona lavish their blessings on the indolent natives. This portion of the continent is terminated by the cape of Minerva; and, lastly, towards the south, the island of Capreæ is the last object that claims our notice.

"Situated opposite to Naples, this island seems to close up the entrance of its gulph, as a boundary placed by nature to prevent the vagrant eye from losing itself in the vast expanded sea. The summits of its rocks and its mountains, cut into the form of rays, afford, in their combination, the image of an immense crown, and appear destined to remind us that one of the masters of the world once chose this isle for the theatre of his pleasures, his debauchery, and his cruelties. You perceive that, in describing the other portion of the circle, we have again arrived at the sea, the island of Capreæ being the last point on this side, as Mount Misenum is on the other.

"You must not imagine (added he) that a spectacle like this can ever become indifferent to the lovers of the arts and of nature.—Though always the same, it is ever new. Calms and tempests, the state of the sky, the different appearances of the sea, the singular operations of Vesuvius, every day exhibit a new picture, impart to it life and motion, and incessantly furnish fresh causes for admiration, fresh food for the eager curiosity of the spectator. The pleasures afforded by this scene of enchantment are not limited to the time when the sun illumines our hemisphere. Night, which elsewhere effaces images, and renders one of our senses in some measure useless, here contributes very often to augment our delight, and surpasses even day itself in the grandeur and variety of the prodigies it displays to the view. Let us suppose that an eruption is at hand, or is beginning to manifest itself, while the disk of the moon is reflected and multiplied in each of the waves that

roll at the bottom of the gulph, the volcano emits a hollow and ominous sound. To the murmurs of the Nereids succeed the bellowings of the Cyclops; the sons of Eolus escape roaring from the caverns of Vesuvius, and frequent lightnings dart ing from the mountain proclaim to mortals an awful crisis of nature. The column of smoke becomes thicker, and, expanding in the air, exhibits a resemblance of those lofty pines, whose bare and branchless stems are crowned by a vast canopy of verdure. The cloud continues to grow more black and more extensive; but a luminous blood-red spot appears in the midst of the chaos. The vapours become red, and impregnated with fire; the luminous portion increases, and the substances discharged by the volcano glow with every tint, and exhibit every possible shade of colour.—Here the flame resembles that of the funereal torch, there it is of the most lively vermillion; farther off it is white, and dazzles the eye with its excessive brightness; in another part it is of a murky mixture of purple and of soot; over the mouth of the furnace the vapours hover in the form of a golden cloud; and those which, from their distance, are incapable of reflecting the light, shroud the whole scene in a sable veil, which, by the clashing contrast, heightens all the colours, and imparts double brilliancy to the phenomenon.

"But other wonders appear at the mouth of the volcano. Sometimes showers of ignited stones shoot upward to an immense height, and their parbolic descent is a grand imitation of our artificial fire-works; at others, an arrow of fire flies towards heaven, which it seems to penetrate. Now a tuft of ardent vapours crowns the mountain, and emits to a considerable distance innumerable sparks; and now again lightnings, bursting from the bosom of the abyss, cut through the surrounding smoke in their zig-zag course. One moment the flame assumes the figure of a column, whose height is thrice that of the volcano; and the next it is an immense tongue, which wavers for some time in the air, then suddenly returns, and seems to lick the edge of the terrific gulph.

"Meanwhile the sides of the mountain are incapable of containing the melted substances which rise and press against them. A dreadful noise announces a rupture; the mountain opens with a vast effort, and its inflamed entrails are exposed to view. Rivers of lava already roll beneath the new bridge which is just formed, the fiery torrent, the image of Phlegeton, rushes into the valley that separates Somma from Vesuvius; its devastating stream increases at the expence of every object which it meets, and acquires an extent of several miles. The strongest trees disappear before it, like feeble blades of grass before the scythe of the mower: forests, gardens, houses, palaces, are all whelmed beneath the burning deluge; and the very spot where they existed is so changed, that it can no longer be recognized. The ardent river continues advancing with a dull and dismal noise, rolling with it calcined stones and billows of glowing ashes. It has already crossed the road, and is proceeding towards the sea; and when it has passed the rocks on its shore, the fiery mass plunges into the deep. The collision of these hostile elements throws up to the very skies torrents of vapour, whose roaring, whose dazzling colours, and the horrible agitation they produce in the air, cause the terrified spectator to imagine that the world is about to be dissolved, and to be reduced to that chaos from which it sprung.

"If to the spectacle of an eruption you now add that of a storm; if accident produces at the same moment one of those tremendous tempests which are alone sufficient to desolate nature, what pencil can then trace the horrors of the scene? what pen can describe them?" z.

For the Literary Magazine.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DR. JAMES BEATTIE.

JAMES BEATTIE was born on the 5th of Nov. 1735, in the parish of Lawrencekirk, in Kirkcardineshire. When only seven years old, he lost his father, who was a farmer, and remarkable for his probity and his love of the muses. Through the generous assistance of his elder brother, David, James was initiated in the English and Latin languages, by Mr. Mylne, schoolmaster at Lawrencekirk; a teacher of reputation, and successor to the celebrated Ruddiman. Poet Beattie, for so he was called even at this early period of his life, distinguished himself among his school-fellows by diligence and superior attainments, though he laboured under the disadvantage of a very weakly constitution.

In 1749, he obtained a small scholarship in Marischal College, Aberdeen, by excelling in a comparative trial; and he commenced his academical career by studying Greek, under Dr. Blackwell, from whose hands he received a very honourable prize. The second term of his public study seems to have embraced Latin, mathematics, in which he was no remarkable proficient, and history, geography, and chronology. Natural philosophy formed the principal object of the third course. In this department a want of the requisite mathematical knowledge must be very unfriendly to the student's progress. The fourth term was devoted to moral philosophy and the abstract sciences, under Dr. Alexander Gerard, well known by his Essay on Taste, and other performances.

In 1753, Mr. Beattie took his degree in arts, and obtained the humble situation of schoolmaster at Fordoun, a village not far from Laurencekirk. At this time, he enjoyed the friendship and patronage of Francis Garden, afterward lord Gardenstone, and added to his poetical reputation by contributions to the Scotch Magazine, and an epitaph on two brothers who were drowned when bathing. It likewise appears that he was a severe disciplinarian, that he officiated as clerk of the parish, that he was enrolled in Marischal College as a student of divinity, and that his manners were not yet subdued into gentleness or complacency.

In 1758, he was appointed one of the ushers in the grammar school in Aberdeen, a situation to which he had *aspired* some months before, though without success. Beattie's sphere of activity and acquaintance was now enlarged; and, except some harassing head-achs, his ushership, which lasted two years, passed with considerable satisfaction to himself. During this period, his poems were published, for the first time, by subscription.

On the 8th of Oct. 1760, Mr. Beattie, having obtained a royal patent, was made professor of moral philosophy and logic, in Marischal College. In the course of a few years, he attained distinguished celebrity as a teacher of ethics.

His habits of study were regular and constant. Little time was spent in idleness, because he was ambitious to acquit himself with credit, and to benefit his students as far as was in his power. An academical life is so barren of incidents that it cannot be expected to furnish much in the narrative. The lives of most literary men consist of little more than a history of their works. His pleasant and agreeable manners, even at this time, have been much commended. To his old associates he was kind and affable; and at his house and table they were always welcome.

In 1766, he married miss Mary Dun, daughter of Dr. James Dun, who, for near seventy years, was a teacher in the grammar school of Aberdeen. About four years subsequent to his marriage, he received from King's College, Aberdeen, the degree of doctor in laws. In July following, he visited London, and was favoured with very flattering

marks of attention from some of the most distinguished literary characters of the age.

In 1772, his mother died at the advanced age of fourscore years. Her affectionate son, Mr. David Beattie, had for thirty years shown her every mark of attention and kindness, and it was in his house at Johnstone, in the neighbourhood of Laurencekirk, that she died. Those persons who knew her best have represented her as possessed of great self-command; as a prudent, kind woman, and as exemplifying those simple and unaffected manners, which were then more frequently to be found in Scotland than they are at present.

The doctor repeated his visit to London in 1773, obtained a pension, was presented at the levee, and had the distinguished honour (says his biographer) of *conversing* with the king for *five minutes*. Before he returned to the north, he had a private audience of their majesties at Kew.

The death of his son, James Hay Beattie, in 1790, was a severe trial to the feelings of a parent. In his 18th year, this young man, who united indefatigable application to uncommon genius, was appointed his father's assistant and successor, and promised to be an ornament to the university. The doctor's second son, Montagu, with whom he went to London in 1791, died in 1796.

These, and other misfortunes, *harrowed up the soul* of Dr. Beattie, and his health, never at any time good, was thereby very considerably impaired. He was no longer under the necessity of doing the duty of the class, because he had the influence to get Mr. George Glenny appointed his assistant and successor.

Of late years he entirely sequestered himself from society, and even the kind attentions and civilities of his friends and admirers were not relished by him. He dropped all correspondence with his old English friends, and their numerous inquiries after his health did not now excite those quick sensibilities of which he had formerly been so susceptible. Premature old age, with all its infirmities, had made rapid advances upon him, and for three years before his death, he kept the house, and was for a great part of that time confined to his bed. If I mistake not, the last time he ventured out to take a short walk, was in the month of June, 1800. He was then very corpulent, and discovered extreme debility. At this time he was only about sixty-five years of age.

His person was about the middle size, of a broad, square make, which seemed to indicate a more robust constitution than he really had. He was, during the whole course of his life, subject to attacks of head-ach, which on many occasions interrupted his studies. His features were exceedingly regular; his complexion was somewhat dark; his eyes had remarkable expression.

In the earlier part of his life he showed great convivial talents, and was much admired in company, for his wit and uncommon flow of humour. He indulged himself, however, in liberties of that kind very seldom in his latter years. He was an admirable punster. His puns are often quoted in conversation in the north; which, as far as that kind of wit deserves praise, discover great facility of invention. In company he was remarkably silent, but he was not only attentive to the conversation, but seemed to be studying the features of those persons with whom he was in company.

Towards the close of life, Dr. Beattie endured much bodily pain; and, when, at length, he had become insensible to his own sufferings, he expired on the 18th of August, 1803.

The possession of genius, taste, and learning, and their direction to the best interests of mankind, ought, no doubt, to cover a multitude of sins: but we should also reflect that a well constituted mind, rich in its own resources, and susceptible of the most refined and elevated pleasures, is the least exposed to debasement from habits of low intemperance.

Yet that such a mind sometimes yields to degrading propensities, will not admit of dispute. A sense of false delicacy, or the partiality of friendship, may draw a veil over the melancholy fact: but the professed painter of human character is imperiously required to exhibit its diversities as he finds them, and not as he would wish them to be. More than one public teacher of youth has fallen a sacrifice to the immoderate use of ardent spirits: we can commiserate their fate; but we cannot patiently endure that they should be held up as paragons of conduct, or exalted into saints. Dr. Beattie's case admits of palliation and pity. The pressure of domestic affliction exhausted and paralyzed the finer sensibilities of his frame, unstrung the man, and left only a "wreck behind."

For the Literary Magazine.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NOTHING is more pleasing than what may be called the romance of real life: such incidents as somewhat partake of the romantic or the marvellous, and are at the same time true. The following little story occurs in the letters of the countesses of Hartford and Pomfret, lately published.

A gentleman in Suffolk had an estate of two thousand pounds a-year; and an only son, who was brought up with the expectation of being heir to that fortune after his father's death. This took place when he was just four and twenty; but, when he came to look into his inheritance, he found the whole property so involved, that he had only left four hundred pounds a-year, which proved to be in church lands. He lived on this for about twelve months, but during that time was very melancholy. He then declared to his friends that it was against his conscience to enjoy the revenue of what had belonged to the church, and that he could make himself easy in no other way but by restoring the lands; which he did, in spite of the persuasion of all his relations to the contrary, and left himself with no more than an annuity of fifty pounds. In the neighbourhood there was a quaker, who always went once, and sometimes twice a-year into Yorkshire, on business. At one house in that country he was received upon a footing of great intimacy, by an old gentleman, who had an only daughter, that was to be his heiress, elegant in her person, of good temper, and well accomplished. The quaker one day asked him why he did not get this young lady married. The gentleman replied, that it was what he wished to do, but he was determined never to dispose of her but to a man whose principles he approved, and who would come and settle upon the estate. If he could find such a person, he would give his daughter to him, though he was not worth a shilling. The quaker related to him the history of his neighbour: and the old gentleman was so much delighted with his character, that he desired the quaker to bring him to his house the next time he came; and, if the young people liked each other, it should be a match. The honest quaker returned home, and with great pleasure told the young gentleman the prospect of this good fortune; but was surprised to find all the arguments he could use wanted force on him to prevail on him to go. He declared that he would rather live upon his small annuity all his days, than marry a woman he did not previously love, though she possessed the wealth of the Indies. When the time drew near for the quaker to go again into Yorkshire, he applied to a relation of the young gentleman with whom he lived, and showed him several letters from the lady's father, requesting him to bring his friend along with him. By the importunity of this relation, and the quaker's entreaty, the youth was at length prevailed on to accompany him;

but under a feigned name, and only as an acquaintance whom he had met by accident on the road. Matters being thus settled, he set out with the quaker, and was introduced to the old gentleman and his daughter. They were all three so well pleased with each other, that they soon became better acquainted, and the young gentleman discovered who he was. The marriage was quickly concluded; and he now enjoys eighteen hundred pounds a year, which his wife brought him, besides a considerable sum of money.—They have now lived together six years in perfect happiness, and have two children.

For the Literary Magazine.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Written in 1799.

THE monarchy of France had been the fixed yet qualified despotism of ages, but prepared, at length, for its revolution by the incapacity, indolence, and improvidence of two successive reigns. This revolution began in a reform of the monarchy, proceeded to its subversion, and issued in the erection of a republic. The scene of its action was laid in one country, and among one people: but it was difficult to limit its influence; and the whole of Europe might have undergone a correspondent change.

The first step in the change had an alarming aspect to the courts of princes; for though the monarchy was suffered to remain, together with its law of entail, determining that humiliating question, "to whom do the people belong?" yet the principle of original equality, which reached to all below the throne, however fixed by usage, or made venerable by time, had left the monarchy without an aristocracy, its necessary support.

Thus an early combination against it, of all the monarchical and aristocratical governments, as was natural, was formed; and which, in return, as naturally exasperating the revolution beyond its first principles, the monarchy was formally abolished; and in that act, the system of political equalization was completed, all men being now placed upon the same broad and primitive plane.

From some analogies, nevertheless, in the forms of her own government to that of France, it might have been expected that England would have shown less hostility than some other nations to the new principles; and that she might have viewed, with a less jealous apprehension, the phenomenon of French freedom: but entertaining against France, for four entire centuries, an innate or latent animosity, produced by every slight occasion into action, she, besides, had her heritable rights and establishments, the crown and the peerage, to be affected by the contagion of such levelling doctrines.

We may conceive again an accessary cause, even of a more forcible though different nature, why England should have carried her jealousy of the new principles, even beyond that of other nations. To the republican part of her own constitution it was that she owed the enterprising industry of her own people: and hence, principally, her pre-eminence in manufactures and commerce; and in France, once republicanised, she had anxious forebodings of a congenial people, that might one day rival her own, in arts which were the great spring and sources of her extraordinary opulence and power. Had she not, therefore, an incalculable interest in bringing that nation again under the torpor of the ancient government?

But though all the old European establishments might be equally indisposed towards France, yet, in their deportment to her, they originally varied. Where the body of the people, as in Germany, were altogether without a will to be consulted, there the princes were open and unreserved, in a meditated op-

position to her revolution; whilst, in England, from some deference to national sentiment, upon which alone he could safely act, the minister Pitt was obliged to dissemble, to be guarded and circumspect in all his projects: we see him, therefore, at first, content with a secret and silent stimulation of the concert of princes and powers; carefully watching the movements of the revolution, and gradually unfolding himself, as occasions offered, to bring the mass of the nation to approve of and to second his hostile designs.

Unhappily, the occasions sought for were too abundantly presented in the wild and flagitious misrule of the revolutionary leaders, and Englishmen were, by a too easy sensibility, brought to consent to a league with despotism, against a government by system, at least, free. But the people and their minister meant different things: they abhorred the crimes of the republic, and wished only to defend themselves against the danger of its example, to confine the growing power of France within some safe limit, but not to meddle with her system; he, on the contrary, rejoiced in the crimes, the restraint or punishment of which he made the stalking-horse to his real object, the destruction of the government; and, still concealing his motive, hypocritically acted upon one principle, under the pretext of another.

As to account for that atrocious conduct, which has not only so disgraced, but endangered the French revolution, in furnishing the pretence for arming against it, is not to justify it, it will not be improper, and it may be useful, to explore some of its causes: an endeavour towards it, therefore, shall be made.

The revolutionary change was made from a system which for ages had been fashioning the habits, manners, and understandings of the people, and forming a national character, with which their new governmental situation was altogether incongruous. Under the monarchy, men had been saved the trouble of all political thinking and acting, and few, on this account, could come into the service of a republic with the qualifications necessary to a wise and temperate administration of its affairs, which, of consequence, too often took any direction given to them by ignorance or presumption. Men cannot be fitted for any material change in government but by the change itself, and the fitness, only in expectancy, must be waited for.

An evil, incident to all revolutions, was, in this, aggravated even by the virtue of individuals, by a mistake most frequent with the honest and the sincere. Many of the most respectable of the early revolutionists, disgusted at occasional irregularities, or too frequent violations of fundamental principles, either by emigration or by secession abandoned these disorders to themselves, which their authority or their presence might have controlled, and left the government to be orderly consummated in violence and iniquity. And in this regard the disqualification of the members of the constituent assembly was a self-denying ordinance, of peculiarly fatal operation.

Revolutions, besides, with whatever definite views they may set out, cannot be stopt at any precise point; and, if gone too far, can no more than a bearded arrow be drawn back; like balloons, too easy to let off, they are as difficult to be restrained or managed in their course: and this, in particular, from the occurrence of the foregoing causes, soon rose to a more than common height of wildness and extravagance.

To those who have observed, in common life, that to anticipate the depravity of character is often to ensure it, it will not appear fanciful to accuse prophecy itself of some instrumentality in this regard. The predictions of writers, chiefly of Burke, indignant at or jealous of the new principles, that the nation assuming them would become the outcasts of the moral world, falling in so much with general prejudice and policy, the agreement to treat France

as such contributed, in no small degree, to fulfil the prediction.

The effectual agency of these causes will not be questioned by any attentive observer; but if, still unsatisfied, we would seek for one of a cogency supposed more proportioned to such terrible effects, shall we not find it in the crusade itself against France? which, as it was maintained with the renewed spirit of the ancient fanaticism, was resisted with equal fervour: the investment of the revolutionary leaders with powers of magnitude to meet the danger, of themselves so liable to abuse; the exchange of the milder qualities of civil and domestic life for the hardness of the military character, occasioned by the conversion of the mass of citizens into soldiers; the severe watch kept upon the movements of such whose latent disaffection might be encouraged into action by the hope of foreign aid; and the general inquisition set up into opinions and conduct; all, as too natural a consequence, producing a mixed scene of trouble, persecution, cruelty, and oppression. The constitution, thus giving way to immediate security, was cast under foot, and the letter and the spirit trodden out; a system, if system we can call it, of ferocious anarchy ensued, said, by those who have forgotten all their historical reading, to be without a parallel in the world; great, indeed, but greatest, perhaps, only from being the last: a spirit not confining its destructive energy at home, but, in the war that ensued abroad, against enemies, showing itself in the barbarous invasion of the rights of every friendly nation, and in the absolute overthrow of some of them: a war, in which it has been the useless labour of either party to fix the charge of the aggression on the other, as if the final and inevitable cause had not been laid in the very nature of things; in the incompatible principles and situation of the parties themselves; or as if it was not substantially announced on the part of the coalition, when they, each member of it, noticed, with sullen dissatisfaction, the first authentic information of a change in the government of France in favour of public liberty; or as if a thousand intermediate circumstances had not clearly indicated their determined hostility.

But as princes have become inimical to France from an apprehension of the political, so have people from a fear of the moral danger; and in all countries, numerous individuals among the earliest and best friends of the revolution, disappointed in their first hope, tired with the enormity and frequency of its crimes, begin, with its original enemies, to look again to a monarchy, as to an only remedy for them.

Whether this is to give way too much to feeling, and too little to philosophy, is a question for our sober consideration.

Do any such consent to a restoration of the monarchy for the sake of that justice which would, in this event, overtake the criminals of the revolution? These have already anticipated public justice, by executing it already on one another. "Like Saturn, the revolution, it has been said, has devoured its own children," and frequent successions of patriots and tyrants, deserving and undeserving, have fallen by the stroke of the guillotine. But "the appetite for blood has not grown by what it fed on." The present system of rule may be oppressive, but is not cruel. These good people, then, are too late for this object.

Is it for the sake of the pious vindicators of the social order? they who have used the same sword against anarchy in France, and for it in Poland; they to whom, as we have seen, may be traced back the disorders complained of, as to their principal source and most aggravating cause: disorders, in reality, to which these princes are greatly indebted for their present security against the contagion of liberty; operating, as they have done, among the human cattle submitted to their power, as an antidote to the murrain of republicanism. Princes, to

borrow from the law, not standing "*rectus in curia*," but as suitors taking advantage of their own wrong, and evidently making the avengeance of crimes they have themselves so highly inflamed, or produced, a mask to the objects of their own despotism.

Is it that the morals and religion of Frenchmen, lost under the revolution, would be found again on the restoration of the monarchy?

Of morals, if they are the indispensible elements of life, however driven out of it for a season, no adventitious force can long oppose their return.

Nor have we much to fear on the score of religion in all its modes, and apart from their distinguishing dogmas. A God is stamped upon our nature; his reality is witnessed by all the senses, and subscribed to by the understanding; commanding the faith equally of the wise and the weak; and no endeavour can long be successful that would exile him from our breasts. And it is remarkable, that Robespierre himself made the destruction of the atheists one of the means of his popularity. The hierarchy of the church, indeed, has been lost, with other national establishments; but has religion, in effect, lost by it? Establishments have an aptness to generate the mechanical habits of righteousness; where the soul creeps in superstition, it may rise to bigotry, but never soar to enthusiasm, the product always of a mind freed from the authority of imposed and regulated dogmas, though often of a misguided reason. Religion, truly, flourishes best when of spontaneous growth, and not under any state direction; and the maxim of "*laisser la faire*" is as well applied to it as to commerce; and where men are at liberty to believe as they please, and to worship as they believe, the danger is, that they may have too much of religion, rather than too little.

Is it, do they think, useless to persist longer in republicanism, seeing that the experiment made upon it has failed? Let us consider.

If a chemist be violently disturbed in the midst of an experiment, and his retorts and alembics broken over his laboratory, though his result be nothing but the fragments of his glasses, we conclude nothing against his experiment. If the house-builders, annoyed by stones, be driven from their labour to defend themselves, and the edifice be left in disorder, or ruin, we do not condemn the architect for the natural impracticability of his plan. The chemist and the architect are the systemists of France, and it is more correct to say that the experiment of republicanism has been disturbed by extraordinary and violent coincidences, than that it has failed: but if it has failed, would it not be fair and just to try it over again, under auspices less malign?

We always make separate considerations of the object of the voyage and the behaviour of the crew; and so ought we to distinguish between the object of this revolution, and the conduct of a Danton and a Robespierre; and not to lose any excellence in its principles in the contemplation of those who had so violated them. Had we always confounded the nature of all those religious or political changes, of whatever ultimate benefit to mankind, with the act of changing, which of them is it that we should not have to regret? In the religious, Luther's sober attempt at reform was disgraced by the maniacs of Munster. In the political, from the feverish state of society, and the looseness of the public order, crimes are the inseparable incidents. The abuse of a thing is not the same with its condemnation; and, in France, both native and alien causes have most powerfully administered to national passions, and greatly heightened the usually distempered state of revolution. But fever is no more the fixed habit of the political, than of the natural body: as paroxysms in either, they are to subside of course, leaving the commonwealth to calmness and repose, and the man to his ordinary condition of health.

Is it really for the sake of the nation itself, that we should consent to its return to the ancient regime, seeing, as is concluded, that the people are not fashioned to the new principles they have assumed in government?

Man, as a mutable being, is as infinitely diversified as are the circumstances that affect him, and government is the most influential of them all. And it is no less true, that the geographical indents and wavings, which mark the divisions of countries and governments, are as much the boundaries and separations of character as of dominion: the human mind, with individual exceptions, always passive, every where taking the impression of the laws, as fruits do that of the climate*. Man, as formed by the Cæsars of the earth, stupified, vitiated, and de-

* Physical and moral nature are every where nearly the same. A chemical analysis of the air in Europe may serve for other quarters of the globe; and if we discover the constitution of the human mind in Kamtschatka, we know it tolerably well in Peru.

If any attention has been given to man as he is in our own country, Pennsylvania, there must have been noticed in him a characteristic disposition to conform in sentiment and habit to every varying fashion of the laws. A few confirmatory examples shall be given.

Our ancestors, a colony of England, brought with them an established law and practice favourable to primogenitureship; but an early colonial statute, in the case of intestaries, admitting the elder born son but to a double share in the patrimony, the testamentary practice generally conformed to this rule of distribution. The law undergoing various changes from time to time, the like conformity has been witnessed, and it is now common to place, by will, all the children, male and female, upon an equal footing.

But the original sanguinary code of criminal law remained nearly entire, until our separation from the mother country enabled us to bring it to a milder state, and with it to produce a correspondent change in the character of the people in this respect. Death is reserved for crimes of the last depravity; and now to renew the exhibitions of the pillory and the whipping-post, once beheld with such insensibility, would be to violate all the feelings of the heart. In connection with this is the management of the public prisons, wherein the late regulations *Howard* himself had but imagined in favour of humanity, have been actually realized.

These observations will be strengthened on the mention of the system which gradually abolishes negro slavery. The act for this purpose not having yet worked all its way, some cases of slavery remain, but none of its severity remains; for where, as in these cases, the former rights are left unimpaired by the law, its influential morality has not failed to extinguish the tyrannous spirit attached to the prerogatives of mastership.

At no time did the system of Pennsylvania suffer, with the Roman laws of the ten tables, the person of the debtor to be divided piecemeal among his creditors; but, almost as unmerciful, he was once liable to an indefinite term of imprisonment, and creditors were not thought cruel in carrying their severity but as far as the law; but the law since relaxing in its rigours, creditors have become less obstinate, and frequently go so far in mildness beyond the law as to be reproachable with a lenity too encouraging to idleness or knavery.

Enabled, by American independence, to clear our code of whatever had relation to the modes of religion, and made invidious distinctions between the worshippers of God, the consequential silence itself of the law has become a law authorising all the varieties of opinion and worship. And whatever may be individual zeal, sectarian bigotry, partialities, and hatred are chiefly done away, and men, content with their own creed, seldom enquire the form of others. All the sects appear to form one harmonious and assisting brotherhood; and sacramantal tests, the qualifications to office, blasphemous compromises of religion with policy, are unknown among us.

It is impossible to suppose but that the mind has, with the changes of the law, in these instances, been improved in its sense of justice, liberty, and humanity.

pressed, seems but fitted for an unqualified slavery. Taken out of their hands, he will never, indeed, so far improve upon his nature, and arrive at a perfection, rendering the discipline of government unnecessary to him, as is contended for by visionary writers, but may sufficiently approximate to it to fit him for some at least of those free forms which theory, upon the ground-work of human happiness, may have set up: and as a long series of arbitrary rule had imparted to the mind of Frenchmen its congenial qualities, why should not republicanism, in its turn, do the same, but, in truth, not so suddenly as to answer to our impatience? We cannot anticipate effects by the contemplation only of the causes which are to produce them. A first summer's day gives nothing but the promise of the season.

It may be urged, that that political condition of man, which has been the general order of the world to this day, has best agreed with his nature and experience, as it has been so long consecrated by universal opinion: but government, standing with man for ages upon the false predicate of an absolute property, and not an accountable trust, his veneration had for ever precluded his reasoning upon its effects; taking all its evils as of its very essence, he reverently submitted; and history, duly recording the crimes of hereditary despotism, has seldom made a question of its rights. Our reason has at length made a discovery that men belong to themselves, and the world begins to kick against the superstition of hereditary power, the standing cheat of five thousand years, and so long successfully guarded by all the means afforded to the jealousy of kings and nobles. But experience and opinion, without reasoning, are nothing but habits, such as have so long supported a Turkish empire, and so much longer given assurance to the doctrine of witchcraft.

Our best moral poet has, indeed, said that "that government is best, which is best administered;" but two things may be considered as greatly influenced by government, the human happiness, and the human character. In a well-administered system of despotism, and this is possible, our happiness would seem complete, if an undisturbed and uniform tranquillity, and the absence of all care, but the personal and domestic, can constitute happiness: but if any period can be fixed on, when the character of man suffered the most rapid declension, it was, perhaps, when this species of felicity was at its greatest height; including in it the five successive reigns from Nerva to Marcus Aurelius, the best and ablest princes ever placed at the head of human affairs. How rare, indeed, are those personal virtues in sovereigns, which counteract the natural tendencies of unlimited power!

But something beyond the quiet and serenity of animal life should be the aim of man; formed, as it is useful to him to suppose, in the image of his Maker, it should be his part to expand his faculties, to widen the horizon of his mind, and to raise the level of his condition; in fine, to become a creature as efficient as his nature will suffer him to be What so conducive to this exalted end as a participation in the government of his country, which may call into activity whatsoever there may be in him of spirit or genius! This benefit is not to be found but in the republican forms.

What else but government is it that constitutes the difference between the ardent, energetic citizen of New England, and the passive, listless native of Indostan; where, under an unqualified despotism, private property is made sacred; and where revolution "can only change the ruler, without affecting in the least the peace or order of the people." Mr. Adams must have had this certain consequence in his mind, when he said, in his book of constitutions, that it would be better that America should go through all the revolutions of the Grecian states,

than to establish an absolute monarchy, notwithstanding the great and real improvements made in that kind of government.

Do these dissatisfied men wish the whole of the French revolution undone, because, in sober judgment, too much may have been done? This is a kind of evil the world has had too frequent occasion to deplore. A revolution is seldom a tranquil work of the deliberative wisdom of all the parties in interest, sitting upon a question of the public good; the impetus, besides, given to the passions by the exertions of an effect to overcome any restraining force, necessarily carrying it beyond its true point. If America be quoted as an example to the contrary, let it be remembered, that having no domestic sovereign, nobles, or priesthood to hold back, there was little of this internal force to overcome, and that our revolution was a concurrent act of the people.

Of power, indeed, it may be said, that, like a musical instrument, it is to be wound up by degrees; but, like that instrument, can it be reduced by quietly turning back the pegs? The attempt is sure to be resisted by the combined strength of those, who have an interest in keeping it at full stretch; and he is but an incompetent judge of human nature, who supposes that the tone of power can be lowered, otherwise than by breaking the strings: that is, by revolution. The gradual freedom of England, under the houses of York and Lancaster, forms no real exception; and the concessions of despotism were nothing more than the biddings of contending parties for popular name and support. Under Charles I, liberty, and for the first time, was won by arms.

Is it that the French nation has shown itself undeserving of its new acquisition of liberty? This is to blunder in our ideas concerning that blessing. If liberty, according to our correctest constitutional language, be an antecedent right of nature, it is not to be first earned by our virtues; and as the title is not gained by our deserts, so neither can it be lost by them. The language also is, that it is a right indefeasible, against which, therefore, there can be no prescription of power or of usage: and where the possession has been wrested from men, it is at all times resumable by them without waiting until, by any moral improvement, they seem to have merited it. Would a return to a monarchical regimen operate as an alterative in the moral health?

Further, if the powers of government are to be taken from the many of the community, from defect of virtue, ought they to be transferred to the few, unless the few are clear from vice? Now princes, the few we mean, so far from such meritorious exemption, are commonly not only corrupt in themselves, but are the most powerful of all the instruments of corruption in their subjects: and thus, in the good they abstract from society in the deprivation of its natural rights, and in the evil they inflict, they too often do a double injustice to the human race.

Let us take a view of modern royalty. The child destined to be a king is first put into the hands of the priests, where his instruction is a reverence for the church, and his learning a knowledge of its superstitions; the rest of his education is too slight to deserve the name; one lesson alone being carefully inculcated on him: that "sovereign power is derived solely from God." He is then passed over to the women, and in due time becomes one of the masters of mankind, but ignorant of all the arts of governing, and neglectful of every obligation of sovereignty. Indolent and incapable himself, he is perceived but through his mistresses and his courtiers, and the history of at least Roman catholic Europe has, for ages, been but little more than that of some profligate successions of knaves and strumpets. An inglorious and filthy course, passed in alternate lewdness and devotion, is finished by

confession and absolution, and the prince dies in peace, and, such the stupifying effect of a habitual obedience to despotism, amidst the unfeigned sighs and regrets of his people: and his successor stands ready to follow him in his life and in his death. It is as much better that a prince should be bred by thieves than by monks, as it is less fatal to his people that he should have perverted morals than a perverted understanding.

If, for argument's sake, we admit the new system to have failed upon the experiment, who has conversed with general history to so little purpose as not to discover, that almost all the known forms, from the first assemblings into communities and nations, have failed also, unless man was made to be oppressed, and that the ends of his creation are best answered, "when," as a celebrated writer says is the case, "the laws which regulate the political order have doomed the one half of mankind to indigence, to fraud, to servility, to ignorance, and superstition; and the other half to be the slaves of all the follies and vices which result from the insolence of rank, and the selfishness of opulence?"

"Can any good come out of Nazareth?" was once mistakenly asked; and our judgments are constantly duped by our prejudices or our sensibilities. He who, in the middle of the seventeenth century, had viewed with the natural emotions of contempt and detestation an English parliament, so much made up of ignorance and brutality, the pulpits engrossed by an absurd fanaticism, an army dominating over the legislature, and the sovereign led to the scaffold against the general sense of the nation, and fantastic ideas of government universally prevailing, would with difficulty have admitted the possibility of any good to arise out of such compounded evil.* And it is true, that to this disorderly period is England indebted to the perfecting of her constitution. No entire scheme of improvement was then supplied; but the practical principles of a free government, which were then first conceived, were remembered, and, at a more temperate season, interwoven into her system; whilst the accompanying dreams and speculations of anarchy were soon abandoned or lost. So true it is, that in government, as well as in science, of whatever is offered to the understanding, it is the rational and the useful part generally that will ultimately remain. That which in the language of loyalty was degraded to an impious rebellion, furnished out the best materials for a "glorious revolution."

But France, with all her intemperate conduct, has temperately systematised. She stands upon the genuine ground of representation, and exhibits many of the essential principles of good government. And truly there is little in her constitution offensive to sober sense. Her intermediate electoral assemblies is a real stumbling block to the deceitful ambition of popular parasites, and, as a check to the dangerous impetus of the multitude, is, perhaps, the only expedient to reconcile the steadiness and consistency of the republican administration with the continuance of its form.

But if, struck with the show of present evils, we are willing to surrender the chances of any future good to come out of the new French system, as constructed upon improved principles, and to suffer the up-hill labour of the revolution to roll down again like the stone of Sisyphus, it ought certainly to be for the sake of some great immediate good. But would the falling back to monarchy further any of the purposes of humanity, for which it is chiefly wish-

* But after a hurricane has past over, we have something more to do than to count the wrecks of ships, or the destruction of barns. We have to consider whether the storm has not purified the sky, changed a deleterious atmosphere, or produced a better vegetation.

ed? Would blood and proscription instantly cease? No; not until banishment, confiscation, and the scaffold should, in the opinion of the restorers, expiate all republican offences. This would only be for murder and mischief to change hands.

But would the monarchy, supposed to be so refined, suffer any relaxation of the security of its ancient maxims and principles? Rather would it not be reinforced by all such of the provisions of despotism, as would for ever check the slightest movements towards a state of liberty. Indeed this would be its safest conduct; for where despotism is the end, the more there is of it, the greater the insensibility to it. To reconcile slavery to its condition, it must be made worse and not better. Any improvement, bringing with it such lights of the understanding, would give but a clearer discernment of the yet immense distance between its most meliorated state and that of freedom.

In this view of things, France would only fly from evils in possession, to those in expectancy, ay, in certainty, as great in the mass, and longer in the duration. What then is to be gained by a countermarch to monarchy, which some men of inconsiderate goodness would consent to? Would it not be wiser to suffer the republic to proceed, and in any reasonable time to work off its own feculence, and in its own manner to purge itself of its vices and its disorders, without reverting to the corrosive remedy of arbitrary power, seeing that the backward journey to a settled tranquillity would be larger and rougher than the forward, and experiencing, that though the physical diseases may often be abandoned to despair, the moral always yield to the alteratives of good laws?

Further, from this great experiment made upon the principles of freedom, if abortive, and perhaps so from not being permitted to proceed, will not the principles be more effectually banished from the greater part of Europe, where they are, indeed, scarcely found but in speculation? Will they not be reprobated by the joint voice of the civilians and statesmen there; be condemned as unsuited to the nature and condition of man, and persecuted accordingly; Locke and Sydney be remembered but as dangerous heresiarchs in the science of government; and all literature, following the fashion of the times, put on the livery of despotism; which more than ever would be the rule of power? England itself seems already disposed to an encreasing reverence of kingly domination and lordly greatness.

The foregoing are considerations for the friends of free government of whatever country; there are others, that address themselves with peculiar force to those of our own.

The half principles of freedom our ancestors brought with them from the mother country, expanded to full size under their descendants, and made the fundamental of our government, have been our happiness and our safety; and they would have been our glory too, if, carried back in their perfected state beyond the Atlantic, they could be suffered to take root in a great and powerful nation. It should be with reluctance that we forego a hope so flattering to our honest pride.

It is a matter also of serious concern, how America would be affected by such a winding up of the present European scene. Without the countenance or support of any other country, she would stand alone in maintaining the outcast opinions of the ancient world. Her example in strict republicanism, though successful, would not save the principles from the general odium and reproach: to our position on the globe, or to something peculiar in the American character, might our preservation under them be ascribed, and their natural malignancy still believed in, as there would be no question about the

consuming nature of fire, though in it a salamander should live, or the asbestos be indestructible.

Already is our country looked on with an evil eye by all the despots of the other hemisphere, as having furnished the immediate spark which lighted up the destructive fires of France. A universal combination amongst them of opinion, a harmony as it were of prejudice, would thus prevail against her, though there might not be any very dangerous union of force.

Every great and respectable people thus adverse to us in principle and practice, is there no danger that we might begin to distrust the soundness of our own political tenets, for which we contended so much and so long, and suffer them in the end to grow out of fashion, and be laid aside?

These are some of the general and particular considerations which might influence an American citizen on this subject. Consistently enough with his own principles, he might contemplate without dissatisfaction such reverses or failures in the fortune of the French people as might bring them to a just sense of themselves, correct general vice, or retribute national or individual offences; but it would not consist with these principles to assist, even with a wish, the designs of those who would overthrow their republic: an event bringing with it, for transient and local calamities, evils as great in their measure, co-extensive with the civilized world, and durable with ages.

The wise man in holy writ, conceiving such a sameness in human nature, has said there was nothing new under the sun. Even the French revolution is not such a unique in character as to be altogether without its resemblances: similar causes in the Roman story once produced some of the like effects, as may be seen in the comparison of some circumstances.

Rome.	*France.*
The crimes of royalty producing the total abolition of the monarchy, and the establishment of a republic.	The weakness and extravagance of the kings bringing about the overthrow of the monarchy, and the establishment of the republic.
The emigration of nobles adhering to the deposed king Tarquin, followed by the confiscation of their estates, and "every Roman who should by word or deed endeavour to restore him devoted by religious ceremonies to the infernal gods."	The emigration of many of the French nobility, adherents of Louis XVI, and confiscation of their estates; their perpetual banishment decreed, under pain of death.
Tarquin going about, collecting the neighbouring nations, to unite their forces for his restoration.	Louis sending his agents Breteuil, and Mallet du Pan, to the German powers, to engage their support.
The general combination of the neighbouring states against republican Rome.	The concert of princes against republican France.
The attempt of Sevola to assasinate the king Porrenna, engaged in the cause against the republic; and the story of the three hundred young Romans sworn to take his life, celebrated by all their historians.	John de Brie's project of embodying a set of men, for the purpose of murdering all the sovereigns of Europe; this not agreed to.
The decree of Poplicola making it lawful to kill without condemna-	The sacred duty of insurrection against any government that should

Rome.	*France.*
tion, any who should aim at being master of the public liberty.	threaten the public liberty; taught in the second constitution, but dropt with that constitution.
The republican spirit not so universal as to be without exceptions; the remembrance of the pleasures under the monarchy inciting many of the young men, and among them the two sons of Brutus, to a conspiracy for the restoration of Tarquin.	The attempt at counter-revolution, made by the partizans of the old French court, regretting, probably, the loss of its manners, pleasures, and luxuries.
The ferocious patriotism of the revolutionists exemplified in the instance of the elder Brutus, in the easy sacrifice he made of his two sons, on the altar of liberty.	The unnatural denunciation, in France, of sons by their fathers, and of fathers by their sons, on account of political opinions and conduct.

France finding in the Roman history some parallel in the conduct of the revolution, may also find, in its own history, some parallel in the principles.

John II, forced by the pressure of the war with Edward III of England, assembled the states-general of the kingdom, in 1355.

The first act of this assembly was to render the assent of the three orders necessary to every law.

[The historian remarks from this preliminary the high credit at this period of the *tiers etat.*]

In voting an army, they fixed its force, and made the taxes for its maintenance so general, as to include in them the king and his family.

The states reserved to themselves the appointment of all officers employed in levying and applying the the tax, which the king and his council reluctantly consented to.

The king engaged not to divert the application of the tax from its proper object: if attempted, the officers are under oath to prevent it.

The tax but for *one* year; the assembly to convene the next.

The king surrenders the right of false coinage.

For himself, his family, and court, the king renounces the privileges of taking corn, wine, victuals, horses, carriages. On a journey he can only require of the magistrate certain necessaries, as tables, chairs, straw, beds, hay, &c., paying the just price. Offences in this case punishable as robbery, and fourfold restitution made.

[This article, says the historian, exposes the former vexations in the practice of the right of purveyance.]

The king not to make forced loans. Creditors forbid to assign their debts to more powerful people, or to privileged officers, on pain of forfeiture.

The ordinary judges are to be left in possession of their jurisdictions, and extraordinary commissions forbidden. Rangers of forests, &c., to lose their cognizance in matters of hunting, fishing, &c. *Sergens* (bailiffs) not to exact beyond their fixed salaries; nor to take several days' pay for executions served in one; nor to make deputies.

The assembly confirms a former law concerning labourers. They forbid all traffic to counsellors of parliament, and to a large description of persons.

The king, in future, to forbear calling on the *arriere ban*, but on evident necessity, and on advice of the orders, that is, the states-general.

Severe regulations made concern-

ing false musters; princes of the blood not exempt from them.

Troops on march not to halt more than one day at any place, and officers to answer for the conduct of their soldiers. The king to conclude neither peace nor truce but on advice of deputies chosen by the states.

In 1356, the states meet again, and re-vote the army.

[The historian observes, that from the contempt into which the body of the French noblesse had fallen, the influence of the *tiers état* in this assembly is not to be wondered at.—*Histoire de France de Volley, tom.* 9.]

John dying, his artful successor, Charles, prevented any further assembling of the states; persecuted or destroyed its leading patriots; the laws restrictive of absolute power were abolished or neglected; and the sense of public liberty was soon lost. [In this way have the rights of man been treated at all times.]

For the Literary Magazine.

RELIGIOUS SINGULARITIES.

THE following account of a religious community in Wales will powerfully remind American readers of Jemima Wilkinson and her establishment, or the societies of the shakers.

Howel Harris was born at Trevecca, in Wales, in 1714. Having a respectable paternal estate in reversion, he was designed by his family for the church, and having received the rudiments of a classical education, was entered at St. Mary's Hall, in Oxford; but he did not pursue or perfect those studies at the university, which might have given him rank and character among its members.

When he was about the age of twenty-five, he began his career as an itinerant preacher, sacrificing all views of worldly aggrandizement to what he conceived to be his highest duty. But a total want of rationality in the pursuit miserably detracted from that approbation, which must otherwise have been extorted even from his opponents, by the unquestionable respectability of the motive. He was the friend of Whitfield, with whom he afterwards quarrelled, and the first importer of the methodistical tenets and discipline into Wales, as Vavassor Powel had been among the first to introduce the earlier and more respected modes of dissent. He actually officiated in the fields; but, after having undergone much persecution, and incurred some danger in his travels, he determined to establish a religious family at Trevecca, adopting it as his own, and devoting to it his patrimonial estates, with all the savings of a parsimonious life.

With unaccountable inconsistency, he built a large and costly house, and laid out the grounds in an expensive style. In this house, and on his own estate, he collected a number of families, professing the same religious absorption of mind. He even purchased farms in the neighbourhood, and established manufactories, to as great an extent as his finances would admit, or opportunities presented themselves of laying out his money. The condition he imposed on those who joined his community was, that they should pursue their avocations of husbandry or trade solely for the benefit of the common stock, disclaiming all private property, or interference in the management of the joint capital, renouncing the society of strangers, and adhering punctually to the rigid observances of the family. The institution continued to flourish during his lifetime in almost a formidable degree. Their farms entirely supplied their numerous families dispersed over the estates; for the mansion-house was occupied by his own family and closer intimates. There was besides a large surplus for the markets; since their inflexible sobriety was considered to have the effect of making them good farmers, though the business was much

interrupted by their unremitting prayers. They also manufactured, independent of other articles, large quantities of fine flannels, the quality of which was in high request all round the country, and large orders were executed for so distant a market as Bristol.

Mr. Harris died in July, 1773. The produce of their labours was all made over to him without controul, though exclusively and conscientiously applied to their use, and the extension of the establishment. By his will, he bequeathed the whole of his possessions, hereditary and accumulated, to the maintenance of the family for ever, on the strict principles of its foundation. He left two trustees, with regulations for the replacing them, who were to live in the house, receive the earnings of the people, conduct the pecuniary arrangements and devotional services, and in every respect exercise that plenary authority, which he had himself preserved. He was married, and had a daughter, to whom he left nothing, except an apartment in the house on the same terms as the others, if ever she chose to become a member of the family. It is, however, to be observed, that her mother's fortune, not inconsiderable, rendered miss Harris independent of her father. But this independence, and all worldly cares and possessions, she was to relinquish if ever she came to Trevecca. She did not make that election, for she married a gentleman of Brecknock, of the name of Prichard, before Mr. Harris's death.

There have been, within the recollection of persons residing at Talgarth, one hundred and forty efficient members of this extraordinary family, besides children: there are now not more than sixty; but the strict ritual of the place is still preserved; the character of industrious seclusion and eccentric fanaticism is sedulously maintained; and the visitor of Trevecca may see it now, as in the days of the founder. There is service in the house three times a day all the year round, the time of harvest not excepted; each person is allowed a certain proportion of absences, on the same plan as the attendance of chapel is regulated for the students in college, and if the number is exceeded, the offender loses the benefit of the institution, however reasonable may be his excuse, or urgent the plea of his necessity. The service, though so frequent, is very long; and a numerous attendance is, by these regulations, constantly secured. It were much to be wished that it were better worth attending!

I happened to arrive there, without any previous knowledge of the place or institution, about three o'clock on a Sunday, when a number of decently-dressed and well-behaved people were assembling; with whose manners on the outside of their chapel I was well pleased; but the inside exhibited such a melancholy exhibition of fanatical fatuity, as, happily for the honour of human intellect, is rarely to be met, but among these jumping enthusiasts. The speaker had his face and head completely muffled with a red pocket-handkerchief tied under his chin. The cause of this might have been candidly ascribed to the tooth-ach, had I not observed at Brecknock and elsewhere, that the preachers of these jumping sects uniformly array themselves in a similar paraphernalia, probably in an ostentatious show of squalid piety. The rest of his apparel was consistently mean; and all his air and manner indicated the lowest ignorance, though I could not judge of his language, that being Welsh. Its effects, however, atoned in power for what it might want in elegance, or the means of rational conviction. The groans of his hearers, sometimes in a solo part, and sometimes in chorus, corresponded with the scarcely human contortions and ejaculations of the preacher. Some stood, some knelt, and some were stretched upon the floor in prostrate humiliation. I did not, however, stay for the animating sound of *Glory to the Lamb*, lest the forgetfulness of su-

perstitious enthusiasm, violating the laws of hospitality, might have compelled me also to join in the fantastic rites of light-heeled devotion. Such are the habits of an institution, which has culled, with scrupulous care, all the absurdities and evils of the monastic life, except the prohibition of marriage, and at the same time passed a severe edict of exclusion against all its learning and utility.

For the Literary Magazine.

DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE PICTURESQUE.

VISIBLE beauty, abstracted from all mental sympathies or intellectual fitness, consists in harmonious, but yet brilliant and contrasted combinations of light, shade, and colour; blended, but not confused; and broken, but not cut into masses; and it is not peculiarly in straight or curve, taper or spiral, long or short, little or great objects, that we are to seek for these; but in such as display to the eye intricacy of parts, and variety of tint and surface. The perceptions of visible projection and visible distance are artificial. And hence, smoothness being properly a quality perceivable only by the touch, and applied metaphorically to the objects of the other senses, we often apply it improperly to those of vision; assigning smoothness, as a cause of visible beauty, to things which, though smooth to the touch, cast the most sharp, edgy, and angular reflections on the eye; and those reflections are all that the eye feels, or naturally perceives; its perception of projecting form, or tangible smoothness, being, as before observed, entirely artificial or acquired, and therefore unconnected with pure sensation. The reflections from the polished coats of very sleek and pampered animals are harsh and angular, and the outlines of their bodies sharp and edgy: wherefore, whatever visible beauties they may possess do not consist in their smoothness.

The picturesque has a character distinct from that of the sublime and the beautiful, and equally independent of the art of painting, though it has been pointed out by that art, and is one of its most striking ornaments. The name is not material. There are certain qualities which uniformly produce the same effects in all visible objects, and even in objects of hearing, distinguishable as a class from all others. These qualities are variety and intricacy; the latter of which, in landscape, is that disposition of objects, which, by partial and uncertain concealments, excites and nourishes curiosity.—Roughness, therefore, sudden variation, and a certain degree of irregularity, are ingredients in the picturesque; as smoothness, gradual variation, and a certain degree of uniformity are in the beautiful.

While beauty acts by relaxing the fibres somewhat below their natural tone, and is accompanied by an inward sense of melting and languor, the effect of the picturesque is curiosity, which keeps the fibres at their full tone.

If we examine our feelings on a warm genial day, in a spot full of the softest beauties of nature, the fragrance of spring breathing around us, pleasure then seems to be our natural state; to be received, not sought after; it is the happiness of existing to sensations of delight only; we are unwilling to move, almost to think, and desire only to feel and to enjoy. How different is that active pursuit of pleasure, when the fibres are braced by a keen air, in a wild, romantic situation; when the activity of the body almost keeps pace with that of the mind, and eagerly scales every rocky promontory, explores every new recess! Such is the difference between the beautiful and the picturesque.

One principal effect of smoothness is, that it gives an appearance of quiet and repose; roughness, on the contrary, a spirit and animation;

hence, where there is a want of smoothness, and consequently of repose, there is less beauty; and where there is no roughness, there is a want of stimulus and spirit, and consequently of picturesqueness. We might illustrate this distinction in a variety of visible objects; in buildings, in water, in trees, in animals, in men, and in pictures. And in music, however like a solecism it may be to speak of picturesqueness, yet movements which abound in sudden, unexpected, and abrupt transitions; in a certain playful wildness of character, and an appearance of irregularity, are no less analogous to similar scenery in nature, than the concerto or the chorus to what is grand and beautiful to the eye.

For the Literary Magazine.

ITALIAN PIETY.

A GREAT many years ago, so many that nobody can tell the exact number, the people of Florence began to build a church; but whatever advance they made in the day, like Penelope's web, was destroyed in the night. Upon this ill success, they determined to take two young unbroken steers, and yoke them together with a great stone hanging down between their necks; and, setting them off, wherever they should stop, to erect there the church. In this they did very right, for the worship they intended was certainly fitter for the judgment of beasts than of men. But to my story.

The place at which the animals became tired was about seven miles from the city, among some prune trees belonging to the family of the Buondelmonti. Here they set to work to clear the ground, and dig the foundation, when a lamentable voice struck their ears from below. On this, one of the workmen threw away his pickaxe; and moving the loose earth more lightly, found the image of the Virgin Mary in *terra cotta* (a species of baked clay), with a child in her arms, and a scar on her forehead that had occasioned the aforesaid cry. This wonderful discovery made them proceed with great alacrity in their work: and she had soon not only a large habitation, but a new order was constituted to her honour and service, with great and unusual privileges annexed to it. And, upon all general calamities ever since, she is conducted with great pomp into the city of Florence, and remains in the Duomo till, upon frequent prayers and remonstrances, she is so good as to remove or remedy the evil. An inundation of the Arno (says a female traveller in 1741) being the occasion of her present coming among us, her entry was preceded by all the religious orders, two and two; the gentlemen and others carrying lighted flambeaux. On each side the guards were drawn out; the streets, made clean, were crowded with the common people; and the windows were adorned with tapestry, damask, &c. and filled with ladies. In a large box, about the size of a woman, covered with seven rich mantles, having as many candles stuck before, and a canopy over it, passed the *Dama incognita*; for as this image is only a tile, the priests very justly fear that it would rather raise contempt than veneration if it was seen, and therefore have spread amongst the people a notion that whoever sees it is immediately struck blind. She still remains at the cathedral; whither all the *great* vulgar, and the *little*, go to pay their devotions. But the weather, having not at all mended since her arrival, they have deferred her return till the sun shines, that it may be attributed to her; and in the mean time they find out people possessed with devils, that she may divert herself in driving them out. She was followed in her march by the senate of forty-eight, in their crimson robes, with all the officers of justice.

I remember, when I was at Lucca (says the same observer), a knight of

Malta who led me about the cathedral. which is a very ancient one, perceiving that I looked at what appeared to me a better sort of sentry box, standing on one side of the middle aisle, told me that it was the repository of the *Volto Santo;* and perceiving, by my manner of answering, that I did not understand what he meant, he told me that a great sculptor having designed a crucifix, and not being able to perform it to his mind, went to bed very much discontented; and on the next morning this was brought to him by angels, ready made, from heaven. I asked of what material it was formed? he answered, of wood; and I very gravely replied, I did not know before that trees grew in heaven. He said (believing me really surprised at my new discovery), that God hath a mind to show his power. This, once a year, and once only, is exposed; at which time, they say, people are so eager to see it, that, crowding in, many break their limbs, and some lose their lives: yet at the same time their glory is to admit no Jews, jesuits, nor inquisition in their territory.

For the Literary Magazine.

SKETCH OF ST. HELENA.

THE island of St. Helena has been in the possession of Europeans during three hundred years; it has been visited by men of science, and is a refreshing station for the shipping of the greatest trading company in the world; yet it has remained so long without its own historian; a circumstance, which, considering the rage for making, and publishing, and reading accounts of voyages and travels, is somewhat inexplicable.

This island lies in the Atlantic ocean, at nearly a thousand miles south of the equinoctial line, and about as many from the coast of Africa. From its great elevation, and the purity of the surrounding atmosphere, it is seen at the distance of seventy or eighty miles. On a nearer approach, it assumes a ragged, black, and desolate appearance. Its indented coast measures twenty-eight miles in circumference. Its greatest length is ten miles, and its greatest breadth between six and seven. The hills nearest to the sea are from eight hundred to fourteen hundred feet in height. Those in the interior are still more elevated; and the loftiest peak of the central ridge rises to 2692 feet above the level of the sea. The higher regions abound in verdure and luxuriant vegetation; while the lower hills on the coast, and most of the valleys that lie between them, are not only naked and barren, but, from their mouldering composition, and the decay which has taken place, they have an aspect of rudeness and desolation, which it would be difficult to describe, and not easy to conceive, without having seen them.

The island was discovered by the Portuguese, on the 21st of May, 1508, or St. Helen's day, from which circumstance it derived its name. It was found without any human inhabitant, without quadrupeds, and almost without birds. It has remained in possession of the English since the year 1674.

The sea tortoise, which now frequents the narrow strands and coves about the shore much seldomer than formerly, is perhaps the only creature whose ancient retreat has been disturbed by foreign intrusion. In appropriating and subduing the wastes of nature, only to extend and multiply her productions, in diffusing life, together with the means of supporting and rendering it comfortable, and in effecting these benevolent purposes without injury or injustice to others, man would exercise a noble prerogative, befitting the rank which he holds in the creation: but it is to be lamented that Europeans have seldom traversed the ocean for the purpose of practising this rare beneficence. The progress of their discoveries,

instead of diffusing the benefits of nature, and communicating the advantages of culture to remote lands and their inhabitants, are marked only by rapine and injustice. From the painful recital of the wrongs committed by them on the opposite shores of America and Africa, we may turn, with a momentary satisfaction, to contemplate the appropriation and improvement of a desolate and barren spot; the rise of an establishment, effected without injury to any one; and a little colony speaking the language of England, in a remote island of the Æthiopic ocean.

The hills, of which the island is composed, are formed of beds of lava, which vary in their depth, colour, and texture. The predominant rock is a heavy, close-grained basalt, of a flinty hardness, generally of a dark blue or black, though sometimes red, or party-coloured. It is always regularly fissured, and runs in distinct layers, which manifest a visible tendency to regular forms. In a few places, the whole is truly prismatic. The columns are usually perpendicular, but sometimes oblique, and often beautifully curved. The summits and bases of the rocks are frequently marked by cells and caverns: but these last also sometimes occur in the centre of the mass, and accompanied by a curious circumstance. In a quarry, situated in the interior part of the island, where these blue rocks are dug out, for the purposes of building, and where they readily separate in a regular shape, the stone when broken is found to have many large internal cavities, which contain a pure and wholesome water. They are generally quite filled with this water, which is shut up in the body of a rock, of the closest and most compact texture.

Several of the hills are argillaceous, and composed of horizontal and parallel strata, penetrated by perpendicular veins of loose and broken rock. From their disjointed texture, the vertical strata, which occupy the steep declivities, become subject to what may be literally termed *dilapidation*.

In these places, they are seldom observed to be elevated much above the face of the hill, as the fragments separate and tumble down, in proportion as the surrounding soft parts decay, or are washed away: yet on the very summit of the hill, a portion of the stratum frequently remains entire, and rises to an amazing height. There is a singular groupe of these detached masses on the south side of the island, to which the inhabitants have given the names of Lot, Lot's Wife and Daughters. They rise to an astonishing height above the top of the hills on which they stand; and though they seem, at first sight, detached and unconnected masses, they are found, on examination, to form a part of the vertical strata, and probably from their position have resisted the decay which has taken place in the declivities. They are composed of distinct fragments, such as have been described, and have a most striking appearance, surrounded by deep chasms and tremendous precipices, and with clusters of argillaceous hills, the most picturesque and romantic, whose summits are all regularly fashioned; and discover every tint of colour, excepting that of vegetable green. Over all this part of the island, which borders on Sandy Bay, there is a wildness in the surrounding scenery, surpassing every thing which the writer of this has ever seen. One feels here, as if transported into a new planet, where every object strikes by its novelty, and is altogether unlike any thing which he has met with before. All the surrounding hills, cliffs, rocks, and precipices are so strangely fashioned, and so fantastically mixed and blended, that they resemble more the aerial shapes, which we see among the clouds, than any thing composed of denser materials.

The whole surface of the island is overspread with loose fragments of the blue basaltic rock, intermixed with light, spongy, and porous stones, of various hues. No sand

is found on the coast, except at one place; and there it is black, being evidently composed of fragments of the basaltic rocks.

The climate is serene, and uncommonly salubrious. The mean heat scarcely amounts to 69, and the range of the thermometer, taken at different heights, and for the period of a year, may be from 52 to 84. In a wide extent of sea, not subject to disturbance from contiguous lands, the trade wind maintains its uniform and settled course, and the weather is mild, benign, and tranquil. In such a happy region, at a vast distance from every other land, St. Helena is descried in the solitude of the ocean. Being of an extent too unconsiderable to affect or modify the general course of the weather, which predominates in these latitudes, it enjoys the same settled serenity of climate, the same exemption from storms, and the same unvarying revolution of seasons, which prevail through all the interior parts of the Æthiopic. It has no other wind besides that of the trade; it is never visited by hurricanes; and one may reside on it for several years without observing the phænomena of thunder and lightning.

The chief inconvenience to which the island is subject is want of rain; owing to the great uniformity of temperature, to the constancy of the trade wind, to the absence of land and sea breezes and regular periodical winds, to the remoteness of other lands, to the inconsiderable size of the island itself, and to the nakedness of its surface.

The list of plants indigenous to St. Helena is far from numerous. Among the nine or ten species of trees and shrubs reputed native, are, the tree-fern (which attains to the height of twenty or twenty-five feet, and bears a very close resemblance to the fern), the cabbage-tree, the ebony, &c. Of the smaller plants, the principal are, endive, purslane, wild celery, samphire, water-cresses, and different kinds of grasses. Some of the most thriving of the imported vegetable productions are the oak, chesnut, ilex, bamboo, palm, weeping willow, orange, and apple trees, and plantain. The peach was once the most abundant fruit in the island: but an insect, introduced about thirty years ago, has destroyed most of the trees.

It is a curious circumstance, that this insect, which, according to the testimony of the inhabitants, was imported with the Constantia vine from the Cape of Good Hope, or with some shrubs from Mauritius, should not now settle on any of the plants on which it is supposed to have been brought hither. Its ravages are almost exclusively confined to the peach, the mulberry, and one or two of the native island shrubs. An old inhabitant, describing and lamenting the ravages it had made, could not forbear crying out, with tears in his eyes, "We would with pleasure have given up to it half the trees of the place, had it only spared our peaches, which we valued so much." But this inexorable little foe will listen to no such composition; and, having hitherto resisted every offensive means employed against it, is likely to continue its progress, till it has completely deprived the inhabitants of this wholesome and delicious fruit.

The heights of the island appear to have been the first places clothed with the native shrubs and plants; and these still grow on elevated situations, blended with exotics, which thrive equally well; so that it is difficult to say, whether the native island shrubs, or the furze, myrtle, Scots fir, the mimosæ of New Holland, or the heath and broom of Africa, prosper best. On these spots, the beauty of which is probably heightened by the prospect of surrounding barrenness, we have an opportunity of observing what the unassisted efforts of the climate, and of a highly productive soil, are capable of effecting.

Though attempts to cover the naked volcanic hills on the shore have not been sufficiently multiplied, there can be little doubt of their ul-

timate success. Some time ago, several of the inhabitants had formed themselves into a society for carrying on extensive plans of improvement; and they were powerfully assisted by Dr. Anderson, a gentleman well known in India for his ardent and active benevolence, and for his scientific pursuits. The want of adequate funds, and other difficulties, unfortunately abated their efforts; yet the result of their first experiments was very encouraging. We might advantageously plant the valleys with these sorts of palm trees which endure extraordinary droughts, and which would prove a certain resource in unpropitious seasons, or of the non-arrival of expected supplies. With the palms might be introduced such trees as yield the most wholesome and nutritious fruits, particularly the jack and mahwah. The want of shelter, firewood, and useful timber, might be supplied by the jungle shrubs of India, especially the mimosæ, and by several forest trees, particularly the teak, the poon, and the banyan. They might easily obtain an artificial command of water, by means of tanks and reservoirs, in order to forward the first plantations, and to counteract the effects of long continued droughts.

When we consider how much this island might be improved and decorated by the addition of wood, it is difficult not to anticipate the striking and beautiful effects that would arise from it. There is here every variety and wildness of surface, which can result from the most fantastic configuration of rocks and hills; and this rude and natural scenery wants only the shade and embellishment of wood, to make the whole one of the most delightful and romantic spots in the world; and which, instead of digusting the eye with a prospect so dismal and dreary under a benign and genial sky, would discover, in the remote solitude of the ocean, an object the most grateful and refreshing to those that approached it.

The inhabitants of St. Helena are supposed to amount to about two thousand, of whom five hundred are soldiers, and six hundred blacks. The females born in the island are said to exceed the males in number. Though most of the families live in a state of comparative retirement, and in a situation apparently favourable to peace and happiness, few individuals seem to be satisfied with their condition; and even the natives express a strong desire of *going home*. Petty jealousies and intestine divisions, which are generally suspended during the shipping season, are sometimes revived when the island is free from bustle.

The arrival of the homeward-bound Indiamen is the greatest event of the year. It fills the whole settlement with alacrity and joy. They quit their gardens, flock to James town, open their houses for the accommodation of the passengers, and entertain them with plays, dances, and concerts. These gay assemblies are enlivened by the presence of many agreeable and handsome young women, natives of the place, who, amid the general festivity, seem to feel a peculiar interest in what is going forward; probably not without some throbbing expectations of being taken from a scene, where they are weary with constantly contemplating the same objects. The appearance of so much loveliness and beauty, cast away in a lonesome situation like this, has sometimes raised stronger emotions than those of mere sympathy, in the bosoms of their guests; and the native women of St. Helena have adorned domestic life, and graced the politest circles in England and India. To such fortunate and pleasing occurrences it may somewhat contribute, that many of the strangers, having escaped with impaired constitutions from the oppression and sultriness of an Indian atmosphere, experience a sudden renovation of health and spirits, under this mild and salubrious climate. Into minds thus exhilirated from the effect of returning health love easily finds an entrance.

But whether the expectations of the ladies are often favoured in this way, or not, the pleasure and benefit derived by convalescents from the climate tend greatly to enhance the enjoyment of their short stay here: and as the people with whom they live are of a courteous and obliging disposition, and readily take the trouble of showing whatever is worth seeing in the island, it may easily be supposed, that strangers will pass their time very agreeably. We love so much better to be pleased than to be instructed, that the qualities which inspire good-humour and complacency easily compensate the want of information and intelligence. The conversation of the natives is that of a plain unaffected people, chiefly conversant about their own concerns. A life of seclusion, passed upon a spot where one only sees the sky and the ocean, is not likely to make men philosophers or citizens of the world. Where the mind is limited in its views to the scenery and occupations of a petty isle, some of its conceptions will naturally betray the confined circumstances in which they arise. An observation made by a St. Helena lady, "that the arrival of the Indiamen in England must, she supposed, make London very gay," however it may excite a smile, was perfectly natural in the situation in which it was made.

The small farms and gardens yield some excellent fruits, potherbs, and farinaceous roots: but the island is in a great measure destitute of bread-corn, and is little adapted to the culture of grain. Besides, rats, caterpillars, and the peach insect have multiplied amazingly, to the great annoyance of the gardener and the agriculturist.

It is curious that some creatures, when brought into a climate that is new to them, should thus spread and increase to a degree beyond what they did in the countries from which they were imported. A very remarkable instance of this lately occurred in India, on the coast of Coromandel, where, in the year 1796, a species of the cochineal insect, called the sylvester, was introduced from the Brasils. It was considered as a great acquisition, and much care was taken of it at first. It would feed on nothing but the common native opuntia, which is generally used for hedges all over the country. In a short time, the insect destroyed all the opuntias in the Carnatic; and so complete was the havock which this voracious creature made, that the remaining stumps of the hedges, on which it had settled, looked as if they had been consumed by fire. Nor was this all; for when the British army was in Mysore, in 1799, the natives mentioned what appeared to them very astonishing and unaccountable, that all their opuntias had about the same period been entirely consumed. In this manner, a small insect, introduced from the Brasils for the laudable purpose of establishing a cochineal manufacture, wasted and destroyed, in the short period of three years, almost all the opuntias of the southern peninsula of India.

Seventy different species of eatable fish, including turtle, are caught on the coast. Yams, potatoes, apples, beef, kid, mutton, and poultry, are good and abundant.

The labour of the fields, fishing, and the menial duties of domestic economy, are assigned to a mixed race of blacks, whose slavery has very lately been entirely abolished. The release of six hundred blacks from a state of thraldom can subtract but little from the guilt of Europe, or the wrongs of Africa; yet it is consolatory to record even a single act of justice and mercy to an inconsiderable portion of this unhappy race, whom the enormous wickedness of Europeans has dragged from their homes, and condemned to slavery, not for any wrong they ever did us, or for any good we ever mean to do them; but because our power has unhappily enabled us to make their weakness and sufferings subservient to our avarice.

For the Literary Magazine.

ENGLISH CIVILIANS, OR DOCTORS COMMONS.

FOR a long course of years, the English civilians, or professors of the Roman civil law, did not form a body, but were mingled with the mass of the citizens; and it was not till about the commencement of the reign of Henry VIII, on the proposal of Dr. Richard Bodewell, dean of the arches, that they agreed to dwell in contiguous houses, and to enjoy a community of board. In 1568, Dr. Henry Hervie, dean of the arches, procured from the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, a lease of Mountjoy-House, for the use and accommodation of the advocates. These premises were afterward purchased by the learned body; the prerogative court of Canterbury, that of the bishop of London, and the court of admiralty, were held in them; and they obtained the name of *Doctors Commons*. In 1768, this society received a charter of incorporation, under the style and title of "The College of Doctors of Law, exercent in the Ecclesiastical and Admiralty Jurisdictions." None are admissible into this body, except persons who have taken the degrees of doctors of law at Oxford or Cambridge; and they become members by a fiat from the archbishop of Canterbury, which, it is understood, will never be granted to persons in holy orders.

Cosin, the coadjutor of Whitgift, in exalting the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and in cashiering nonconformists, Jenkins (sir Leoline), associated with sir William Temple, at Nimeguen, and Davenant, the steady tory, and able political arithmetician, are the names best known among the generations that are past; while those of Wynne, Scott, Nicholl, and Lawrence, stand first among the list of the living. The mediocrity which Gibbon represents as characterising the professors of jurisprudence in ancient Rome seems to adhere to their followers, the English civilians; their corps seems never to have been illustrated by any individual of transcendant talents.

Members of a limited and controlled jurisdiction, they are viewed with jealousy; their profession is considered as giving them a bias in favour of high ecclesiastical and political notions; and it is a fact that they are never seen on the side of the rights and liberties of the subject, but are found the invariable advocates and supporters of the prerogative. Can these be the reasons why their course does not lead so generally in modern, as in former times, to state honours; and why it is, in this respect, far less favoured than that of the common law?

For the Literary Magazine.

ON SCOTTISH EMIGRATION TO AMERICA, AND LORD SELKIRK'S CANADIAN COLONY.

THE circumstances are very pleasing to which lord Selkirk assigns the origin of his expedition. Without any local connexion with the Highlands, he was led, very early in life, to take a warm interest in the fate of his countrymen in that part of the kingdom. During his academical studies, his curiosity was strongly excited by the representations he heard of the ancient state of society, and the striking peculiarity of manners still remaining among them; and, in the year 1792, he undertook an extensive tour, through their wild region, and explored many of its remotest and most secluded vallies. In the course of this expedition, he ascertained that emigration was an unavoidable result of the general state of the country, arising from causes above all controul, and in itself essential to the tranquillity and permanent welfare of the kingdom. In consequence of this persuasion, that there was no reasonable hope of preventing emigration, he was led to direct

his inquiries to the destination of the various emigrants. He learned that the Highlanders were dispersing to a variety of situations in a foreign land, where they were lost, not only to their native country, but to themselves as a separate people. Admiring many generous and manly features in their character, he could not observe, without regret, the rapid decline of their genuine manners, to which the circumstances of the country seemed inevitably to lead. He thought, however, that a portion of the ancient spirit might be preserved, even in the new world, by collecting the emigrants together in some part of the British colonies; there they would prove a benefit to the mother country; and those peculiarities of customs and language might still be retained, which they are themselves so reluctant to give up, and which are perhaps intimately connected with many of their most striking and characteristic virtues.

In the book which he published in consequence of these inquiries, he has preserved a better picture than has been drawn by any other hand, of a peculiar state of society and manners, highly interesting to the historian.

Not more than sixty years ago, the state of society in the Highlands of Scotland was very similar to that of England before the Norman conquest. Government had not yet extended its regular authority over these mountains, where the chieftains lived in a barbarous independence, surrounded by vassals and retainers. The law was too feeble to afford protection from the violence of feudal warfare and plunder; and every proprietor depended, for his safety and importance, on a numerous train of followers. To this consideration, every pecuniary interest was subordinate; he reckoned the value of his estate, not by the rent, but by the number of men it could send into the field: the rent, in fact, was paid, not in money, but in military service. The small rental of the estates forfeited in the two rebellions of the last century has, accordingly, been often remarked with surprise; "poor twelve thousand *ster annum*," says Pennant, "nearly subverted the constitution of these kingdoms:" but, with this narrow income, proprietors of middling rank brought into the field three, four, or five hundred men. Were the present high rents of the same estates to be all laid out in employing labourers, the number of these would not be very different from that of the clans that came from them in arms. Comparing the number of men that particular chiefs could bring out with the present value of their estates, the proportion appears to be, in general, between ten and fifteen pounds for every man: this sum is not far from the yearly expence of a farm servant, at the rate now current in the north of Scotland.

In this state of things, a system of occupancy was spread over the Highlands, which, though now disappearing, remained entire for some time after the last rebellion, and may still be found in many considerable districts. Every proprietor reduced his farms into as small portions as possible; and his design was seconded by the natural inclinations of his people. The state of the country left a father no means of providing for his sons, but by dividing his farm; and where two families could be placed upon the land instead of one, the chief acquired a new tenant and a new soldier. Hence every spot was occupied by as many families as its produce could maintain; and the ground was subdivided into very small possessions.

The farms of the common tenantry, or *small tenants*, are held by joint occupiers, usually six or eight, sometimes many more, and form a sort of hamlets or petty townships. The shares of these partners are of course liable to become unequal, by subdivision or accumulation. The farm is generally a portion of a valley, to which is annexed a tract of mountain pasture, stretching some

miles. The habitations are collected in a village, on the best part of the arable land. This is sometimes cultivated in common, but more usually distributed among the tenants, in proportion to their shares; seldom, however, in a permanent manner, but from year to year. The produce of the tillage land rarely affords aught above the maintenance of the tenants and their families. Their riches consist of cattle, chiefly breeding cows, and the young stock produced from them, which are maintained on the farm till of a proper age for the market; and by the sale of these the tenants are enabled to pay their rent. The number which each farm is capable of maintaining is ascertained by usage, and may be, in general, from thirty to eighty cows, besides other cattle. The total amount is divided among the occupiers, according to their respective shares, no one being allowed to keep more than his due proportion.

Besides these joint occupiers, there are *tacksmen* holding entire farms, who are of the rank of gentry, and trace their origin to some ancient proprietor of the estate, who had granted the farm as a provision for one of the younger branches of his family. These, formerly, were nearly on the same footing as proprietors; they were the officers who, under the chief, commanded in the military expeditions of the clan. A part of their farm is sufficient to supply their own families; and they divide the rest among a number of sub-tenants or *cotters*, who are bound to perform a certain quantity of labour upon the farm, instead of paying rent for their small portion of land, and are allowed to pasture their cows with the cattle of the farm.

Cotters are to be found, likewise, on the farms of the small tenants; two or three being generally employed, as servants to the partnership, for herding the cattle.

There are also a few people who exercise the trades of blacksmiths, weavers, taylors, shoemakers, &c., and bargain with one or other of the tenants for a portion of his land. For, whatever additional employment a man may follow, he must always occupy a small spot of land, to raise provisions for himself and his family; if he cannot procure such a possession, he cannot live in the country. There is no such person known in the Highlands as a mere labourer.

Such a state of property and manners, where every inhabitant is connected with land, where almost all its produce is consumed on the spot, and where there is no distinct separation of employments, has been preserved nearly entire to this day. While the other districts of the island were brought, one after another, within the arrangement of one complex system of production and commerce, the Highlands were cut off from all the contagion of industrious enterprize, by the same rocky barrier which detached them from the jurisdiction of justice and law.

Those barriers were at length broken down, by the measures adopted after the suppression of the rebellion in 1745: the country was disarmed; it was intersected by military roads; a force sufficient to command it was stationed at all the principal passes; and thus the authority of regular government was completely established. The chiefs ceased to be petty monarchs; the services of their followers were no longer requisite for defence, or useful in plunder; and when thus reduced to the same condition with proprietors in other parts of the kingdom, they soon discovered that their rents were far below the real value of their lands. The influence of old habits, of feudal vanity, and of attachment to their vassals, long prevailed over the prospect of pecuniary profit; but the more necessitous or less generous set the example; a generation has succeeded, educated under other circumstances; and the Highland proprietors have now no more scruple, than

those of any other part of the kingdom, in turning their estates to the best advantage.

Had these estates been susceptible of cultivation, under a favourable climate, the proprietors would have found it their interest to clear them of their superfluous population, and to throw their multiplicity of small farms into the hands of one or two farmers of capital and skill. The diminution of cottagers, and other small occupiers of land has, in every part of Europe, been the immediate forerunner of improvement and better cultivation. But the climate of the Highlands is adverse to the production of grain; and that mountainous region contains few mines that can attract knots of population, and is entirely destitute of coal, which might have encouraged the settlement of manufactures.

In such districts, the most profitable employment of land is universally the rearing of young cattle and sheep, which, at a proper age, are bought by farmers in more fertile countries, and fattened for the butcher. A few tracts in the north are adapted to the pasturing of black cattle; but sheep farming must prevail over the range of mountains. The rapid and continual progress which this system is making, the great profits that have been reaped, and the increased rate of rents, sufficiently prove how well it is adapted to the natural circumstances of the Highlands. The few spots among the mountains susceptible of cultivation are advantageously kept in grass, to afford a reserve of pasture and shelter to the flocks during the rigours of winter. A few adventurous individuals, who had been accustomed to sheep-farming in the south of Scotland, saw the vast field which was opened in the Highlands to their capital and enterprize. The large profits which soon rewarded their penetration and perseverance, as in the case of all those who introduce new and successful modes of agriculture, soon attracted others, and demonstrated to the proprietors themselves the benefits they might earn under this most suitable plan of management.

Such a revolution, however, in the system of landed property must be accompanied by an entire change in the distribution of the inhabitants. The population must be cast into a new form. The class of small tenants will gradually disappear; a distinction will at length take place between the farmer and the labourer; and as many of the cotters as can remain in the country will gradually fall into the various fixed employments that are necessary in the business of an extensive farm. But the whole population on each farm will ultimately be reduced to the number of families that are absolutely required for this necessary business. A few shepherds, with their dogs, will be sufficient for all the work of many an extensive sheep walk. The produce will no longer be consumed wholly on the spot, in affording a scanty subsistence to an indolent contented tribe; but will supply, at a distance, the wasteful luxury of industrious crowds.

During the progress of this change, and the temporary disorder it occasions, much individual distress will unavoidably be suffered. A great part of the inhabitants must, in one way or another, seek for means of livelihood totally different from those on which they have hitherto depended. But the country affords no means of living without possession of land: they must look for resources, therefore, where there is a prospect of employment, and must bring their mind to the resolution of removing at least from their native spot. Two prospects present themselves: in the low country of Scotland, the wages of manufacturing labour; in America, the easy acquisition of land in absolute property. Of these alternatives, it is easy to perceive which will best suit the inclination and habits of the Highlanders. Each of these two changes would exact very nearly the same effort over the natural affections of the mind; but the execution of the

latter plan must be attended with more expence than the other. It will be practicable, therefore, to those only who can afford this expence.

The class of cotters may be distinguished, in this respect, from that of small tenants; though the line is not always exactly defined, some very opulent cotters being as well provided for as the lowest of the tenants; yet there is generally a great difference in the amount of their respective property, and consequently in the views which they entertain after being dispossessed of their land. The cotters have seldom property enough for the necessary expences of emigration, and few of them have ever been able to emigrate: they have, in general, removed into the manufacturing districts of the low country. But the population of the Highlands was chiefly composed of the small tenants; and all of these are possessed of something that might be denominated *capital*. Most of them live much more wretchedly, as to habitation and diet, than the labourers who earn daily wages in other parts of the island; but they have property of greater value. A farmer of about thirty acres of arable land has, perhaps, property to the amount of about one hundred and sixteen pounds sterling, while the annual consumption of provisions for his family and servants does not exceed fifteen pounds. In general, the small tenant, according to his share of the farm, has from three or four to six or eight cows, with the proportionate number of young cattle; he has horses also, a few small sheep, implements of agriculture, and various household articles. By disposing of all this stock, especially if the price of cattle happen to be high, he is enabled to embark in undertakings which cannot be thought of by the cotter, and which are not within the reach of the peasantry, even in the richer and more improved parts of the island.

To those who can thus afford the expences of the passage and first settlement, the low price of land in America presents the prospect of speedily attaining a situation and mode of life similar to that in which all their habits have been formed. Accustomed to possess land, to derive from it all the comforts they enjoy, to transmit their possessions from father to son, and to cherish all the prejudices of hereditary transmission, they most naturally consider themselves as born to a landed rank, and can form no idea of happiness separate from such a possession. Contrasted with such a situation, that of a day-labourer in a manufacturing town appears contemptible and degrading. It would be a painful change, also, to the practice of sedentary continued labour, from that life of irregular exertions, and long intervals of indolence, in which the Highlander enjoys almost the freedom of a savage. A temporary effort will carry his family across the Atlantic; and whether he prefers this, or goes into the low country, he is forced to a change; his habits are broken; he must form himself to a new mode of life. Whether he shall enter upon one to which all his feelings are repugnant, or, by some exertion of courage, economy, and foresight, regain a prouder and more secure independence, is an alternative in which his choice will assuredly be determined by his ability.

By their ability or inability to afford the expences of their passage to America, the choice of the Highlanders, with a very few exceptions, has been entirely regulated. Even among those whose poverty forced them to go at first into the manufacturing towns, some of the most remarkable exertions of industry have been prompted, only by the desire of accumulating as much money as might enable them to join their friends beyond the Atlantic.

Thus it appears, that in the subversion of the feudal economy, and the gradual extension of the commercial system over that quarter of the island, emigration forms a necessary part of the general change.

The race of cotters, after filling up the demand for menial labour that is still required under the new arrangement, withdraw into the manufacturing districts. A few of the small tenants, who, with some amount of capital, combine industry and good management, take a part in this new system, and grow up into farmers on a greater scale; but the rest of this class will be gradually and entirely drained off by emigration. And, in this manner, the commercial form of property and population will at length be fully established in the Highlands, and the peasantry placed in that relative station, which is best adapted to the purposes of national wealth. Emigration is one of the results or necessary conditions of this change, and which cannot be abstracted from its other concomitant effects.

There is some reason to believe, that, while emigration produces this necessary change in the character and composition of the people, it does not ultimately reduce their numbers, even in the Highlands. A place, for example, has been pointed out on the west coast, which, in 1790, contained 1900 inhabitants, of whom 500 emigrated the same year to America; in 1801, the same spot contained 1967, though it had furnished 87 men for the army and navy, and not a single stranger had settled in it.

There is no part of the Highlands where the people have so strong a spirit of emigration as in Long Island, yet 5268, in 1755, was found increased to 8308 in 1792.

Emigrations from the Isle of Sky to North Carolina have continued to a great extent since 1770: to the amount of 4000, it has been computed, prior to 1791, besides an equal number that has come into the low country; in 1755, this island contained 11,252 inhabitants; and, in 1792, it contained 14,470. That emigration does not necessarily imply a permanent diminution of local numbers, but, on the contrary, may leave resources for a larger increase of a different sort of inhabitants, is admitted by all who are acquainted with the theory of population.

Even if the depopulation of the Highlands were proved, we ought to judge of the whole effect, by taking the whole kingdom into view. The produce raised on the mountains, under the grazing system, is assuredly not less than it was formerly, though it is not consumed on the spot. Without doubt, indeed, it is greatly augmented under the improved management. The diminution of tillage must be deducted from the whole increase of pasturage produce; but the tillage that is retained is of a much superior kind; and the introduction of pasture and the breeding system on the mountains will leave free for an extended tillage those arable plains of the south, which have been hitherto kept in grass for that purpose. The various climates, and all the different levels of the island, are thus formed into one connected plan of rural economy, distributing its produce through the whole national family.

Independently of emigration, the circumstances no longer exist which formerly rendered the Highlands such a nursery of soldiers. Wherever the system of numerous dependants and very low rents was still adhered to, the chieftain had a double hold of the service of his tenantry, by their affections to the clan, and by his power of dispossessing them of their farms. The best tenants were therefore the first to bring forward their sons, when the landlord undertook to raise men for the army. A body of men, so composed, was undoubtedly much superior to a regiment recruited in the ordinary manner; both by the hardihood of the breed, and much more by the feudal feelings of reverence for their officers, pride in their clan, and attachment to each other. But as soon as the feudal state of the country was supplanted by another system, these peculiarities vanished. The low rent of land was the whole foundation on which they rested. When the chieftain exacts its full value, the relation between him and his

tenants is the same as that of a landlord in any other part of the kingdom. The Highland regiments, accordingly, have been approaching, in their composition and character, to a similarity with the other regiments in the service, ever since rents began much to increase. We must go back to the seven years war to find those regiments in their original purity, formed entirely on the feudal principle, and raised in the manner above described.

Even as early as in the American war, some tendency towards a different system was observable; and, during the subsequent war, many regiments were merely Highland in name. Some corps were composed nearly in the ancient manner; but there were others, in which few of the men had any connexion whatever with the estates of their officers, being recruited, in the ordinary manner, at Glasgow and other manufacturing places, and consisting of all sorts of men, Lowlanders and Irish, as well as Highlanders.

From these views it follows, that all direct restrictions on emigration by law are no better than violent injustice. The removal of people from the country is a temporary loss, unquestionably, to the public, but one which accompanies the progress of general opulence, the extended establishment of protecting laws, and the consequent amelioration of property and produce. Those who are themselves under no necessity of seeking another home, always look on emigration itself as the evil that is mixed with these confessed advantages; and they regard it as an evil, only because they imagine its consequences may possibly somehow or other impair their own security and ease. They do not perceive that the real evil, occasioned by the general progress, when it suddenly takes a new course, is the disturbance and dispossession of a class of citizens, quite as important and deserving as themselves; quite as desirous, too, of enjoying unimpaired security and ease; but whose habits and attachments are swept away for a sacrifice to the general wealth. Emigration is not the evil, but the remedy; the sad, but single resource of those by whom the real evil is suffered. It can never repair it to them, but inadequately; and it requires such a conquest over the strongest prejudices of the heart, that only the last necessity can inspire sufficient resolution. The family of an hereditary farmer, which for ages has been fastening innumerable roots into the spot on which it grew, may be torn up by force; but when cast out from its native earth, will seek for some other soil that is most nearly congenial.

The undertaking of great public works in the north, the cultivation of waste lands, the encouragement of the fisheries, and the introduction of manufactures, have been considered by many benevolent and public-spirited persons as appropriate remedies and preventives of emigration. But not one of them is adapted to the circumstances of those who are inclined and can afford to emigrate. The cultivation of waste land appears a promising scheme, only while we forget the soil, climate, and tenures of the Highlanders; and the attempts of this kind hitherto made prove only, that, if properly conducted, it might retain, a sufficient number of poor cotters to supply the country fully with day-labourers, but could never be rendered acceptable to *tenants* even of the lowest order. As to new public works, such as the Caledonian canal and the Highland roads and bridges, they may give temporary relief to some of the peasantry, by bringing employment a little nearer than when it was to be sought in the low country: but even the peasant must quit his residence, though not go quite so far, to procure this temporary employment; and the tenant, who has been deprived of his land, will still have the option suggested to him of removing into another part of the country to earn wages as a labourer, or into another country where he

may become again a possessor of land.

The fisheries might, if freed from the obstacles by which they are at present discouraged, afford employment to a considerable number of the poorer people. And a general change in the management of the Highland estates is likely to remove that connexion between fishing and the cultivation of land, which has been the greatest impediment to the progress of the fisheries on the western coast and isles. The introduction of manufactures, if practicable, would supply no object of suitable employment to the displaced tenants.

All these schemes imply that the disposition to emigrate arises from unalterable causes, and that it must take its course in the mean while, though we may endeavour to attract the displaced population into new channels of industry at home. They are dictated by motives of patriotism, but are never likely to be so contrived as to render them really preventive of the evil.

There are some proprietors who would willingly profit by the great advance of rents, and at the same time retain the facility of raising a regiment; who like to receive the income of a sheep-farm, to spend in the metropolis, and would still find the splendour of many feudal dependants in the country. These active and most useful depopulators are sometimes found very indignant declaimers against emigration. From them, their factors, and their neighbours, who conceive themselves to have an interest in a crowded population, on account of the low wages for which they can then manufacture their kelp, and carry on a few petty branches of traffic, we often hear clamours, as if emigration were a new species of sedition, and it were the duty of the legislature to suppress it by penal laws.

During Addington's ministry, an act was passed for regulating the transportation of the emigrants; and the professed object was to enforce a due care of the lives and health of the passengers, and to prevent an undue profit, on the part of the owner of the vessel, by crowding it too much. For this purpose, the statute enacts, that no ship shall carry a greater number of persons than in the proportion of one passenger for every two ton; and that every passenger shall be obliged to take 8 1-2 pounds of beef or pork weekly, besides a large allowance of farinaceous food, and that they themselves shall not be at liberty to dispense with any part of this. This law is liable to some exception.

In the first place, the allowance of room, which is required as absolutely necessary for the health of the passengers, is nearly double that of the transport service; for 1 1-2 ton, allotted for full grown men, is little more than half as much as two tons, allotted for passengers of all ages. The emigrants themselves, in the allowance of birth-room, usually observed a rule, which had been the result of experience, that their whole number, including infants, might be reckoned equivalent to two-thirds of that number of grown persons. They might have been safely left to their own experience in this particular. But, in the second place, the quantity of provisions indispensably forced upon them is beyond all reasonable proportion; the allowance of bread alone exceeds the entire consumption of country labourers in any part of Scotland; and so large an allowance of butcher's meat as 3 1-2 pounds for every passenger, even for infants at the breast, must appear strange to those who know that, among the small farmers, there is not five pounds of meat consumed in the family throughout the year. And yet the Highland Society, in their instructions for the framing of this act, recommended seven pounds a week as necessary for every passenger.

The real purpose of the law was to enhance the expence of the voyage, and so render it less within the means of the poor tenants. In the real operation of the act, however, the difference of expence has no other effect than to encroach on the

little stock of cash collected by the emigrants from the sale of their property, and to land them on a foreign shore worse provided for their new exertions.

Since emigration must go on from the Highlands till all the small tenants are drained off, it must be desirable that the overflowings of the nation's population should contribute to the strength and improvement of its own colonies. But from circumstances accidental at first, and perpetuated by the natural disposition of the emigrants to follow their relations and friends where almost another home was already formed, most of the emigrants settle in the United States. Different districts of the Highlands have different corresponding settlements, to which their emigrants resort. The people in each district have a tolerably accurate knowledge of some particular settlement, where their own connections have gone; for the Highlanders distrust all information about America that does not come from their own immediate connections; and, in a mountainous country, intelligence spreads far beyond the valley where it is first received. Of every settlement but their own, the people of each district are usually quite ignorant, or entertain very mistaken notions; and, in particular, those whose views have been directed to the southern states, have received very gloomy impressions of the climate of Canada and the northern colonies.

In lord Selkirk's apprehension, the importance of securing these emigrants to the British colonies, instead of abandoning them to a foreign country, is rendered more urgent by the peculiar situation of their northern colonies in America. In some of them settlers of by no means a desirable character have intruded themselves, and are fast approaching to a majority of numbers. Nothing would seem more expedient, therefore, for the preservation of these colonies to the mother country, than that a strong barrier should be formed, against the contagion of American sentiments, by a body of settlers whose manners and language are distinct, and who inherit ancient feelings of loyalty and military valour.

In order to induce the Highlanders to change the course of their emigrations, some strong encouragement, in lord Selkirk's opinion, ought to be held out by government. The encouragement must be sufficient to induce a considerable body of people, connected by the ties of blood and friendship, to try a new situation; and if such a settlement were once conducted through its first difficulties, till the adventurers felt confidence in their resources, the end might be accomplished. The inducements need not be continued longer than this. But they ought to be such as to suit those who are fettered by their poverty. This might be done without increasing the spirit of emigration, or rather, on the principles of human nature, it could not be done in such a way as to increase that spirit in the least.

These views presented themselves to lord Selkirk, upon the eve of the first French war. The events that followed precluded all active prosecution of them; but their importance remained deeply impressed on his mind, and their practicability was confirmed by all his maturer reflections. On the return of peace, the emigrations were recommenced with a spirit more determined and more widely diffused than on any former occasion. All his views recurred upon him, and prompted him to represent to some members of the government the necessity of interference, in order to attract the emigrants to the British colonies. This representation was fruitless.

Unwilling to abandon the object altogether, lord Selkirk considered how far it was possible for him, as an individual, to effect it on a more limited scale. Under the assurance of a grant of waste lands belonging to the crown, on such terms as promised an adequate return for the unavoidable expences of the undertaking, he resolved, at his own risk,

to try the experiment, and to engage some of the emigrants, who were preparing to go to the United States, to change their destination. He was informed that it would be more satisfactory to government, if the people he engaged were to settle in a maritime situation, instead of that which he had at first in view. Though by no means pleased with this hint, he felt it his duty to acquiesce, and determined on making his settlement in Prince Edward's Island, in the gulph of St. Lawrence. To give the experiment a fair prospect of success, he yielded to the necessity of attending the colonists himself.

The candour with which the first obstacles are described by the author of this project, the practical and profound judgment with which the various means and arrangements appear to have been combined, and that tone of benevolence, without ostentation, and yet thoroughly systematic, which pervades the whole design, renders it the most pleasing and most useful history that has been given to the world of the establishment of a new colony.

His settlers, in number eight hundred persons of all ages, reached Prince Edward's Island in August, 1803; and the spot selected on this coast for the principal establishment was almost desert, being separated by an arm of the sea, and an interval of several miles, from any older settlement. Before the middle of September, the people were dispersed on their separate lots, and began the cultivation of their farms. The lots were laid out in such a manner that four or five families built their houses in a little knot together; the distance between the adjacent hamlets seldom exceeding a mile. This social plan of settlement, besides other advantages to recommend it, resembled their style of living in their native country. They were allowed to purchase in fee-simple, and, to a certain extent, on credit; from fifty to a hundred acres were allotted to each family at a moderate price, but none was given gratuitously. To accommodate those who had no superfluous capital, they were not required to pay the price in full till the third or fourth year of their possession; and, in this time, an industrious man may have it in his power to discharge his debt out of the produce of the land. The same principle was adhered to in the distribution of provisions; though several of the poorer settlers could not go on without support, every assistance they received was as a loan, under strict obligations of repayment with interest.

They formed their first houses on the model of those of the American woodsmen. Before the winter set in, they had not only lodged themselves, but made some progress in cutting down the trees; and, on the opening of the spring, the land was finally prepared for the seed. In September, however, lord Selkirk quitted the island, leaving the settlement under the charge of a faithful agent, and did not return to it till the end of the same month in the following year. He found the settlers then engaged in securing their harvest; their crop of potatoes alone would have been sufficient for their entire support. Round the different hamlets, the extent of land in cultivation was, at an average, in the proportion of two acres to each able working hand. And several boats had been built, by means of which a considerable supply of fish had been obtained. In the whole settlement he met but two men who showed the least appearance of despondency.

The further progress of these colonists is now to be left to their own guidance. Most of them have already proceeded to improve the construction of their houses, less, perhaps, from a personal desire of better accommodation than from that pride of landed property which is natural to the human breast, and which, though repressed among the Highland tenantry by recent circumstances, is ready to resume its spring as soon as their situation will permit. Lord Selkirk concludes

with observing, that no farther doubt can now be entertained of the practicability of inducing the Highlanders to emigrate to a British colony: and he flatters himself, with great justice, that no immaterial progress has already been made towards this object.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE COINS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Concluded from page 391.

AS the precious metals vary continually in their relative value at the bullion market, the coins, or those metals in a manufactured state, must likewise change continually in their proportions to each other. If gold bullion be fifteen times dearer than silver bullion today, and the former is coined according to that proportion, into guineas, of twenty shillings value: to morrow, when gold may be sixteen times dearer than silver, the guinea must be worth more than twenty shillings. The merchant who agreed to pay a hundred of those guineas, and would have performed his contract as readily in gold as in silver, had the relative value of the metals remained stationary, will now gain by paying in silver on the former footing, and his creditors will lose in proportion. Therefore, when they bargained about a hundred guineas, they must have meant either gold or silver money, or some other money, valued at a known rate, and not any of those metals indifferently. In one case, they used a definite and fixed, in the other, a variable and uncertain language. No man will bargain to be paid for his labour in so much West India produce, generally, unless he means to receive the cheapest kind, and to take his chance of all changes of price to the term of payment: and if a hogshead of sugar were worth two hogsheads of rum at the time of contracting, and then rose to three hogsheads; should he bargain to be paid a hogshead of sugar, or its value in rum, he would naturally demand three hogsheads of rum, and not two, if his debtor refused to pay in sugar. There is, indeed, one variation inseparable from all such measures of value. Though the coin be made only of a single metal, its relative value to other commodities must vary from time to time; but, by introducing two metals, and fixing their rates at the mint, a new sort of uncertainty is added; and beside the variations of either metal in respect to other commodities, we are encumbered with their variations in respect to each other. We, in fact, give a double meaning to the words expressing sums of money of account. The two meanings may coincide at the moment the rate is established; but they will very soon change, and keep always varying to a greater or less distance from each other. If, after a relative value has been affixed to gold and silver at the mint, and both coins have been declared legal tender according to this rate, a change takes place in their relative market prices, then the coins of the metals which are dearer in the market than at the mint will disappear; they will be melted down, in order to be sold at the market price for the other metal. When both coins are legal tender, no man will pay his debts in the metal which is undervalued; because, by doing so, he would lose the difference between the mint price and the market price of that metal, estimated in terms of the other. Thus a change in the relative market prices of the precious metals always causes one of them almost entirely to disappear from circulation; and this must ever continue to happen, so long as government fixes the rates at which those metals, when coined, shall be exchanged for each other.

Lord Liverpool endeavours to demonstrate, that gold coin is now, in England, the measure of property. In order to make out this point, he

first takes a view of the law respecting tenders of payment. Immediately on the introduction of gold coins, in the reign of Henry III, they were made legal tender equally with silver, at the rate established in the mint indentures. Henry III, finding the people averse to the innovation, ordered the new coins only to be taken at the option of the receiver; and on this footing they remained, if they continued at all in circulation, till the 19th of Edward III. They have since been legal tender at the mint rate, till 15th Charles II; and from that year to the 3d George I, at any rate above a certain *minimum* fixed by law. They were then once more made legal tender at a fixed rate, equally with silver; and, in the 14th of the king, the silver coins were made legal tender for sums above twenty-five pounds, only according to their weight, at 5s. 2d. an ounce. This regulation was renewed in 1798, and continues in force.

The copper coins are only legal tender for sums not exceeding a shilling; some of them only for sums not exceeding sixpence. The statutes which limit the sum for which silver coin shall be legal tender by no means enact that silver itself shall not be legal tender to any amount. Silver coin, in fact, is still legal tender for all sums, only not by tale; and it cannot even be said to pass as bullion; for the price at which it shall be received is specified, and not left to the market standard. An ounce of this coin is to pass for the nominal sum of 5s. 2d., or for a quarter of a guinea wanting 1-252 of a guinea.

We have already traced the change which happened about the beginning of the last century, in the customs and opinions of the community regarding coins. Partly from that circumstance, and partly from over-valuation of the guinea in 1717, which soon banished the greater part of the silver coin from circulation, the gold currency has, for a hundred years past, formed the great bulk of the specie, and regulated all the rest.

Before the recoinage of king William's reign, the defective state of the silver coins produced the utmost inconvenience. All prices were raised, and a guinea sold for thirty shillings. Now, when the silver is as defective as it was then, prices are not at all affected by its deficiency, and the value of the guinea suffers no change.

Before the recoinage of king William, foreign exchange was kept constantly at least 20 *per cent.* against Great Britain, by the state of the silver. Nothing of this kind has happened in consequence of the present imperfections of the silver coin, though, before the recoinage of 1774, the deficiency of the gold coins constantly and materially influenced the rate of exchange. In like manner, the price of both gold and silver bullion has been regulated by the state, not of the silver, but of the gold coins. It never was affected by the deficiency of the former; but it rose when the latter were defective, and fell again after the last recoinage. Thus it appears, that not only the people of Great Britain, but the merchants of foreign nations who have any intercourse with them, and even those who deal in the precious metals of which their coins are made, concur in opinion, that the gold coins are now the principal measure of property in that kingdom.

This change may flow from the increased affluence and commercial prosperity of the country: in the early and less wealthy stages of society, copper coins alone are known; by degrees silver is introduced, and, as mercantile transactions become more frequent and important, silver coins of a greater value are used; gold then takes its place; and even this precious metal being found burthensome for constant use, in the most refined state of commerce, a substitute is provided by the invention of paper credit.

The history of the English specie

throws great light on this view of the subject. At the conquest, the value of silver, compared with other commodities, was not much less than that of gold at present. Commodities have since risen to fifteen times their nominal silver price in that early period. Hence we may infer, that there was nearly the same difference between goods and silver then, as between silver and gold now. The rise of fifteen times, however, includes the alteration in the real value of the currency, and therefore the intrinsic value of silver was only *five* times greater than it is now. But this difference is sufficient to illustrate the connection between the progress of wealth and the change of the currency, and to show that a gold circulation is not much more costly now than a circulation of silver was formerly.

But, not only has the gold coin become in fact the circulating medium, and for that reason deserves to be retained in the same function; there is another point in which it possesses a pre-eminence over silver coin as a measure of property: its value is much less liable to variation. The bank of England has purchased gold during twenty years, ending 1797, with no more than a half *per cent.* variation of price at any time. Gold purchased with, or sold for bank notes, has varied, during 40 years, no more than 5 1-2 *per cent.* in the London market; while silver exchanged for the same article has varied, in 19 years, ending 1793, more than 19 1-4 *per cent.* The price of dollars varied, during 41 years, ending 1796, nearly 16 1-5 *per cent.*, and during 22 years, ending 1797, nearly 12 *per cent.* Whence we may infer, that gold varies a great deal less in its price from time to time than silver, and is on this account the most proper of the precious metals for a standard of value and instrument of commerce, and that the others should only be used in exchanges below the value of the gold currency.

In this detail of lord Liverpool there seems to be a material error. When the bank purchased gold bullion, it must have paid for it either in silver or in notes, or in some other kind of paper currency or stock. If the equivalent was silver, then the variation in the price of that metal was the very same with the variation in the price of gold. Consequently in saying that gold varied only one half *per cent.* in its value during twenty years, we mean equally that silver varied no more during the same period, or that the relative values of the two metals continued steadily within those limits. If the gold was bought with notes or any other paper currency, it is clear that, previous to the restriction, and the statement refers to twenty years before 1797, the paper medium was altogether regulated by the specie, either gold or silver, for which it was exchangeable, but principally by the gold; and as long as it continued easily exchangeable for gold, its price could never vary considerably from the price of that coin; therefore the price of gold bullion, estimated in paper currency, must have been always, in those circumstances, nearly the same, being in truth the price of gold bullion estimated in gold coin: and, so far as the paper may be supposed to have been influenced by the silver currency, the former argument applies. As for any kind of stock in which the bank may have paid for gold, its value is always resolvable into specie or paper: whence we may infer, that the stationary rate of the bank prices of gold proves only, either that the gold coin and gold bullion kept nearly equal in value, as must always happen, or that the silver varied as little in price as the gold.

It was found that gold bought with bank notes varied only 5 1-2 *per cent.* during forty years; whereas silver, purchased in the same way, varied 19 1-4 *per cent.* during ten years. The forty years must have included a period of twenty-one years before the recoinage of gold in 1774, for it was forty years ending 1793. This variation of 5 1-2 *per cent.* in the paper price of gold, then, only shows, either that the paper

was affected by the state of the gold coin at that time, or, in general, that the circulation was not so little influenced by the silver as it has been since. But when we are told that the paper price of silver varied 19 1-4 *per cent.* during ten years, ending 1793, while the paper was entirely regulated by the gold currency, we are told at the same time that the gold varied precisely as much in its silver price. And so of the statement regarding the price of dollars from 1774 to 1797: it must either have been paid in paper or gold. It is singular that an acute observer did not consider, that in stating the accounts of the purchasers of silver bullion, he was always stating at the same time the accounts of the sellers of gold, or of that which is regulated by the gold coin; and that a person could not buy silver much dearer or cheaper than formerly, unless another person at the same time bought gold, or the representative of gold, at a price equally different from its former price. It is manifest, then, that there is no superior steadiness in gold. The bank directors, indeed, are said to keep its price somewhat more on a level, by their rule of only purchasing at a certain price; but if the proportion between the supply and the demand were to vary considerably, this rule must be broken through. Then the price of gold might be said to vary; and the same might be said of the silver given for it. The ease with which the bank has maintained its rule in ordinary times may prove that the proportion between the supply and demand of gold, or its real price, has been steady; and the same may be affirmed of the real price of the silver given for it. No account stated between the two metals can ever prove any thing respecting either exclusively. We must have a comparison instituted between the relative value of silver and corn, for example, as well as between silver and gold, or paper, in order to prove that the one metal has fluctuated in price more than the other.

It may be thought, that certain general considerations furnish a safer criterion for determining the question; as, the greater use of silver in manufactures, and its annual exportation to the east, which tend to make it more an article of commerce than gold. But, in proportion as any article is much used in commerce, the supply is always more likely to accommodate itself to the demand, and to retain that proportion. The supply of the silver mines is probably much more constant than that of the gold; because the silver ore is disposed in larger veins, varying little in richness; and the gold, chiefly found in a virgin state, is scattered up and down in sand, or masses of clay, where it is found by a kind of random search; it is, in fact, less the produce of regular industry than any other metal. But, besides this difference, the demand for silver is peculiarly constant. Not only is there a regular exportation carried to the east, but the money of most countries is made of this metal. Except England and Portugal, by far the greatest part of the specie in European markets consists of silver coin. These circumstances, therefore, render silver a more steady measure of value than gold. Within the last ten or twelve years, indeed, the value of silver has been falling considerably. There is scarce any other mode of explaining the universal, and, in general, proportionate rise in the money price of commodities; and, no doubt, the improvements which have been introduced into the Spanish American mines may solve this problem. But if the supply of silver has thus exceeded the demand for it, a great quantity of gold has, within the same time, been thrown loose, by means of the increased paper currency of England, which had formerly absorbed the greatest portion of that metal; and this has certainly prevented any rise in the silver price of gold, or any greater fluctuation in the price of silver, than in that of the more costly metal. On the

whole, there is no reason to conclude, that gold is a better standard of comparison than silver, for the estimation of other commodities, in consequence of its superior steadiness of price; and, if there is any difference in this respect, it is in favour of silver.

Lord Liverpool, in his plan for reforming the monetary system, thinks that the gold coin should be kept as perfect as possible, and be made at the public expence, without any charge in the manner of a *brassage*; much less with any deduction for *seignorage*. The silver coins, on the contrary, should pay the charges of manufacture; they should only be a legal tender as change for single pieces of the gold coin; and the copper should bear the same relation to the silver. The inferior coins ought to be regulated by the relative value of the metals of which they are made to gold, obtained from a comparison of many years, and of the bullion prices in foreign countries, as well as at home. But it is strongly maintained, that this value should be fixed at the mint, and not left to the regulation of the market, partly because persons residing at a distance from the bullion market, and, in general, the poorer orders, must be ignorant of the changes in the relative value of the precious metals, partly because allowing the comparative prices of the coins to be fixed in the market is contrary to law, and is transferring the right of setting a rate or value on the coins from the sovereign to individuals. In adjusting the rate at the mint, he conceives that the present denominations and nominal proportions should be retained, but that any alteration which the real market price of the metals may render proper, should be effected by a change in the weight of the new silver coin.

The amount of the gold in circulation he computes from the returns of coinage since 1774, and from certain general considerations relative to the increased trade of the country. There were recoined, at that time, nearly twenty millions and a half, and five millions might remain in currency. Since that time upwards of 36 millions have been coined, of which above 18,700,000 were of gold recoined from having become deficient; of the remaining 17,500,000 he estimates, that only four millions and a half have been clear addition to the gold coinage as it stood immediately after 1777; the rest of the bullion, he thinks, was English guineas exported and brought back; so that he estimates the quantity of gold coins now in the king's dominions at more than thirty millions, nominal value.

This amount will appear quite incredible to those who consider the changes that the new system of paper credit has introduced into the circulation; that the number of country banks has increased, within eight years, from 230 to 517; that the issues of bank paper in England, and still more in Ireland, have been altogether unexampled; that country bankers' notes have confined the circulation of the London and Dublin bank notes almost entirely to those two cities; that country bankers are only obliged to pay in bank paper, and the great banks themselves are absolved from paying at all; that no material difference has arisen between the commodity price of paper currency and that of gold, the only means by which any considerable quantity of the latter could have been retained in circulation under all the foregoing circumstances; most enquirers will be disposed to rate the amount at less than even one million. The cash paid by London bankers does not in some cases exceed a thirtieth, in others a fortieth, and in others a hundred and fortieth, of what they pay in notes; and, in many parts of the kingdom, guineas are scarcely ever seen.

The art of assaying, as practised at the mint, is most accurately carried on, and both the weight and standard of our gold are kept nearly perfect. In several trials of the pix, made upon issues of twenty-eight

millions, no deviation has been detected in the standard, and not above four grains in the weight. The admirable experiments of Messrs. Cavendish and Hatchett proved that the nature of the alloy at present in use was, if not the best, at least very nearly so. The British silver now in circulation cannot exceed four millions in nominal value, and is probably much less. The deficiency of these coins in weight is very considerable. In 1798, it amounted to 3 1-5 *per cent* in crowns, 9 1-11 in half-crowns, 24 1-2 in shillings, and 38 1-4 in sixpences; in 1787, it was smaller, and has therefore, in all probability, increased since 1798. Yet so great is the demand for these coins, that a premium is sometimes given for them above their nominal value. What compensation should be made to the holders of the clipped silver, on a recoinage, cannot be stated, but in general a small relief would be sufficient. Any large compensation, such as was made in king William's time, would not only cost a great sum to the public, but be a powerful encouragement to coiners of base metal, and clippers of the lawful coin.

The amount of copper coins in circulation may be from half a million to 550,000 nominal value; and the counterfeits amount to a much greater sum: so great is the deficiency of that coin for the purposes of the retail trade!

Before a recoinage can be had, some alterations must be made in the mint. The standard requires no improvement, and the alloy is sufficient. The machinery, however is very faulty. While the greatest progress has been making in every mechanical contrivance used by private persons, and especially in stamping and coining, the machinery of the mint alone moves on in the old and clumsy fashion, and fulfils the common fate of public manufactories, of remaining stationary in the midst of universal improvement. Boulton's admirable machinery, which foreign states have been eager to adopt, would both increase the beauty and accuracy of the money, and effect a recoinage with at least tenfold dispatch.

When the coinage is placed on a proper footing, such measures will be necessary as shall prevent the practices of clippers, and other unfair dealers in the precious metals. The low profits on which these persons will trade is shown by sir Isaac Newton, in his report of 1717. It appears that the louis-d'or was brought into general circulation in king William's reign, from being rated at 5½d. above its real value, compared with British coins; and that a similar profit of 5d. on the moidore inundated the west of England with those pieces. The louis-d'ors were utterly banished from circulation, by being decried to three farthings below their real value, and the moidores by being brought to one penny below that value.

Where men will trade on such slender gains, it is scarcely possible to prevent their tampering with the coin. The only remedy consists in some regulations for constantly weighing the currency given in payments. At an early period, when the pounds by weight and by tale coincided, a method of this sort was adopted for keeping the money entire. The *compensatio ad pensum* was only a practice of receiving specie by weight, when the currency had become debased; and the *compensatio ad scalam* was a certain general allowance made without weighing, in consideration of the damage sustained by the currency, calculated on an average. Afterwards, laws were made for preventing the circulation of money that had suffered more than a certain diminution by wear, and for enforcing the weighing of coins received in payment. This was generally denominated *reasonable wear*, and left to be determined by the magistrate of the district. But, in 1776, a more definite rule was fixed by proclamation, declaring that the guinea should not pass, if it weighed less than 5 gr. 8 dwt.; the half-guinea, 2 gr. 16 dwt.; and so of the other coins

in proportion. This regulation has certainly not been duly enforced at the great public offices where specie is received and paid out in the greatest quantities, and its good tendency has, therefore, been defeated. But lord Liverpool thinks it the only unexceptionable remedy for the evil, by affording a constant check to the arts of those who tamper with the specie of the country, and by causing a gradual renewal of the coins as they are worn in circulation. He conceives, too, that an allowance, like the ancient *compensatio*, might be made for coins much worn; twopence might be deducted for every grain which the gold coin wanted, and so in proportion for silver, a *minimum* being fixed, below which neither should be current at all. This mode would remove the necessity of too frequent a recoinage, and prevent the extreme degradation of specie.

Lord Liverpool condemns the present extent of paper currency, which has almost banished the precious metals from all retail trade. He particularly condemns the currency of the country banks. The former interfere most with the coins of the realm; and as the latter only pass within particular districts, a person cannot travel through different parts of the kingdom without changing his money several times over. Nor has the market price of bullion fallen in consequence of the coin being thrown out of circulation; it has, on the contrary, risen considerably above the mint price; and thus all influx of bullion into the mint has necessarily been stopped. Now the bank of England is the great repository of unemployed cash, and must always be called upon for supplies when the failures of private bankers, or other causes, contract the circulation. It is thereby responsible not only for the value of its own notes, but, in a certain degree, for such as may be issued by every private banker in the kingdom, let the substance, credit, or discretion of such a banker be what it may. But when the market price of gold is so much higher than its mint price, the bank cannot afford to purchase that metal for coinage; and if it could, whatever was coined would be melted again; so that, till this evil is remedied, the bank cannot safely resume its cash payments. And lord Liverpool confirms his unfavourable view of country banks, and the excess of the present paper currency, by a sketch of the history of paper credit, in the whole of which he can find nothing at all resembling it, not even in the late history of France; for there the government, or the great corporate bodies of the state, and not private individuals, issued the new paper money. He thinks that the legislature should interfere, and that the reform of the coinage can never be completely effected till some check is given to the traffic of the country banks.

Considering the mere terms of modern contracts, it appears that silver is the universal money or medium of exchange, and is taken as the common standard in all estimates of comparative value. He who promises to pay so many pounds, or livres, promises a certain quantity of precious metal, in the words which once signified that precise weight of silver, when no other precious metals were in use, but custom or law has since caused it to mean, indiscriminately, a much smaller weight of silver, or a certain weight of gold. Thus, too, a Roman would promise to pay so many pounds of copper, the only commodity that originally he could exchange, when, in fact, he meant to promise those substitutes which the increased wealth and varying institutions of the state had provided for it. The words used to denote pecuniary value are retained from the commodity of which money was first made. What new meanings time gives them depends altogether on the change of circumstances. These must determine as well the quality as the quantity of the commodity really expressed by the antiquated terms. Since Mr. Locke wrote,

certain events have almost banished silver from the circulation of Britain, and substituted gold in its place. But, though people still contract to pay pounds sterling, they merely bind themselves to pay optionally either so much silver, or its value in gold, at a rate fixed and known at the time of making the bargain. The proportion between the supply of and demand for gold, too, will regulate the price of that article, and fix the real value of the money mentioned in the contract, more or less exclusively as it may happen more or less completely to usurp the place of silver in the currency; and thus, in bargaining nominally for silver, the seller will have the real value of gold only, or even of bank paper, in his eye, knowing that his price will be paid in that form.

There are, however, some occasions on which the new names are used in contracting or in keeping accounts. All gambling transactions are stated in guineas, and so are many contracts of insurance; nay, in some parts of the country, particularly in Scotland, where bank paper has long formed the bulk of the currency, the lower people are accustomed to reckon in *notes*, meaning *pounds*. In these cases, the money of account coincides with the medium actually circulating. Yet still he who promised to pay twenty guineas may perform his contract by giving twenty-one pounds in silver; and he who promises twenty-one *notes* finds his creditor very ready to accept twenty guineas. It is, therefore, indifferent in what language bargains are made and accounts kept, provided the terms used are always defined. While there is a double circulation in a country, when we talk of one metal, we in truth mean either of the two at a known relative valuation fixed by law, or settled in the market; and when we call one of them the measure of property, we only mean, that the other having nearly disappeared from the circulation, the real price of the one which remains is alone attended to in all contracts. If both continue in circulation, they are both measures and standards. Each may be compared with all other commodities, and both may be compared together. The value of either may thus be measured by the other; and the value of ordinary property may be measured in either, or in terms applicable to both. A guinea is equal in value to twenty-one shillings; and a certain quantity of wheat is equal in value to twenty shillings, or to 20-21 of a guinea, or to a pound, which, though it signified only so much silver, now signifies indifferently twenty shillings, or 20-21 of a guinea, or, finally, a piece of paper equivalent to either.

When the comparative value of the precious metals is constantly varying, the government will in vain attempt to regulate their relative prices by any mint arrangements, or public laws. Admitting, what the whole history of the coinage proves to be impracticable, that, at the moment of coining, we should be able accurately to adjust those prices according to the market rates, in a short time these will vary; one of the metals will be overvalued, and the coins of the other will of course be driven out of circulation. Experience proves the folly of attempting to follow the changes of the bullion market, and how much better it would be to save at once the double expence of coining in two metals, than to coin in such a manner as must ensure the speedy banishment of one of them. By fixing the relative mint prices of the precious metals, and fixing them wrong, which is almost the same thing, we have lost the benefits of a double circulation, and acquired our present silver currency. While this *practice* continues, we can no more expect to see silver carried to the mint, or retained in circulation after government has coined it, than we could hope for a supply of foreign wheat, were we on the same principle to fix its price below the level of the home market.

It is unnecessary to fix the rela-

tive prices of gold and silver, under pretence that the lower orders, and especially those residing in distant parts of the country, cannot possibly know the variations of the bullion market; for the bullion market exists every where, and all men are traders in it. The lower orders are left exposed to the same ignorance in buying their bread and selling their labour, both of which are exchanged for silver.

Lord Liverpool proposes, indeed, that the guinea should be made the standard; in other words, that twenty real guineas should be denominated by authority equal to twenty-one ideal pounds sterling. And, therefore, he concludes, that if the shillings are left to find their relative value to the guinea, much more confusion will be introduced among the lower people, than if the shillings were fixed in relation to the pound sterling, and the guinea left to take its relative value to them.

It is manifestly the same thing, whether the shilling is called the twentieth part of a pound, and the guinea left to find its value in terms of the shilling, or whether the guinea is denominated the 21-20 of a pound, and the shilling left to find its price in terms of the guinea. So long as the real value of the pieces is retained, their proportions to each other, however named, cannot affect any person; and, even supposing a real difference, the labourer will both demand and receive as many good shillings of wages when the price of gold has made the guinea worth 20 shillings, as he did when that metal was a little dearer. Government should coin both guineas and shillings of the known fineness; and, to save trouble, the weight also of the pieces should be retained. A regulation respecting wear might probably be added with advantage; and it should be understood, either that the guinea is 21-20, or that the shilling is 1-20 of of a pound sterling, it is absolutely indifferent which. Government has then done all it ought to do; and the number of shillings in a guinea must afterwards be regulated by the market. It might be an additional convenience, if the relative prices of the metals were from time to time investigated, as matter of fact, for the ascertainment of contracts made indefinitely, and for the general publication of such information.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. X.

Concluded from page 383.

HENCE it follows, if the above reasoning be just, that we dare not break those secret and indefinable bonds which unite us to our friends; they are the bonds of love, which cannot be destroyed without a shock to nature. We dare not deprive ourselves of the objects of our affections for an interested purpose, because we know, that no sooner have we committed the irrevocable deed, but our sufferings must commence, aggravated too by the reflection that the act can never be recalled, and have been laid upon us by ourselves as a consequence of our nourishing inordinate and criminal desires; desires which, now they are gratified, fail to produce that satisfaction which they seemed to possess while seen by the eye of hope penetrating the shades of futurity.

It is hard to tell whether love or grief is the cause which induces us to pay that earnest attention, that incessant care which we are accustomed to bestow on those of our connections who are in a state of suffering. This seems to be a strange observation; but, on investigation, we find it so in a less degree than we at first imagined. Suppose the reader's parent has arrived at a great age, and is afflicted with the various infirmities incident to an existence long protracted; suppose

him suddenly taken ill; with what breathless expectation would he not hasten to endeavour to relieve him! he would sit by him day and night, and leave no means untried to restore him to that same infirm and feeble state, in which his last illness found him. This seems to be the effect of love. Does he love his parent who endeavours to extend the limits of existence beyond the period of enjoyment, or even satisfaction; when his only portion is pain and infirmity; whose days of temporal felicity are departed; who sees no prospect of a happier fate except in that unknown land of promise, whose frontier is the grave; and who there wishes to lay down the burthen of life, and sink to rest? In what manner is the agency of love proved here? Could his bitterest foe do more than make him feel as long as possible the pains of infirm old age? His prospect beyond the grave is bright beyond all description, beyond all conception; where the weakness of age will be exchanged for the ever-during vigour of eternal youth; where its wrinkles will vanish and be replaced by the bloom of immortality, and all the ills of life be exchanged for happiness which will never end, nor cloy in the enjoyment.

Here the reader would act unreasonably. He loves his parent, he would say; yet he is unwilling to suffer him to attain the object of his wishes. He loves him, and would prevent his leaving an unhappy for a happy world.

Is it love, then, or the dread of grief, which would produce so much inconsistency? Could not he argue thus? My parent is old and miserable with the infirmities of age; he is ill, and wishes to die; he feels himself no longer of any use to society; he is incapable of enjoyment, or even comfort; he has now a prospect of exchanging this for a better life: but I love him, and am not willing to part with him. But is it the nature of love to gratify itself, and not its object? Certainly not; he wishes to die; be it mine to suffer him to attain the completion of his wish, now while it may be innocently accomplished. In what manner can I better evince my affection? If I send for a physician, his skill may enable him to live a short period longer; but will I not be doing wrong to gratify my own feeling at the expence of his? Certainly I shall: and therefore it is better every way to suffer him to expire.

Who would not think this reasoning the reasoning of an inhuman savage, of a man devoid of feeling, of a murderer, and a parricide? Most of my readers would, I think; and yet the reasoning is just, when the prejudices of habit and the feelings of humanity are laid aside. Love is supposed always to seek the felicity of the object on which it reposes; yet here its motive is avowedly the reverse. Instead of seeking to promote the happiness of the individual, it takes pleasure in prolonging its misery, as the executioner keeps the wretch extended on the wheel, and delays the blow which will relieve him from sensibility to torture.

If it is acknowledged that love invariably seeks to *promote*, and not to *marr* the happiness of its object, then it cannot be love that induces us to prolong, when we can, the existence of an infirm parent who wishes to die. No: it must be something else; perhaps self-love. *This sentiment* makes us endeavour to promote our own felicity. But how is the object affected by witnessing the infirmity and extending the existence of a slowly expiring parent! It is true, self-love would induce us to prefer the protraction of his existence, if the grief, which might be expected to follow his death, was believed to be the most painful emotion. But this operates for and not against the position I have taken; for, admitting the justice of the opinion, it would prove the dread of grief the most powerful emotion.

It is, perhaps, in vain to attempt to trace any action up to the causes which produced it. Some of them may generally be developed, but not all. There is frequently a set of undefin-

able emotions acting on the mind of man, which prompt him to perform the part he plays on the great stage of life, which he himself cannot define with clearness and precision; frequently an unreasonable expectation of some benefit, or an absurd dread of an impending evil rests on his mind, which impels him to do or not to do something which has occupied his intention, and been the subject of frequent speculations. Thus is it with the mind, in a view relative to what may not improperly be called the standing passions and emotions; so that it is not always possible to account for those inconsistencies which we find in human conduct; besides, there are situations marked by peculiarities, in which no general rule can serve as a standard by which we may determine on the propriety of our conduct. Should this be the situation of the person alluded to in A's letter, he should read my last and present paper, and be careless of my observations. But it is perhaps not so. I will then even not attempt to blame his grief. The cause might well excite it; but, notwithstanding, he owes it to himself and to society to prescribe bounds to the operation of a passion which may end in his destruction; to remember that he is placed here to perform his duty; to act with vigour against all the troubles of life; that grief indulged to an unreasonable degree becomes a weakness scarcely excusable; he should remember that when he has done his duty in opposing the unbounded extent of a passion, should he at last fall a victim to its intensity, he will at least have the consolation of having not accelerated his end by his own improper conduct; finally, should no minor consideration lessen his grief and his disgust of life, let him attend to the promises of Faith; she points to that land where sorrow is not known; where he may find the object of his grief, enjoy all the blessings which heaven has promised, and which will never know an end.

VALVERDE.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PRIDE AND VANITY.

PRIDE and vanity are by many confounded together; but, though nearly allied, they are certainly capable of being clearly distinguished from each other.

The proud man is sincere, and, in the bottom of his heart, is convinced of his own superiority; though it may sometimes be difficult to guess upon what that conviction is founded. He wishes you to view him in no other light than that in which, when he places himself in your situation, he really views himself. He demands no more of you than what he thinks justice. If you appear not to respect him as he respects himself, he is more offended than mortified, and feels the same indignant resentment as if he had suffered a real injury. He does not even then, however, deign to explain the grounds of his own pretensions. He disdains to court your esteem. He affects even to despise it, and endeavours to maintain his assumed station, not so much by making you sensible of his superiority, as of your own meanness. He seems to wish, not so much to excite your esteem for *himself*, as to mortify *that* for *yourself*.

The vain man is not sincere, and, in the bottom of his heart, is very seldom convinced of that superiority which he wishes you to ascribe to him. He wishes you to view him in much more splendid colours than those in which, when he places himself in your situation, and supposes you to know all that he knows, he can really view himself. When you appear to view him, therefore, in different colours, perhaps in his proper colours, he is much more mortified than offended. The grounds of his claim to that character which he wishes you to ascribe to him, he takes every opportunity of displaying, both by the most ostentatious and unnecessary exhibition of the good qualities and accomplishments which he possesses in some degree,

and sometimes even by false pretensions to those which he either possesses in no degree, or in so very slender a degree that he may well enough be said to possess them in no degree. Far from despising your esteem, he courts it with the most anxious assiduity. Far from wishing to mortify your self-estimation, he is happy to cherish it, in hopes that in return you will cherish his own. He flatters in order to be flattered. He studies to please, and endeavours to bribe you into a good opinion of him by politeness and complaisance, and sometimes even by real and essential good offices, though often displayed, perhaps, with unnecessary ostentation.

The vain man sees the respect which is paid to rank and fortune, and wishes to usurp this respect, as well as that for talents and virtues. His dress, his equipage, his way of living, accordingly, all announce a higher rank and a greater fortune than really belong to him; and, in order to support this foolish imposition for a few years in the beginning of his life, he often reduces himself to poverty and distress long before the end of it. As long as he can continue his expence, however, his vanity is delighted with viewing himself, not in the light in which you would view him if you knew all that he knows; but in that in which he imagines he has, by his own address, induced you actually to view him. Of the illusions of vanity this is, perhaps, the most common. Obscure strangers who visit foreign countries, or who, from a remote province, come to visit, for a short time, the capital of their own country, most frequently attempt to practise it. The folly of the attempt, though always very great and most unworthy of a man of sense, may not be altogether so great upon such as upon most other occasions. If their stay is short, they may escape any disgraceful detection; and, after indulging their vanity for a few months, or a few years, they may return to their own homes, and repair, by future parsimony, the waste of their profusion.

The proud man can very seldom be accused of this folly. His sense of his own dignity renders him careful to preserve his independence, and, when his fortune happens not to be large, though he wishes to be decent, he studies to be frugal and attentive in all expences. The ostentatious expence of the vain man is highly offensive to him. It outshines, perhaps, his own. It provokes his indignation as an insolent assumption of a rank which is by no means due; and he never talks of it without loading it with the harshest and severest reproaches.

The proud man does not always feel himself at his ease in the company of his equals, and still less in that of his superiors. He cannot lay down his lofty pretensions, and the countenance and conversation of such company overawe him so much that he dares not display them. He has recourse to humbler company, for which he has little respect, which he would not willingly chuse, and which is by no means agreeable to him; that of his inferiors, his flatterers, and dependants. He seldom visits his superiors, or if he does, it is rather to show that he is entitled to live in such company, than for any real satisfaction that he enjoys in it. It is, as lord Clarendon says of the earl of Arundel, that he sometimes went to court, because he could there only find a greater man than himself; but that he went very seldom, because he found there a greater man than himself.

It is quite otherwise with the vain man. He courts the company of his superiors as much as the proud man shuns it. Their splendour, he seems to think, reflects splendour upon those who are much about them. He haunts the courts of kings and the levees of ministers, and gives himself the air of being a candidate for fortune and preferment, when in reality he possesses the much more precious happiness, if he knew how to enjoy it, of not being one. He is

fond of being admitted to the tables of the great, and still more fond of magnifying to other people the familiarity with which he is honoured there. He associates himself as much as he can with fashionable people, with those who are supposed to direct the public opinion, with the witty, with the learned, with the popular; he shuns the company of his best friends whenever the very uncertain current of public favour happens to run in any respect against them. With the people to whom he wishes to recommend himself, he is not always very delicate about the means which he employs for that purpose; unnecessary ostentation, groundless pretensions, constant assentation, frequent flattery: for the most part a pleasant and a sprightly flattery, and very seldom the gross and fulsome flattery of a parasite. The proud man, on the contrary, never flatters, and is frequently scarcely civil to any body.

Notwithstanding all its groundless pretensions, however, vanity is almost always a sprightly and a gay, and very often a good-natured passion. Pride is always a grave, a sullen, and a severe one. Even the falsehoods of the vain man are all innocent falsehoods, meant to raise himself, not to lower other people. To do the proud man justice, he very seldom stoops to the baseness of falsehood. When he does, however, his falsehoods are by no means so innocent. They are all mischievous, and meant to lower other people. He is full of indignation at the unjust superiority, as he thinks it, which is given to them. He views them with malignity and envy, and, in talking of them, often endeavours, as much as he can, to extenuate and lessen whatever are the grounds upon which their superiority is supposed to be founded. Whatever tales are circulated to their disadvantage, though he seldom forges them himself, yet he often takes pleasure in believing them, is by no means unwilling to repeat them, and even sometimes with some degree of exaggeration. The worst falsehoods of vanity are all what we call white lies; those of pride, whenever it condescends to falsehood, are all of the opposite complexion.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON PUGILISM.

HUMAN nature requires bodily and mental recreation; and the sports and amusements of mankind are diversified by the influence of moral, political, and physical causes. The means of gratification are various and complex; the end simple and uniform. To escape from unpleasant sensations, and to enjoy the pleasure which sympathy extracts from the intercourse with fellow man, gave rise to our fondness for public diversions and sportive contests. The influence of physical causes, in regulating the nature of these diversions, may be easily conceived. The amusements of the inhabitants of the temperate and frigid zones would depress and exhaust the residents of a torrid clime. Hence the delights of the Asiatic are those which are purchased with a small portion of exertion. Physical causes have less control than those of a moral and political kind. Man is endued with a constitution which can adapt itself to every diversity of clime and change of temperature.

According to the degree of civilization, will the public sports and amusements of a people partake, more or less, of the mixed character of corporeal and mental recreation. The arts can only flourish where the condition of man has been long meliorated by the enjoyment of moral and political advantages.

In the athletic and gymnastic sports of Greece, the chief end was perfection in the military character. Their philosophers inculcated the doctrine by their precepts and example. Hence courage became associated with every idea of patrio-

tism, honour, and virtue. Another popular sport among the Greeks depended on the contests of ferocious animals, whose natural antipathies were made use of, and designedly enflamed, to gratify a depraved and barbarous taste. The Greeks delighted in fighting of cocks, and the diversion of bull-fights. The former was introduced by Themistocles, as a religious festival. The latter had its rise in Thessaly, and was transported to Rome by Julius Cæsar.

The Romans carried every institution of popular sports to a height unknown to their first inventors; and the frequent spectacle of animals conflicting with each other in the amphitheatres gradually hardened the public mind, and begat a necessity for diversions of a more animated and dangerous tendency. Men were compelled to enter the lists with wild beasts; yet this was not to be compared to the cruelty of the gladiatorial exhibitions, at which persons of every age, sex, and condition, attended. Hence streams of blood flowed annually from several hundreds, or, perhaps, thousands, of the wretched gladiators, in various parts of the empire.

Some of the sports and exercises of the people of England seem to be interwoven with the customs and manners of the mass of the inhabitants. These may be divided into the sports which are derived from the animal creation, and the amusements which depend on bodily exercises and personal contests. With regard to the former, though, perhaps, none of them can be completely justified, yet they are not all entitled to equal condemnation. That class of diversions pursued for the benefit of health and exercise, such as *hunting*, where the enjoyment of pleasure springs from the exertion of the active faculties, are not to be compared with those cruel and depraved sports which merely consist in the torture and destruction of the animal, as *cock-fighting* and *bull-beating*.

Amusements of this kind were introduced into Britain by the Romans, when they conquered the island, and in early times they were generally practised. In the reign of Henry II, the jugglers made a trade of training bulls, bears, and even horses, for the purpose of baiting them with dogs. Cock-fighting was introduced in the same reign, and during the subsequent periods it became general, and was countenanced by royal favour under the Stuarts.

If it be desirable to efface the harsh lineaments of rudeness, and a want of feeling nearly allied to brutality, then all barbarous diversions should be entirely abolished; especially, the sport of bull-baiting should be the first offering at the shrine of humanity and justice: a diversity which has been characterized as inhuman, cruel, disgraceful, and beastly, and which can excite nothing but brutality, ferociousness, and cowardice; for its direct tendency is to debase the mind, deaden the feelings, and extinguish every spark of benevolence.

Pugilism on a public stage is most probably a relic of a species of the gymnastics: it is a prostitution of a manly and useful art, whether considered as an exercise calculated to inspire fortitude and intrepidity, or to afford means of defence against personal insult and violence. But when considered in the light of a public spectacle, or of furnishing an opportunity for gambling speculations, it is then viewed in all its naked deformity.

It may be asked, whether the art of boxing, by which instantaneous insult may be avenged, or personal injury averted, is more dangerous than any other practice adopted on similar occasions, and for similar purposes? The imperfection of our nature compels us to acquire the art of self-defence, as well as that of annoyance to others. From experience we learn the impossibility of extinguishing the passions of pride and resentment, which, though they frequently involve a man in misery, are still the sources of some of his

noblest qualities and attributes. As some portion of evil attaches itself to the best and wisest system of moral and civil restraint, that policy is the best which legislates for man as he is, and not altogether as he ought to be. Stifle the active energies of a resolute mind, and you degrade the man into a positive slave. The feeling of resentment is a salutary, if not instinctive provision of our common nature. Hence it becomes a question of expediency as to the best mode by which a man may be enabled to vindicate his own real or supposed wrongs. Some conceive that boxing is the most eligible means of offence and defence. It may be ranked among those athletic exercises which impart address and strength to the body, and inspire courage and fortitude in the mind. The government that would attempt, with a despotic and severe authority, to controul the exertions of self confidence, and a moderate exercise of just resentment, could only expect to rule over a nation of slaves. The open and ingenuous expression of manly indignation might be repressed; but the rancorous feelings of malignant revenge would be fostered and encouraged. But no state can, with any prospect of success, attempt such absolute dominion over the passions of men.

In countries, where boxing is unknown, the modes of resenting injuries, resorted to by the common people, are full of danger and ferocity. In Italy, the stiletto is not only the weapon of the hired assassin, but is also kept ready in the bosom of the respectable citizen, to be plunged into the heart of his friend or neighbour upon any sudden provocation from anger, or motive of revenge. A thousand persons are said to fall victims annually in Rome to the stiletto, and not less than 400 murders are committed in the same time in Naples by the dagger. In Holland, the mode of fighting among the common people is by sharp knives, and the parties frequently maim, and sometimes destroy each other. The goverment tolerates the savage practice. In Virginia, and the other southern states, the most savage acts of barbarity are said to be committed in the quarrels of the people. Gougeing, or thrusting out the eye from the socket, is one of the means resorted to on almost every personal dispute. Travellers say it is not uncommon to meet with persons deprived of one or both eyes from this horrid practice. When the passions are under greater restraint, from the influence of laws, of climate, and of custom, such dreadful consequences do not ensue from the quarrels of the populace. Yet in France, and many parts of Germany, the quarrels of the people are determined by a brutal appeal to force. Sticks, stones, and every dangerous kind of weapon, are resorted to for the gratification of passion or revenge.

The most common and savage method of settling quarrels on the continent of Europe is the pancratium. The parties close, and struggle to throw each other down, at the same time the teeth and nails are not unemployed; they tear each other like wild beasts, and never desist but through an inability of inflicting more mischief. From the consideration of these facts, boxing, as practised in England, seems to claim some apology. In those parts of that kingdom where pugilism is least practised, and where personal disputes are decided by the exertion of savage strength and ferocity, a fondness for barbarous and bloody sports prevail. In some parts of Lancashire *bull-baiting* and *man-slaying* are common practices. The knowledge of pugilism as an art is, in these places, neither understood nor practised. There is no established rule of honour to save the weak from the strong, but every man's life is at the mercy of his successful antagonist. The object of each combatant in these disgraceful contests is, to throw each other prostrate on the ground, and then with hands and feet, teeth and

nails, to inflict at random every possible degree of injury and torment. The county assizes at Lancashire afford many proofs of the mischiefs of these savage combats: the judges have attempted to suppress them, but without effect. On this account, some would have boxing encouraged, as a more manly and less dangerous mode of terminating the quarrels of the populace. They suggest that in public schools some pains might be taken to introduce the system of boxing, and the laws of honour, by which it is regulated; it would render, they think, the life of man more respected, and barbarous propensities would be subdued.

But this seems to be carrying the matter a little too far. Though no one can rationally hesitate on the preference due to boxing above the use of the dagger, the teeth, or the nails, and the more polite, but far more ridiculous barbarity of duelling, boxing is still only one of the least criminal and fatal modes of revenge and of violence, and the force of laws, as well as the persuasion, example, and influence of all the good should be vigorously exerted to outroot every kind of violence, all contests of brute force and lawless passions, among the members of human society.

X.

For the Literary Magazine.

WONDERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY.

ENGLAND, where manufactories are so famous, exhibits, of course, the effects of this mode of industry on the appearance of the country, the rank of individuals, their numbers, and their property, in more striking lights than any other country. A striking example to this purpose is furnished by a late traveller in Wales, in the following account of iron works at Merthyr Tydvil.

About the year 1783, Mr. Bacon granted leases, for thirty years, of land which he held for ninety-nine years, at 200l. a year, in the following parcels: Cyfartha Works, the largest portion, to Mr. Crawshay, for five thousand pounds per annum; Penderyn to Mr. Homfray, at two thousand pounds per annum; Dowlas Iron Works to Messrs. Lewis and Tate, and a fourth part to Mr. Hill, for three thousand pounds.—The heirs of Mr. Bacon have from all those works a clear annual income of ten thousand pounds.

Mr. Crawshay's iron works of Cyfarthfa are now by far the largest in Great Britain; probably, indeed, the largest in Europe; and in that case, as far as we know, the largest in the world. He employs, constantly, upwards of two thousand men; and pays, weekly, in wages and other expences of the works, 25,000l. or 1,300,000l. a year. He makes, upon an average, between sixty and seventy tons of iron every week; and has lately erected two new additional furnaces, which will soon begin to work, when he will be able to make, one week with the other, one hundred tons of bar iron, or five thousand two hundred tons a year. Mr. Homfray makes, weekly, on a moderate average, fifty tons of bar iron and upwards, and is now extending Penderyn and its buildings, which will soon be completed. He will then at least make eighty tons per week.

Dowlas Iron Works, belonging to Messrs. Lewis and Tate, are on as large a scale as those of Penderyn, and about to be augmented in an equal proportion. Those of Mr. Hill make now thirty tons of iron weekly, and upwards. Additional buildings are now erecting, which, when finished, will make at least forty tons per week. At present, more than two hundred tons of iron are sent down the canal weekly to the port of Cardiff, whence it is shipped off to Bristol, London, Plymouth, Portsmouth, and other places, and a considerable quantity to America. It is supposed, that in the course of a year or two they will be able to send out three hundred tons

weekly. The number of smelting furnaces at Merthyr Tydvil is about sixteen. Six of these belong to Cyfarthfa Works; the rest to the other gentlemen who have been named. Around each of these furnaces are erected forges and rolling mills for converting pig into plate and bar iron.

This town, as it may properly be termed, is now by far the largest in the whole principality. Its population, in the year 1802, was found to be upwards of ten thousand; and it is supposed that it amounts, at this time, December, 1803, though at the interval of only one year from the date of the numeration, to considerably more than eleven thousand; and this is to be understood without including the suburb, as we may denominate it correctly enough, of Coed y Cummar, on the Brecknockshire side of the river, the population of which is at least one thousand. Swansea, heretofore the largest town in Wales, exceeding every other town by at least one thousand inhabitants, is now nearly, if not quite, doubled by Merthyr Tydvil. It is true, the external appearance of Merthyr Tydvil is not to be compared with that of Swansea.

The house of Mr. Homfray at Penderyn is large and elegant, with fine and well planted gardens, greenhouses, hot-houses, and all the accommodations befitting the residence of a wealthy family: but the splendours of Merthyr Tydvil begin and end with this mansion. When the first furnaces and forges were erected, there could not exist the slightest glimmering of prescience, that this little obscure Welsh village would, in less than forty years, grow up to such a magnitude as to be far more populous than any other town in Wales. The first houses that were built were only very small and simple cottages for furnace-men, forge-men, miners, and such tradesmen as were necessary to construct the required buildings, with the common labourers who were employed to assist them. These cottages were most of them built in scattered confusion, without any order or plan. As the works increased, more cottages were wanted, and erected in the spaces between those that had been previously built, till they became so connected with each other as to form a certain description of irregular streets, very much on the plan of Crooked Lane in London. These streets are now many in number, close and confined, having no proper outlets behind the houses. They are consequently very filthy for the most part, and doubtless very unhealthy. Some streets, it is to be observed, have within these few years been built, and more are building, on a better plan; in straighter lines, and wider, having decent houses, with commodious outlets, and other necessary attentions to cleanliness and health. In some of the early and rudely-connected streets, we frequently see the small, miserable houses taken down, and larger and very seemly ones built in their stead. Such improvements are increasing with some degree of rapidity. Shop-keepers, inn-keepers, forgemen, some of them at least, and no inconsiderable numbers, are making comfortable fortunes, and consequently improving their dwellings.

Mr. Crawshay, however, is more conspicuously qualified to set them an example of industry than elegance. His house is surrounded with fire, smoke, and ashes. The noise of hammers, rolling mills, forges, and bellows incessantly din and crash upon the ear. Bars and pigs of iron are continually thrown to the hugely accumulating heaps that threaten to choke up every avenue of access. It is more humourously than truly said in the neighbourhood, that such scenery is most congenial to the taste, such sounds most lulling to the repose of the owner. The fact, however, is, that the situation of the master's dwelling was fixed long before Mr. Crawshay came to it: and when it is considered how conveniently it lies for the superintendance of the busi-

ness, few men, brought up in the habits of commercial prudence, would consult agreeable prospects and domestic elegance, at the expence of that best security, the everlasting eye of a principal. The machinery of this establishment is gigantic; and that part of it worked by water among the most scientifically curious and mechanically powerful to which modern improvement has given birth.

For the Literary Magazine.

PRESENT STATE OF THE BRITISH FUNDS.

THE amount of the public funded debt of Great Britain, on the 5th January, 1805, according to the accounts presented to the house of commons, was £.603,925,792

Stock created by loan of 1805 £. 38,700,000

£.642,625,792

Transferred for redemption of the land tax £. 22,000,000

£.620,625,792

Redeemed by commissioners of the sinking fund £.113,500,000

Leaving on the 31st of January, 1806 £.507,125,792

Of this debt of 507 millions, near 100 millions consist of four and five per cent. stock, which being converted into three per cents., makes the total amount in three per cent. stock 557 millions; and valuing the three per cent. stock at sixty per cent., the present average price, the total capital of the debt in money is 334 millions sterling*.

The original provision of the sinking fund of a million per annum, with the additions since made to it, and the dividends on stock bought up by the commissioners who manage that fund for the nation, amount to about 8,000,000 per annum.

Thus the evidence of facts, and twenty years' experience, prove that the plan of Dr. Price is alone adequate to counteract the late system of lavish and prodigal expenditure. A single million per annum, laid by since 1786 for accumulation, has multiplied itself, on principles of compound interest, to eight millions per annum; and has created a capital in the hands of the commissioners of upwards of one hundred and thirteen millions.

The nation began about twenty years since to buy up its own debts. The fund appropriated for this purpose was to be one million per annum, laid out in the purchase of such portions of stock as might be brought to market by the public. The commissioners have since applied the interest of the stock thus

* In the last year, 1805, 7,615,167l. 7s. 9d. were expended by the commissioners; and 1,906,104l. 17s. 1 3-4d. in the quarter between the first of February and the first of May, 1806. It appears that the following stock has been purchased between the 3d of February, 1805, and 31st of January last:

Capital Stock.		Cash paid.
6,093,000	Consolidated 3 per cent. Annuities	3,570,573 5 6
6,468,492	Red. Ann. Consol.	3,804,486 18 3
161,400	Old South Sea Ann.	96,562 15 0
133,000	New South Sea Ann.	77,374 7 6
22,000	3 per cent. Ann. 1751	12,816 5 0
92,021	Imp. 3 per cent. Ann.	53,403 16 6
12,972,913		

The interest of this 12,972,913l. of stock is 389,187l. 7s. 9d, which, added to the amount of last year, gives nearly eight millions to be applied in the present year.

purchased to the increase of their funds; and hence one hundred and thirteen millions, with its interest, have thus been redeemed to the nation from its public creditors. The interest of this amount of redeemed stock, and the annuity of one million regularly appropriated to this purpose, give to the commissioners an income, for the year 1806, of eight millions.

The temporary advantages of this plan are of scarcely less consequence than its ultimate benefits. The large sums which the commissioners have every week at their disposal, make it easy for persons desirous of selling stock to find purchasers. Hence there are at this time generally more buyers than sellers; and the state of national credit is such, that instead of its being necessary to extinguish the debt, and ruin all the creditors of the nation at a blow, it will rather be necessary in a few years to compel the national creditors to receive their money.

I have calculated the future accumulations of the present revenue of the commissioners, at the same rate of increase which has hitherto attended the sinking fund. That rate has hitherto been five per cent.

The present annual income of the commissioners for managing the sinking fund, consisting of eight millions, will generate, by the year

1810,	the sum of	£.34,480,000
1820,	———	156,700,000
1830,	———	356,000,000
1840,	———	680,500,000
1850,	———	1209,000,000
1860,	———	2070,000,000
1870,	———	3472,700,000
1880,	———	5757,000,000

sums which outstrip any accumulation of new debt that the most desponding politician can anticipate.

There was no occasion for carrying the calculation beyond the year 1830, by which year, if the sinking fund continues to be invariably applied, the present debt will be extinguished, and the load of taxes taken off, which till then will be necessary to pay the annual interest.

In the mean time what becomes of the new debts? The war expenditure will require new loans, and a new debt will probably be formed equal to the present. How is this to be disposed of? What are the funds by which it is to be discharged?

I shall answer these queries by explaining the provision for future debts, which was also pointed out by Dr. Price, and which has been adopted by the legislature.

In 1792 it was enacted, that on all future loans a sum equal to one per cent. on the stock created by such loans should be added to the sinking fund as a provision for their gradual redemption. This appropriation of one per cent. on every loan at the increase of 5 per cent., amounts to 100 in 37 years, or at 4 per cent. interest in less than 42 years. Therefore, whatever addition is made to the debt every year, if such a fund of one per cent. be regularly allotted for its redemption, the total of that portion of debt must in 37 or 42 years be discharged.

This provision for discharging all future loans may be sufficiently intelligible; but that it may be understood by every reader, I shall illustrate it by an example.

If war should make it necessary to borrow a sum of fifty millions to meet the expenditure of 1806, a further sum of one per cent. on the amount, or half a million, would also be borrowed and placed at the disposal of the commissioners. This half-million would by them be immediately laid out in stock, which, at compound interest, will amount in thirty-seven years, or in the year 1843, to the said fifty millions and a half, being the sum borrowed.

For the Literary Magazine.

INDIAN APRIL-FOOL-DAY.

DURING the *Huli*, says a resident in India, when mirth and festivity reign among Hindus of every class, one subject of diversion is to

send people on errands and expeditions, that are to end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the expeace of the person sent. The Huli is always in March, and the last day is the greatest holiday: all the Hindus, who are on that day at Jagannath, are entitled to certain distinctions, which they hold to be of such importance, that I found it expedient to stay there till the end of the festival; and I am of opinion, and so are the rest of the officers, that I saved above five hundred men by the delay. The origin of the Huli seems lost in antiquity; and I have not been able to pick up the smallest account of it.

If the rites of May-day show any affinity between the religion of England in times past, and that of the Hindus in these times, may not the custom of making April-fools, on the first of that month, indicate some traces of the Huli? I have never yet heard any account of the origin of the English custom; but it is unquestionably very ancient, and is still kept up even in great towns, though less in them than in the country: with us it is chiefly confined to the lower classes of people; but in India high and low join in it; and the late Shuja ul Daulah, I am told, was very fond of making Huli-fools, though he was a mussulman of the highest rank. They carry it here so far, as to send letters making appointments, in the name of persons, who, it is known, must be absent from their house at the time fixed on; and the laugh is always in proportion to the trouble given.

For the Literary Magazine.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

A WORK of uncommon labour and magnitude has been for some years in the course of publication, by several professors and literati in the university of Gottingen. It is entitled A General History of the Arts and Sciences, from their revival to the Conclusion of the Eighteenth Century. According to the plan, the whole work is to be divided into eleven sections. The first contains, General History of Science and Literature, by way of introduction to the succeeding sections, and was published by M. Eichhorn in two volumes. The latter part of the second volume has not yet appeared. Section II. History of the Fine Arts. Of this section the public has been presented with the history of the arts of design, by professor Fiorillo, in three parts, containing the history of painting in Italy and in France. Section III. History of the Belles Lettres, of Poetry, and of Eloquence. Professor Bouterwick has written the history of the belles lettres to the present time, in three parts. The two first contain the history of Italian literature, and the third that of Spanish literature, with a supplement on the literature of Portugal. Section IV. History of Philology. Two parts of the history of classical literature, by M. Hieren, are all that have yet appeared. It will be continued. Section V. History of Historical Sciences. This section has been retarded by the death of professor Schonemann, who had undertaken it, and by various accidents which have befallen those to whom this department was committed after his death. Section VI. History of Philosophy. This part, the production of M. Buhle, is in six volumes, the last of which goes down as far as Kant. Notwithstanding the departure of the author for Moscow, the work will be completed. Section VII. History of Mathematical Sciences. The public has already the history of military science, by M. Hoyer, finished in two parts; and the history of mathematics, by Kastner. The latter had composed four parts of his history, which comes down to the latter half of the seventeenth century, when the hand of death overtook him. In case the author had been able to continue it, he would undoubtedly have been obliged either to alter his

plan, which is too bibliographical, or to confine it within a smaller compass. His work, however, presents the richest and most useful materials for the history of that science. The attentive reader may easily discover in it the progress of the science, and perhaps would not exchange it for a history of the science, in the strict sense of the word, if it were not animated by the genius of Kastner. It is unnecessary to observe, that in the continuation of this work a better plan will be adopted. Section VIII. History of the Natural Sciences. Of these have appeared, the history of chemistry, by the late M. Gmelin, complete in three volumes; the history of natural philosophy, by professor Fischer, in five parts, of which the fifth goes down to the last quarter of the eighteenth century, to Priestley; so that it is nearly concluded. Section IX. Jurisprudence. This part has been delayed by the death of the person who was engaged upon it. Section X. Theology. The first part of the history of practical theology, by Dr. Ammon, has appeared, The history of the explanation of the Holy Scriptures, by Dr. Meyer, in three parts, is almost finished. Section XI. History of Medicine. This has been purposely reserved for the last, on account of the new discoveries. By the above sketch it appears, that out of the eleven sections eight are already completed, or are drawing more or less towards a conclusion, and that two others have been retarded only by the death of the respective writers. Of the sections which are still in hand, the public has still to expect, in the second, the history of sculpture and architecture; in the third, the history of the belles lettres of the other countries; in the fourth, the history of archæology; in the eighth, the history of natural history, with that of rural economy, and technology; and in the tenth, the history of dogmatic and moral theology. When the immense extent of the undertaking is considered, it will not excite wonder that is is not yet completed, but rather that so much has been already performed in the comparatively short space of eight years. The most important parts that are wanting, namely, natural history, dogmatical theology, morality, and archæology, have been confided to men whose names alone sufficiently guarantee the excellence of their productions, so that no doubt can be entertained of the speedy completion of those departments.

Dr. Heirn, of Berlin, has published the following note relative to the shower of pease which is asserted to have fallen at Landshut, in Silesia. "The privy counsellor, Von Jetschke has transmitted to me a certain quantity of the grains which fell at Landshut, and in its vicinity, during a violent storm. At first sight, I took them to be seeds; but, having soaked them in water, I discovered that they were tubercles, such as are frequently seen growing at the roots of various plants. I was at a loss to decide whether they were the produce of the *orchis*, the *spiræa filipendula*, or the *ranunculus ficaria*. M. Schroder, the apothecary, soon convinced me that these tubercles belonged to the root of the *ficaria*. This plant, which Linnæus likewise calls *chelidonium minus*, delights in aquatic situations. An enormous accumulation of these roots was probably formed in a very confined cavity, whence they may have been carried by a whirlwind. In this case they must naturally have descended in a shower. Our celebrated chemist, Klaproth, has shown me the first and second volumes of the New Journal of Chemistry, published by Gehler, who there gives a very interesting account of similar showers of pease or seed. For the rest, these tubercles contain a farinaceous substance resembling that which is extracted from potatoes, turnips, and other roots. It would be both useful and profitable to cultivators to make themselves acquainted with the *ficaria*, and to avail themselves of its valuable properties."

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT* OF ROBERT BURNS.

Addressed to the Artist.

YES, it is he! the hapless well-known Burns;
His look, his air, his very soul expresst;
That heaven-taught bard whom weeping Genius mourns,
For cold in earth his silent relics rest.

Through tears that ease the anguish of my heart
I view this faithful image of my friend,
And vainly wish, dear Lawson, that thy art
Could life once more to these lov'd features lend.

Who sees not here, in this expressive eye,
The independent soul, the ardent mind,
The boundless fancy, Pity's generous sigh,
The heart to all but its possessor kind.

Alas! I knew him when his country's pride,
Yet left dark Poverty's cold winds to brave;
And those who then the friendly hand deny'd,
Now strew with flowers his green unconscious grave.

The dear remember'd scenes we oft have seen,
The *burnies*, *haughs*, and *knowes* of yellow broom,
The hazel *glen*, the birk-surrounded *linn*,
The blossom'd *heather*, and the hawthorn's bloom.

The simple tales of Scotia's hardy swains,
The loves and sports their circling seasons bring;
Who now will celebrate in equal strains?
What bard like Burns will ever, ever sing?

O he was Nature's genuine warbler born;
Too early lost, from pensive Scotia tore,
Death snatch'd him from us in life's early dawn,
Ere half the raptures of his song was o'er.

Thus soars the thrilling lark at dawn of day,
Sweet to each list'ning swain her warblings flow,
And thus the hawk sweeps down upon his prey,
And leaves the world in solitude below.

A. W.

Gray's Ferry, April 25, 1806.

* Prefixed to Dobson's edition of Burns's Works.

For the Literary Magazine.

COLIN.

A Pastoral.

WHEN Flora, the goddess of May,
Had strew'd with her favours the mead,
I trac'd her gay footsteps the way
Young Colin was tuning his reed.
The youth was reclin'd by a stream,
And o'er him sat moaning the dove;
As pensive as her's was his theme,
Expressive of anguish and love.

My shadow passed under his eye,
Yet he seem'd not to notice me:
His late dulcet reed was thrown by,
While he warbled a sorrowful air.
"Since Rosa has left me alone,
He said, all bewildered I stray,
And envy the flocks that I own,
For they are all happy at play.

"The eglantine rose of the heath,
When bath'd in ambrosial dew,
Excels not in fragrance her breath,
Nor wears her cheek's elegant hue.
Her eyes they are mild as the dove's,
Enchantingly tender and sweet;
She is mild and as blithe as the loves,
Yet has flown from her shepherd's retreat.

" No more can the woodland or vale,
The blossom or verdure delight,
Though sweet as Arabia's gale,
My heart seems to droop at the sight.
For such were the days that have flown,
Ah me! and will never return,
The heart that she knew was her own,
The once gentle Rosa could spurn.

" My friends all in unison sought
In vain to unite me to peace;
They knew not my bosom was fraught
With sorrows that never would cease.
They bade me bid sighing adieu,
To hear it they could not endure;
They knew not my Rosa, tis true,
Or ne'er would they chideme, I'm sure.

" They fancied me caught in a snare
The arts of a syren can weave,
They knew not the beauteous fair,
Though cruel, would scorn to deceive.
Though on me, perhaps, she has smil'd,
'Twas the smile of a friend and no more,
Her voice was as May zephyrs mild,
I heard it, and could but adore.

" The gay may entangle awhile
The heart that's unwary, I own;
There is something that charms in a smile,
Though we know it to levity prone:
O'er hearts that are temper'd like mine
The tear has more power, I confess,
The tear energetic, divine,
Which flows at the sight of distress.

" That heart-fast'ning pearl I have seen,
And almost have worshipp'd it where
No trace of ill-nature had been
On the soft blushing cheek of my fair.
And sometimes, indeed, I have thought,
Though fancy may lead me astray,
With tears her dear eyes have been fraught,
To see my frame wasting away.

" So true and so ardent a flame
Could not have been hid from her eyes,
Though never, nor am I to blame,
Have I told her my love but by sighs.
Those sighs she has oftentimes heard,
And she seem'd to partake of my pain,
So tender she ever appear'd,
I thought she had loved me again.

" Young Colin, the shepherd, she said,
Will watch by my lambkins with care.
Ah, why was my name by the maid
Pronounc'd with so tender an air?
Though chilling, she said, be the snow,
Though boisterous the storm may descend,
Their shepherd will guard them, I know,
The brave will the helpless defend.

" Observe, and we ever shall find
Love binds, by such trifles as these,
The tender and delicate mind,
And holds it a captive at ease.
There dwelt in the mind of this youth
A passion akin to the skies;
For tenderness, virtue, and truth
All spoke in his eloquent eyes.

" Would she term me her shepherd again,
He said, and he brush'd off a tear.
But why not this fondness restrain?
I have nothing to hope for or fear.
For all that can torture the mind
I am sure I have witness'd to-day,
Since Rosa no longer is kind,
Her sheep, too, are driven away.

" O, had she a lambkin but left,
Methinks t'would have soften'd my woe;
It should in my bosom have slept,
Its fleece should have rival'd the snow.
My sheep, come return to your home,
Your loss, my dear flock, I deplore,
I'm hast'ning, I feel, to the tomb,
Your shepherd will soon be no more."

Then he rose, though the day was yet warm,
And left me his shady retreat,
But ne'er was so gentle a form,
Or never an aspect more sweet.
As musing he pass'd through the grove,
Forgetting his sheep were astray,
His reed was again tun'd to love,
And echo the notes bore away.

Again they were lull'd by despair,
And he tore, in a phrenzy of woe,
The ringlets of beautiful hair
That cover'd a forehead of snow,
When Rosa step'd forth from the shade,
Nor tears could she longer restrain:
" Forgive me, my Colin, she said,
Forgive me for causing thee pain.

" Yet couldst thou, O say, not divine,
And spar'd me this blush and this tear,
That none to this bosom of mine,
That none to my heart was so dear?

Yet had you, dear Colin, but known
How painful to me it would prove,
You ne'er would compell'd me to own
You were dear, by so doubting my love.

"I gave you my lambkins to keep,
And what did the deed not impart?
Be tender, I said, to my sheep,
For they are all tied to my heart.
I fancied this plainly to say,
Take them, and my heart follows too;
'Twas the language I meant to convey,
And convincement, I thought, would ensue.

"But now drive your sheep to the fold,
Or lead them, dear Colin, the way,
Ere Phœbus's chariot of gold
Whirls from us the light of the day.
Together we'll stray in the morn,
And breathe the white clover's perfume,
A wreath shall thy temples adorn,
Of the wild-apple blossom in bloom."

But vacancy now veil'd his eye,
Such rapture her words did impart,
Too great to admit of reply
Was the feeling that throbb'd at his heart.
When prostrate before her he fell;
Emotion had conquer'd and flown,
Life seem'd to have bidden farewell,
His temples were cold as a stone.

But soon he recover'd and shed
A tear of delicious delight,
And the maid so beloved was led
Away from the grove and my sight.
Now happy she's ever reclin'd
On his arm, as delighted they stray,
Their eyes beam contentment of mind,
And virtue as pure as the day.

The infant he holds to his heart,
The prattlers that gaze on his face,
All waiting in turn for their part
Of his tender parental embrace,
Adds much to the charm of the scene,
And gives a most exquisite glow
To the heart that so favour'd has been
As to share others' raptures and woe.

SABINA.

For the Literary Magazine.

MUTUAL LOVE.

WHEN on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life,
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss:
The tender look, the melting kiss
Ev'n years have not destroy'd;
Some sweet sensation ever new
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,
That Love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish? 'tis all for thee;
Hast thou a wish? 'tis all for me:
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise (and cares will come),
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I lull me there to rest;
And is there aught disturbs my fair?
I bid her sigh out all her care,
And lose it on my breast.

For the Literary Magazine.

TO A FOUNTAIN.

SEQUESTER'D fountain! ever pure,
Whose placid streamlet flows,
In silent lapse, through glens obscure,
Where timid flocks repose:
Tired and disabled in the race,
I quit ambition's fruitless chase,
To shape my course by thine;
And, pleas'd, from serious trifles turn,
As thus, around thy little urn,
A votive wreath I twine.

Fair fountain! on thy margin green
May tufted trees arise,
And spreading boughs thy bosom screen
From summer's fervent skies;
Here may the spring her flow'rets strew,
And morning shed her pearly dew,

May health infuse her balm;
And some soft virtue in thee flow,
To mitigate the pangs of woe,
And bid the heart be calm.

O! may thy salutary streams,
Like those of Lethe's spring,
That bathe the silent land of dreams,
Some drops oblivious bring;
With that blest opiate in my bowl,
Far shall I from my wounded soul
The thorns of spleen remove;
Forget how there at first they grew,
And, once again, with man renew
The cordial ties of love.

For what avails the wretch to bear
Imprinted on his mind
The lessons of distrust and fear,
Injurious to mankind?
Hopeless, in his disastrous hour,
He sees the gath'ring tempest lower,
The bursting cloud impend;
Tow'rds the wild waste he turns his eye,
Nor can that happy port descry,
The bosom of a friend.

Ah me! to Youth's ingenuous eye,
What charms the prospect wears!
Bright as the portals of the sky
The op'ning world appears;
There every figure stands confest,
In all the sweet advantage drest
Of Candour's radiant robe;
There no mean cares admission find,
Love is the business of mankind,
And Honour rules the globe.

But if those gleams fallacious prove
That paint the world so fair;
If Heaven has plac'd for gen'rous love
No soft asylum there;
If men fair faith, fair fame deride,
Bent on the crooked paths that guide
To Int'rest's sordid shrine;
Be yours, ye gloomy sons of Woe!
That melancholy truth to know,
The dream of bliss be mine.

For the Literary Magazine.

REFLECTIONS BY A FATHER.

THOUGH sweet the breath of vernal hours,
When garlands hang on ev'ry thorn,
When ev'ry path is strew'd with flow'rs,
And opening rose-buds greet the morn,
Who knows what blasts may yet arise?
However sweet, however gay,
The blossom may our hopes betray;
It is th' autumnal fruit we prize.

Alas! the same precarious fate
Attends on childhood's pleasing show!
The parent views, with hopes elate,
His favourites round the table grow,
Who, lost to worth, in riper years,
To duty lost, may yet conspire
To wring thy heart, unhappy sire!
And drench thy furrow'd cheek in tears.

While the poor child of homelier mein,
Who in the corner sits forlorn,
Sobs hourly at parental spleen,
And eats the bitter bread of scorn,
Untainted by the pamper'd crew,
And faithful to Affection's call,
Perhaps, in his paternal hall,
Shall trim the lamp of joy anew.

For the Literary Magazine.

TO AN OAK,

Blown down by the wind.

THOU who, unmov'd, hast heard the whirlwind chide
Full many a winter round thy craggy bed;
And, like an earth-born giant, hast outspread
Thy hundred arms, and heav'n's own bolts defied,
Now liest along thy native mountain's side
Uptorn;—yet deem not that I come to shed
The idle drops of pity o'er thy head,
Or basely to insult thy blasted pride:—
No; still 'tis thine, though fall'n, imperial oak!
To teach this lesson to the wise and brave,
That 'tis much better, overthrown and broke
In freedom's cause, to sink into the grave,
Than, in submission to a tyrant's yoke,
Like the vile reed, to bow and be a slave.

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